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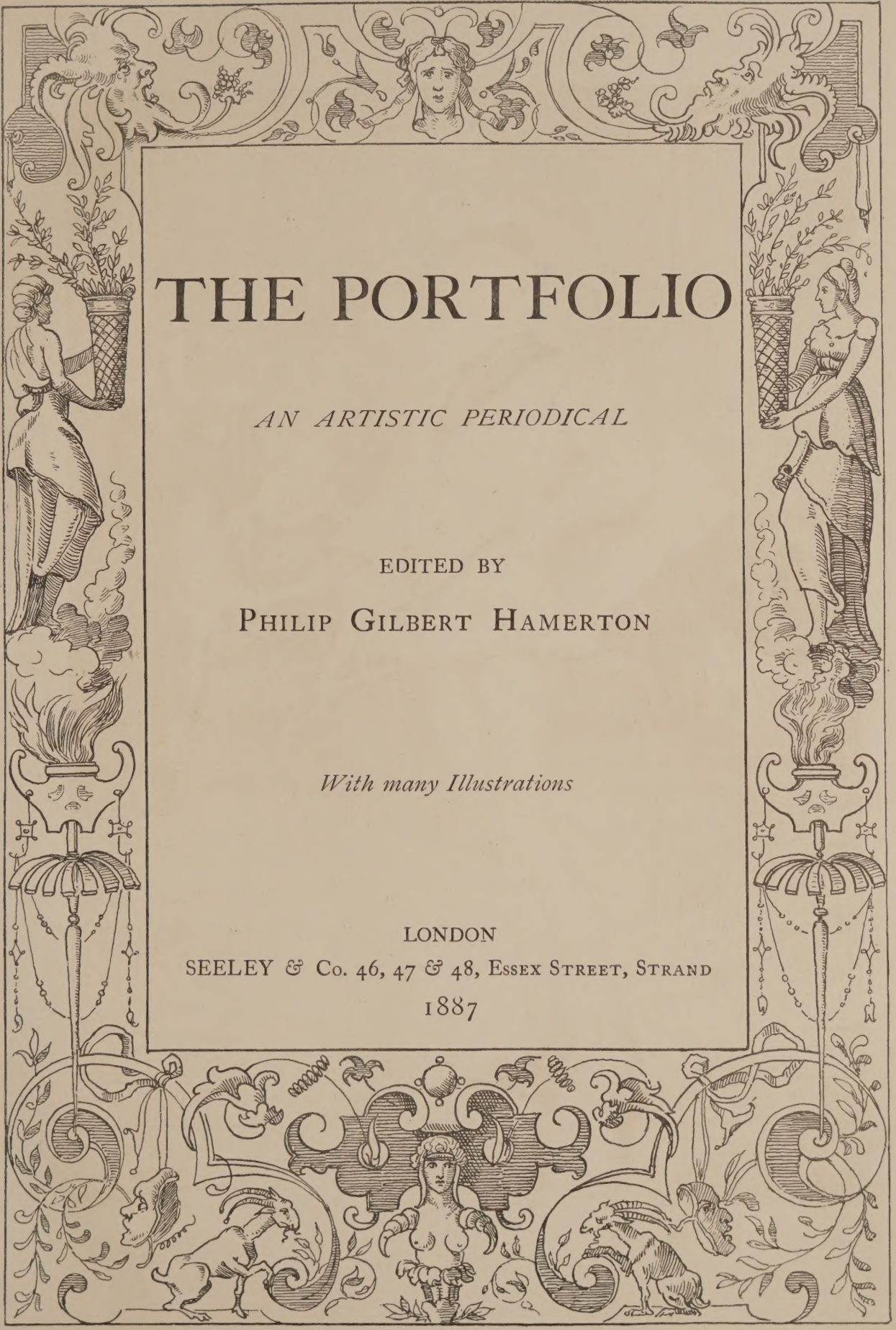
THE
PORTFOLIO

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The cover is framed by a highly detailed, symmetrical border. At the top, a central female head is flanked by two bearded, mask-like faces. The sides feature two female figures holding large baskets of foliage, with a torch and an umbrella below them. The bottom is decorated with a central female figure, two goat-like creatures, and various floral and scrollwork motifs.

THE PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

With many Illustrations

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and the style died out of inanition at once, material and intellectual.

This was certainly the case in Kent. Oak timber was to be found in abundance on the spot, whereas stone was scarce, and in any case it was impossible to cart it along roads which almost within living memory were swamps in winter, and little better than rough pack-ways in summer: again, the use of brickwork was probably only introduced by the Flemish settlers in the fifteenth century. Accordingly the Kentish builders worked almost entirely in timber, and the consequence was that by the seventeenth century the forests of the Weald were getting exhausted, the more so as they had also to supply fuel for the furnaces of the Sussex foundries and most of the material for the ships of the Royal navy, and a large export trade in oak was carried on at Rye. Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' notices the gradual extermination of the forests.

bays. The principals are of the usual hammer-beam construction,* with ribs elaborately molded, forming a beautifully proportioned arch. The hall was about thirty feet long, and fifteen feet six inches wide, that is, if it retains its original external walls, for it may have extended another bay to the south. The date of the roof is probably about 1400 A.D., a little earlier than that of the noble roof in the village church. The principals to the latter form a three-centred, and not a pure pointed, arch, as in the cloth hall; but it has the same massive treatment of the timbers, by no means unnecessary in a roof of twenty-three feet span with no tie-beams. It says a good deal for the carpentry of the Kentish builders that both roofs are perfectly sound. Somewhere about the end of the sixteenth century the hall was transformed into a two-storey building with attics by



'In a complaint wherein the timber trees of the country deplore their condition,' the good prebendary laments,—

'What should the Builders serve supplies the Forgers turn,
When under public good base private gain takes hold,
And we poor useful wood to ruin lastly sold.'

No instances of the style of any value are to be found in the Weald later than the seventeenth century.

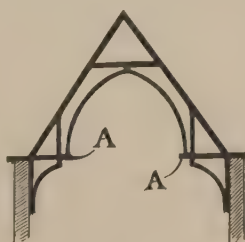
About twelve miles from Ashford there is a typical little Kentish village named Headcorn. Anyone travelling by the South-Eastern Railway may see the broken outline of its red-tiled roofs behind the apple-trees and hedgerows, and among them a curious-looking house taller than the rest, with a very steep-pitched gable covered with weather boarding. This house is the earliest instance of half-timber work in the Weald. The interior has been cut up into bedrooms, but originally the entire building was open from the ground to the roof, and, no doubt, was one of the cloth halls employed in the extensive wool and cloth trade which enriched the Weald down to the end of the seventeenth century. The roof, which is nearly perfect, is in three

means of solid oak binders framed in between the posts to carry the floors.

Externally, the building is not remarkable, except for the framing of the gable, which reproduces the arch of the principal rafters within. This construction is somewhat rare in English half-timber work, but common in France. (There is a good instance in the market-place at Orleans.) Our builders preferred vertical and horizontal framing. The barge board appears to have had trefoil cusping, but it is so weather-worn that the design is uncertain. Remains of small engaged shafts with molded caps and bases are just discernible on the posts.

Nearly opposite there used to be an old inn with

* A hammer-beam roof is technically one which dispenses with tie-beams at the foot of the principal rafters, and has instead a triangular frame



formed by an upright post and a horizontal beam called the 'hammer-beam,' which is supposed to transmit the thrust vertically instead of laterally. The usual form which it took in Gothic roofs is shown in the annexed diagram. A is the hammer-beam.

a doorway which illustrates a characteristic feature of Kentish timber work. The door-frame is formed of two pieces of oak shaped to a pointed arch. The construction is, I believe, peculiar to this part of England. There are similar doorways at Stone Street, Aldington; Vane House, near Biddenden; Bevor, and elsewhere; but the most remarkable instance is the doorway before referred to of Link Farm, Egerton, a late fifteenth-century building. This doorway is constructed of two great pieces of timber, carried up from the sill to the eaves, and cut out to form the doorway on the ground-floor. The dimensions of each half are unusually large, and the whole of it is got out of a single piece of timber by the simple process of pressing into service the junction of the branches with the trunk of the oak, instead of cutting all timber out of the baulk. The former was the common practice of the builders of this period, and gives their work a certain spontaneity and artlessness which is very happy. In the little village of Weobly, in Herefordshire, there is a curious instance of this. The gabled end of one of the half-timbered

houses is constructed of two gigantic pieces of timber, forming by their natural shapes a rough pointed arch. The beautiful doorway at Headcorn has since been destroyed. A vulgar building has taken the place of the quiet old inn, and I saw half of this identical door thrown out on the woodstack for firewood; and close beside it one of the great tie-beams of the roof of molded oak as sound as on the day it was put up.

At the corner of the churchyard, adjoining the road, stands the village bakery. It is a picturesque half-timbered house, with a deep-coved cornice under the eaves, and unusually broad timbers. The local antiquarians date this building at about 1400, which is most unlikely; the moldings of the strings, and the small octagonal shafts under the angle brackets, show it to be late Perpendicular work; and in the absence of documentary evidence, I see no reason for dating it earlier than the end of the fifteenth century. The owner informed me that a fine old stone chimney used to stand in front of the house, but that he pulled it down to make room for his shop-window. Elizabeth, as usual, is said to have stopped at this house

on her progress through Kent, when it is to be supposed she named the village Headcorn after some ears of corn, according to the account of the rustic archaeologists. The house has had a somewhat chequered history. Starting originally as a 'Smoke House,' as the country people call these houses which once had halls open to the roof, it lost its hall in the seventeenth century, when the latter was divided into two storeys and the windows altered. Its stone chimney made way for the baker's shop about thirty years ago, and as the present ovens are right in the middle of the house it is improbable that it can eventually escape being burnt to the ground. The remains of the first period survive in the two great principals of the roof, still standing in the bedrooms. They follow the picturesque though unscientific construction almost invariably adopted in the roofs of the fifteenth to sixteenth century houses

in the Weald, and shown in the sketch from an old house near Romden Castle, Smarden. The carving in the spandrels is admirably free, much superior to the foliage work of the seventeenth century, when the art of conventional leaf design seems to

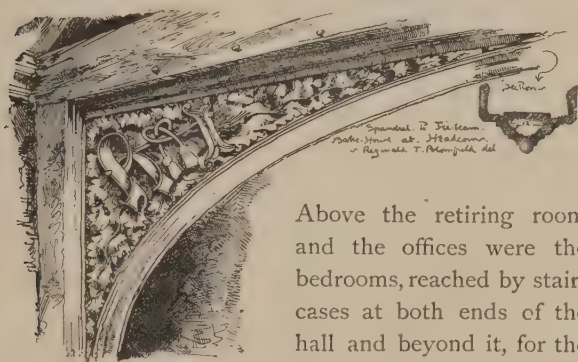


have disappeared. The only other traces of the first period are two four-centred doorways and fragments of windows. One of the original doors in the screens can be seen stopped up behind the chimney, and another has been moved upstairs. An original two-light window remains on the street side. The gable end towards the church has been covered with weather tiles, but the position of the great window which lighted the hall is shown by the mortice holes for the mullions, and chases for the tracery to heads visible in the underside of the tie-beam. It appears to have been in four lights.* Remains of a similar window can be seen over the shop. When the house was altered at the end of the sixteenth century the gable window was changed to the usual Jacobean form, the lights above the transom being continued across the entire gable end. But all that remains is the molded transom; the lights above it are now

* The position of this window at the end of the hall is unusual. These halls, as will be shown, were usually lighted at the sides. Unless, therefore, this window in the end wall was transferred from one of the sides in later alterations, the plan of this house must have formed an exception to the normal type.

concealed by the plaster cove, and the existing window is only a modern casement. The successive changes which have since reduced the house to its present condition it is unnecessary to follow.

The history of this house, excepting the position of its hall, is that of nearly all the half-timbered houses in the Weald earlier than the seventeenth century. These houses seem to have been built for solid yeomen and woolstaplers, or the smaller gentry, and reproduced the fundamental principle of the larger dwelling-houses of the period. The plans of the latter started from the idea of a hall used in common by the household; at one end was the dais and bay window, with access to 'solar' or retiring room; at the other, the 'screens' with musicians' gallery over, the screens shutting off a broad passage way with entrances on one side to the hall, on the other to the buttery, kitchen, and offices. The entrance from the open was at one end of the passage.



Above the retiring room and the offices were the bedrooms, reached by staircases at both ends of the hall and beyond it, for the hall was the entire height

of the building. The older Oxford halls, such as Exeter, for instance, show the arrangement, if the common room is taken to represent the 'solar.'

In a simpler form this type was closely followed in the Weald houses. The general plan was a parallelogram, in some cases with wings projecting at each end like a flat Π . The centre part was occupied by the Hall, open to the roof, and lighted from the sides, as in the house in the churchyard at Headcorn. There was no fireplace, and it seems that the smoke must have escaped through louvres in the roof, as in Westminster Hall, but there are no instances of this in the Weald. At one end was placed the passage, corresponding to the 'screens' above described, and communicating with the hall on one side by three arched doorways, and with stairs to bedrooms, larder, and offices on the other. At the other end of the hall was a lobby giving access to a room used either for dairy or retiring room, and a staircase to bedrooms. The main entrance was at one end of the passage behind the screens. The musicians' gallery and the bay window were omitted, and it is probable that in the smaller yeoman's house there was no retiring room, the room on the ground-

floor at the opposite end to the screens being probably occupied by servants, or used for farm purposes. The first floor of the wings at either end of the hall always overhung about eighteen inches to two feet on all three sides, steadying the hall by an ingenious system of counterpoise, and the whole was covered by a single roof hipped back at the ends.

Such appears to have been the original design of the smaller half-timbered houses of the Weald in the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries. We get from existing remains a valuable glimpse into the family life of the middle-class countryman of the period. It is evident that the entire household must have lived more or less in common, and only separated at night. The social system under which such a *ménage* was habitual is certainly very remote from the elaborate and well-considered arrangements of a modern English country-house. Yet it is probable that the status of an old Kentish yeoman was equivalent to that of our smaller country squires for the yeomen were 'solid men.'

'A knight of Cales, a gentleman of Wales, and a laird of the North Countree;

A yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent, will buy them up all three.'

Probably class distinctions in the fifteenth century being absolutely defined, were less insisted on, and the yeoman could eat his dinner without having his appetite spoilt by seeing his hinds as busy at the lower end of the table. Traditions of this system have lingered on into the present century. Till recently it was common in Kent for the farmer and his men to lodge and board together, but the custom is dying out. The first step in the change occurred about the end of the sixteenth century.

There seems no doubt that somewhere between 1550 and 1650 nearly all the older houses were completely altered. The central hall was cut up into two floors with an attic in the roof; strong oak binders were framed in between the outer walls to carry the floors, and these and the floor-joists were worked to the moldings of the period. As the outer walls, from the ground to the roof-plate, seldom measured more than fifteen or sixteen feet, only seven or eight feet in height could be allowed to each storey, and this accounts for the low pitch of these seventeenth-century rooms. An open fireplace with a stone arched opening was built at one end of the old hall, and a brick chimney was run up from the ground through the middle of the roof with a reckless disregard of the principals. This view has been disputed on the ground that such massive flooring could only have been constructed when the house was first built, but the carpenters of the seventeenth century were quite

equal to such difficulties as these, and the objection by no means outweighs the positive evidence of the buildings themselves. This evidence is fourfold:—

1. Where the original roof of the fifteenth to sixteenth century house remains, the part coming over the hall is always carefully wrought and molded. Such elaboration would never have been used unless these timbers were meant to be seen from below.

2. This part of the roof is always thickly covered with soot, and what the technical papers elegantly call the 'products of combustion.'

3. The moldings on the floor-joists and binders are always about one hundred years later than those of the undoubtedly oldest parts of the house.

4. The brickwork used in the chimneys dates from the sixteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Its courses range from four to nine inches, to four to eleven inches; and it is probable that these houses were first constructed at a period prior to the reintroduction of brickwork into this part of England. In confirmation of which it is to be noted that wherever the original plinths remain, they are of stone, not brick.

We are able to fix with some accuracy the date at which this change occurred. About two miles from Benenden there is an old house called 'The old House at Home.' It is a half-timbered house with a thatched roof, standing behind four Scotch firs. Outside there is little of interest, but inside, though it has been cut up into bedrooms, the house retains its original open-timbered tie-beam roof, all covered with soot; and the partition to the screens with a single four-centred archway in it, and an embattled cornice. On the opposite side of the (present) kitchen is a large chimney with open fireplace, on the sides of which are carved the date 1591, and the initials I. M.

The details of the chimney are exactly similar to those of the chimneys found in equivalent houses, and this (1591) may be taken as a good average date for the time at which the rearrangement of the older houses was made. Shakespeare perhaps refers to this general introduction of chimneys in a passage in 'King Henry IV.', Part I., act 2, scene 1. 'Scene: Rochester—an Inn Yard. 1st Carrier: Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged. Charles'

wain is over the new chimney and yet our horse not packed.' The first edition of this play appeared in 1598, which bears out the date I have suggested for the change. These remarks, of course, are only to be understood of the brick chimneys found in the old Weald houses. Chimneys of masonry in castles and stone-built houses had been in use from much earlier times.

The only other feature of interest in this house near Benenden is the original matchboarding, forming the partition between the hall and passage. It is some seven feet high, and formed

of boards eight and a half inches wide, overlapping, each nailed with two great pins, the heads of which measure one inch in diameter. This fragment is of especial value, as it shows the skilful treatment by which the earlier builders broke up the monotony of the great wall spaces at either end of the hall. The design is very simple and thoroughly satisfactory. The space from the floor to the molded cornice, marking the level of the ceiling to passages, was covered with oak boarding; from the top of the cornice to the level of the tie-beam the surface showed the vertical oak framing; above the tie-beam the framing consisted of vertical posts with curved traces. This treatment of the wall space above the cornice is still to be seen in Bevor House.



near Ashford. In some cases the oak framing was shown throughout; and in one instance, a fifteenth-century house, near Pump Farm, Rolvenden, the plaster above the tie-beam is decorated with an incised design of curved and straight lines.

The arrangements for sleeping in the yeoman's house must have been rather primitive. The members of the household seem to have slept in two long rooms on the first floor at the end of the hall, these rooms being probably divided up by light partitions on the dormitory system. The rooms had open-timbered roofs, similar to that over the hall, but on a smaller scale. Instances of this arrangement exist at Dixter, near Northiam; and at Bevor, and the old house near Romden Castle, Smarden, before referred to, where the rooms at both ends of the hall remain. There is, or used to be, an instance of the dormitory at Layer Marney, in Essex; and in a drawing in one of the Harleian MSS., No. 6431, the interior of a French bedroom of the fifteenth century is shown with an open-timbered roof treated much in the same manner.

The old house near Romden is comparatively perfect, only one floor has been inserted instead of two; and as the lower part is only used for stables, and the upper for a loft, with a large hop-oast in the centre of the house, the original design has been less interfered with than usual. There is some crisp carving of good design in the spandrels to the entrance-door. It is possible that this was the original manor-house of Romden, before the Otways built the 'Castle,' and may once have been inhabited by a certain 'Mr. Justice Nyne Holes Drayner,' of whom Foxe tells the following characteristic story: This Drayner 'made in ye Roodloft nyne holes that he might look about the Church in masse time,' and see whether the people showed due respect for the mass. On being taxed with this by Foxe, he stated that 'he made but five with a great auger, and the parson made the rest.' The parson of Smarden was a certain Mr. Gregory Doddes, against whom Mr. Drayner entertained a jealousy not unusual between the squires and parsons of country parishes. 'And,'

continued Mr. Drayner, 'it was not to spy the people during masse, for I get as little bye it as the best of you all.' 'Indeede,' said the printer, 'so we understande now, for you being at supper in Cheapside



among certain honest company, and there burdened with the matter sayd that you did it rather to look upon fayre wenches.*

Romden Manor was held by the Drayners from 1533 till 1575, but the Drayners and the roodloft of Smarden Church have both disappeared, and their only memorial is possibly the old house and Foxe's anecdote of the gallantry of Mr. Justice Nyne Holes.

* Hazelwood's 'History of Smarden.'

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

(To be continued.)

AUGUSTE RODIN.

WHATEVER may be the verdict of posterity upon M. Rodin, there is little doubt that he is now the most discussed of French sculptors. So much of superlative is at least safe; and to add that his reputation has made much way of late years, and is likely to make still further progress when the large works which he is now executing are before the public, is but a modest kind of prophecy. For an

artist, especially a sculptor, whose tendencies are in a direction different to that of the current ideal to leap suddenly into general favour, is not to be expected. Not only are the public unprepared to receive him, but his colleagues (even the best of them), however generous they may be in recognising his talents, are apt to think that any very new direction must be a wrong one—to accept new ideas seems to condemn

old ones, and men who, with their colleagues, have climbed the mount of fame by one route, naturally regard any other as hopeless and wrong. In France especially, party feeling in art has always run high; and from the days of 1830 no new movement has been able to establish itself without a revolution. Such men as Delacroix and Courbet are as the leaders of insurrections, and the art of insurrection is always touched with exaggeration. It is impossible to see Rodin's mighty *St. Jean* in the Luxemburg Gallery, stalking like a wild man through the groves of Academe, without being struck by a note of revolt.

The note is doubtless unintentional. The figure was probably conceived without any direct intention to throw down the gauntlet to the Academy. It is Rodin; but then Rodin, in spite of his strong natural character, has been formed by circumstances, and his contempt of the merely agreeable has—or rather had at this period of his career—assumed a shape which might well be mistaken for one of defiance. He met at all events with opposition, and a figure of his—remarkable indeed for its life-like modelling, but still more so for subtle beauty of line—was stupidly rejected at the *Salon* on the ground that it had been moulded on a living man. But for the intelligence and authority of M. Turquet, this blunder and libel might have been irreparable. As it happened the dispute ended fortunately for the sculptor; for the *L'Age d'Airain* was not only received at last, but it was purchased from the *Salon* by the State, and now forms one of the most impressive ornaments of the garden of the Luxemburg. The *St. John* was purchased also.

Some sort of excuse may be found for the Committee of the *Salon*. M. Rodin, though a new candidate for fame, was not a young man nor an entirely unknown one. As the most able assistant of M. Carrier-Belleuse, in whose studio he had worked for years; and as the unrecognised collaborateur in many a celebrated work of other men, he had served a time—a very long time; and it is just from such men that one expects little of distinct originality. Something new there evidently was in *L'Age d'Airain*; and to account for it by the suggestion that the figure was moulded on a living model was a masterpiece of ingenuity, only possible to men who knew what moulding was, but had no guage to measure imagination. An excuse of a different kind must be sought for the Committee of the Royal Academy of 1886. Between 1880 (the year of the *L'Age d'Airain* incident) and 1886, when his group of children called *Idylle* was rejected at Burlington House, much had happened; and in the interval M. Rodin had ceased to be a new candidate for fame. In France his merit had been recognised by artists, public, and Government; he had been charged with several important commissions (of which more pre-

sently); and in England, at the Grosvenor, at the Dudley Gallery—nay, even at the Royal Academy itself—his power had been shown. His head of *St. John the Baptist* was received in one year, his *L'Age d'Airain* in another; so that in rejecting the beautiful little group of children the Academy might appear at first sight to be inconsistent. But such a view would be quite unfair, for the *Idylle*, charming as it is, is not a work of commanding genius, like the *St. Jean* or the *L'Age d'Airain*, and the question of discourtesy to a foreign artist of reputation is disposed of by the fact that its authorship was unknown, till after its rejection, to any member of the Council.

In 1880 such an incident might have been discouraging to the artist, but in 1886 M. Rodin can afford to laugh at it—as he does. He even offers the best apology for the English Academy, by asserting that the *Idylle* was not a thing of importance. Indeed, hard as in many ways his life has been, and long as he has had to wait for an opportunity to declare himself, he has met with encouragement ever since his *début*—an encouragement limited indeed as to the number of his admirers, but neither slack nor uninfluential; and though wealth may not come to him, as indeed it comes to few sculptors who do not seek it at the expense of self-respect, he has secured what he values much more—the occasion to prove himself. Two great works have been assigned to him: the door of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs at Paris, and the monument to be erected at Calais to commemorate the historical heroism of its citizens when the town was besieged by Edward III. If M. Rodin's name is not honoured by posterity, it will not be for lack of opportunity: for the gate is to be in bronze and of colossal proportion, encrusted all over with reliefs high and low, and figures in the round large and small; and the monument at Calais will be surmounted by a group of the six burghers more than life-size. Of the sculptor's comparative regard for art and money the negotiations for the Calais monument afford an illustration. The competition was for two figures; M. Rodin's design was for six. While preferring it to the others sent in, the municipality informed him that they could not afford more than two figures. To this M. Rodin replied by offering to execute the six at the price proposed for two. To those that know the labour involved in such a group and the cost of casting, it will be evident that M. Rodin volunteered to make Calais a present of years of work and hundreds of pounds; a proceeding which will appear to them either very heroic or exceedingly foolish, according to their views of life. Those who incline to the foolish theory would be shocked if they knew what an amount of folly of the kind there is among French sculptors. The profession, at best

very poorly paid, is filled to overflowing, and by men of ability and ideas; and though the instance given is remarkable in its proportions, the same spirit animates a large group. If any one desires 'plain living and high thinking,' let him seek the *atelier* of a young French sculptor; there are few places where it is more surely to be found.

What has been seen hitherto of Rodin's sculpture is but as a prelude to the large works upon which he is now engaged. The inspired head of his *St. John*, the fine lines of *L'Age d'Airain*, and a wonderfully sweet and delicate bust of a little girl, besides other works exhibited in London, should have shown the range of his mind and skill, while those who have had the opportunity of seeing his tender, pitiful *Eve*, his still more tender and pitiful *Paolo and Francesca*, his terrible *Ugolino*, the grand helmeted head which we engrave, and his lifelike busts, would have had little fear of the manner in which he would acquit himself when called to execute as important works as this door of Despair and the monument of Calais.

The door is a series of dreams in bronze, inspired mainly by Dante's 'Inferno'—shades that have flitted across the artist's brain, but shades not vague or shadowy, but realised in shapes as definite as formed those which start clear-cut from the stern verse of the Italian poet. Yet it is by no means an illustration of the letter of the poem; his own thoughts, and those perhaps of other poets of despair like Baudelaire, have had their share in producing the crowd of images which Rodin has fixed in form. It is this which makes the whole work vibrate with life. However fed, the fancy is his own, and the door is a plastic poem in which are seen the visions called up by reflection on the terrible side of human destiny, as presented by current beliefs and the human imagination of souls that suffer. The sins that are visited upon the children, the satisfaction of so-called eternal justice, the martyrs of original sin, the ingenious gradations and refinements of eternal tortures meted to each of the infinite degrees of sin and crime—in short, the whole gamut of Despair—this is the subject of the dreadful portal. In days when faith is popularly supposed to have been more ardent than at present, and when, at least, all artists were orthodox, pictures of hell were not thought morbid. Representations of the torments of the condemned took their place, as of right, by the side of the joys of the blest. We have altered that now, and, in spite of the teachings of the Church and of logic, we cling to our right of everlasting happiness and deny the alternative. But, apart from all we believe or disbelieve, there will always remain a tragic side to human destiny, and our terrors as well as our hopes will find expression in art. M. Rodin's Hell is neither the hell of the mediaeval Christian nor the

hell of Swedenborg; it is the hell of all times and of all races—the terrible shadows which the agonies of this world cast upon that to come—a subject worthy of the grandest imagination, and M. Rodin has, at least, treated it in no narrow or vulgar spirit.

The Gate of Despair may seem to have little appropriateness as an entrance to a Museum of Decorative Art, especially of a decorative art so light



HELMETED BUST. A. RODIN.

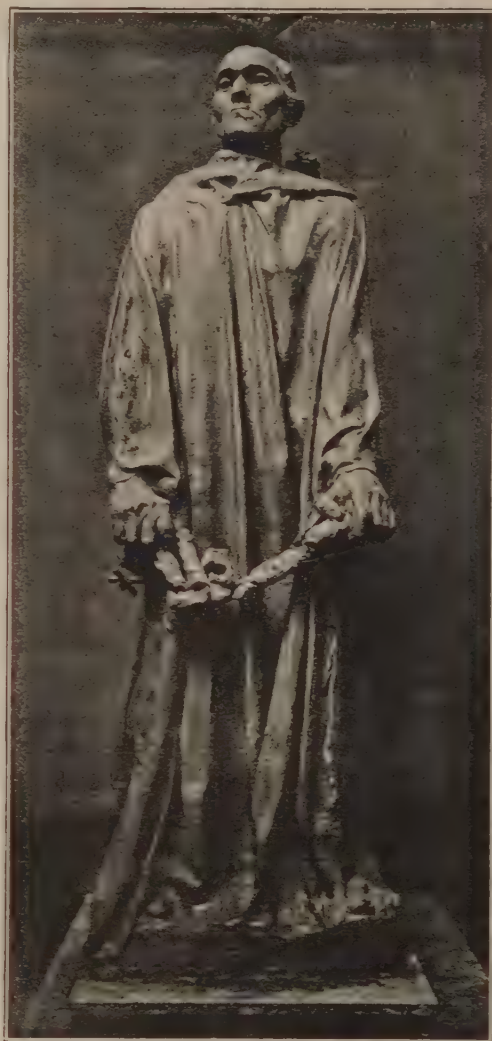
of spirit as that of the French school. It has little in common with the spirit of Primatrice or Le Brun, of Boucher and Watteau, of Carpeaux and Baudry. But it has this, at least, to say for itself, that it shows to what high themes decoration may aspire, and will serve to keep in mind that there is a Sistine Chapel as well as a Palace of Fontainebleau. The two most remarkable features of the door are, perhaps, the high note of tragedy at which the whole composition is sustained, and its beauty. Take it by itself as a thing, regarding not its subject nor scanning closely its detail, it is beautiful, richly beautiful in its form and divisions, its masses of light and shade, its abundant and various ornament. The lintel is surmounted by a group of three nude, emaciated, and miserable figures, the plastic translation of the first

three lines of the well-known inscription over the door of Dante's hell:—

'Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per ne si va nell' eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.'

The group is terrible—frightful if you will—but it

pleasant one, but it is conveyed with power, and the group is 'ideal' in the plainest sense of the word. Below the cornice, but above and between the great central panels, juts out another nude figure, seated, 'Le Penseur,' the image of man contemplating the terrible web of human destiny. The central panels are encrusted with clouds of figures whirled through



EUSTACHE DE ST. PIERRE. A. RODIN.

is beautiful, in the sense that that word should be understood when applied to a work of art,—what the French mean by 'beau,' what we try to express by 'fine.' By what sad harmony of unlovely lines the artist has quelled our natural aversion to such a sight, by what subtle touches he has transformed these ghastly images into a voice which stays our feet, possibly M. Rodin himself could scarcely tell, but it is something more than a *tour de force*, for it shows the operation of the born artistic faculty which cannot conceive except in accordance with the great laws of fitness and harmony. The idea is not a

space. They are truly clouds in the irregularity of their masses, and the unexpected flashes of light and gulfs of shade. The irregularity is almost of chaos, and yet controlled to beauty by some law unseen—like nature's confusion, unexplainable but ordered. But these indefinite masses are composed of definite shapes, some in the most filmy relief, others casting out gleaming legs and arms clear of the plane, of bodies tossed this way and that way by force uncontrollable and impartial, rolled pitilessly in a whirlwind of wrath. A somewhat similar description would apply to all the panels of the door and the

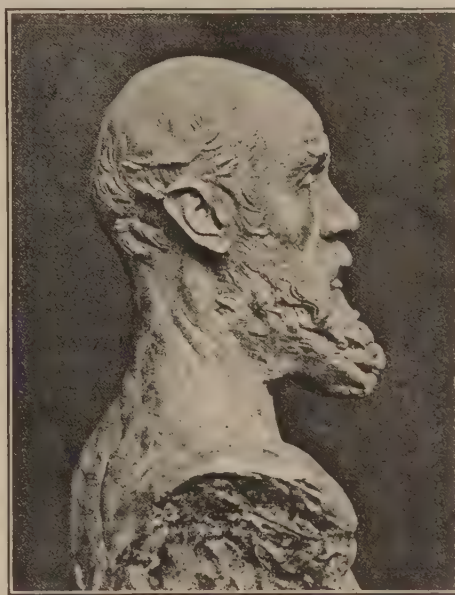
transverse band which divides the upper from the lower, except that on this band the groups are divided by two weird masks.

The reliefs upon the doorposts have figures of larger scale. Great freedom of gesture is preserved notwithstanding the narrow exigencies of space. The solemnity of the subject and the rigidity of the structure are both served by an arrangement of forms which, without being stiff or angular, are the reverse of florid. On the left are the souls who have died without sin, a beautiful chain of figures—men, women, and infant children—all conceived with freshness and tender pathos, and sad rather with the sadness of a dream than of pain; indeed, the children, as unconscious of disaster, still caress their parents and invite them to play. On the right is a more fearful chain, for sin has added pain and terror. Most easily recognisable is the group of *Paolo and Francesca*, for though they are not whirled about as with Dante's vision, but seated, these tender, hopeless lovers can have no other names. Both the sides as well as the faces of the doorposts are richly decorated. On the outsides faces of '*âmes damnées*,' vigorous and terrible, jut out at intervals as from fire; on the insides heads of fear and despair alternate with little groups of figures borne on brackets. These groups, all different, show, perhaps, as much as any part of the door the complete command of the artist over the human figure and the great resources of his invention. All kinds of crime and passion are symbolised in these knots of twisted limbs, from the lust and hate of too real life to the fabled fraud of the Sirens. The artist calls them '*Fleurs du Mal*,' and in spite of the severity of their motives they have decoratively somewhat of the shape and lightness of flowers.

If in this Door of Despair we see the poetical imagination of M. Rodin at its freest and most fertile, it needed the monument of Calais to show how equally capable it is to inspire a scene from history. The difference is that between a chorus of Aeschylus and a scene from one of Shakespeare's historical dramas. It must not be thought that in drawing this distinction there is any intention to place M. Rodin on a level with these poets. Whatever his level is it will not be found to-day. But setting aside the question of scale the proportion is a just one, and it is sufficiently remarkable to find the imagination of one man capable of bearing a stress from such different quarters.

In his group of the heroic burgesses of Calais the artist has chosen, not the moment of their arrival in the presence of Edward III., but that when they are about to leave the market-place. This choice has enabled him to give more movement and elasticity to the group, and to arrange it so that it presents in every direction an ever-varying sil-

houette. Each citizen is strongly individualised, his separate character stamped in attitude and expression. While none shows fluctuation of resolve, yet in each figure, though in different degree, we see the process of determination nerving itself to action. One at least, the famous Eustace de St. Pierre, whose grand figure we show from two points of view, is all prepared. With his hands clasping the keys of Calais and his head raised upward he stands the picture of noble resolve. He should be, and is perhaps, the finest of the figures; but the others run him close. The studio in which the great work is gradually approaching completion presents at the present time a scene of great interest. The model of the com-

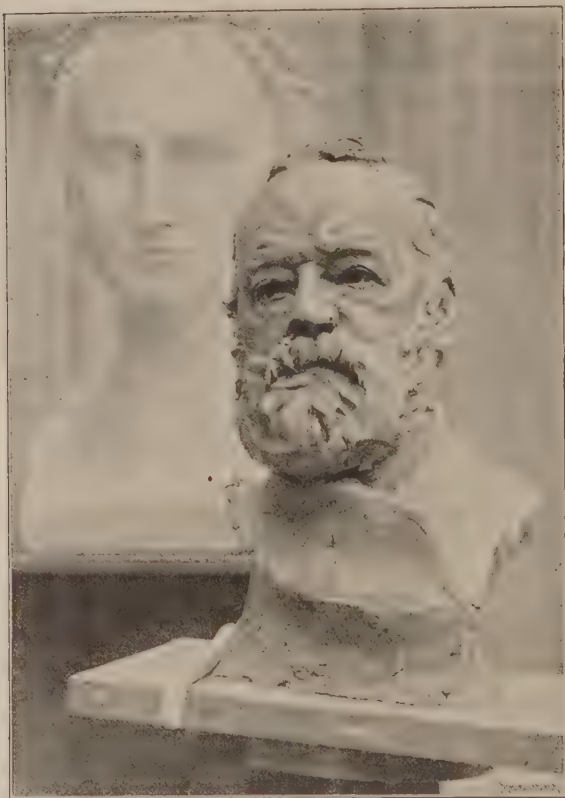


BUST OF M. LAURENS. A. RODIN.

plete monument in small stands on one side. In composition it has the merit of extreme simplicity. The six figures are standing on level ground in a broken circle, their heads nearly on a level. Still unformed for their sorrowful march, and each occupied with his own thoughts, their attitudes and positions appear severally accidental, although the composition is excellent from all points. This is in itself no little triumph. In various 'states' the full-sized figures stand in the large shed, some waiting only for the finishing touches of the master, others being built up in clay by his assistants. It is evident how little this artist (who is giving six figures at the price of two) stints his labour, for each colossus is first completely finished in the nude before it is draped. So fine are they in this state that it seems 'a shame' to drape them. The artist himself seems of this advice, for one at least has been cast in plaster in its nude state.

M. Rodin's power has been exhibited in too many directions to leave any doubt of its depth

and range. In portrait at least it may be accepted as of a high order. The busts of Victor Hugo and M. Laurens, the famous French painter, even in the one-view presentations* which we are only able to give, will leave little doubt of this. As to these busts, at least, no voice has been raised to assert that they



BUST OF VICTOR HUGO. A. RODIN.

were moulded on the living head, but the modelling could scarcely be more searching if they had been, while their fidelity to outward conformation is yet not so striking as their style, their intellectual power, and their strength of character. The bust of M. Laurens is like an antique, and one of his best known works—a bronze mask of a man with a broken nose—has actually been taken for one. That this should have happened to the same artist as was accused of moulding on the living figure, says

* Behind the head of Hugo, in our illustration, will be seen a faint representation of a bust of the poet when a young man by David d'Anger.

perhaps more for his art than pages of eulogy. Another bust of equal mark is that of M. Dalou, the sculptor, whose thin, keen, finely-cut, and somewhat faun-like face, is realised with a sympathy as true and a style as appropriate as that used for the more uneven and vigorous features of Hugo and Laurens. Marked by the same fine qualities is the head (in bronze) of Mr. W. E. Henley, who was one of the first Englishmen to recognise the true merits of M. Rodin, and has done more than any other writer to make them known. But M. Rodin is now engaged upon a work of the portrait class, which bids fair to excel anything that he has yet attempted. This is his statue of Bastien Lepage. The artist is represented in the country suit (short coat and knickerbockers), which he used when painting in the open air. As if before his easel, his palette on thumb, and brush in hand, he is bending with his keen gaze fixed upon some distant point and his arm ready to dash on the canvas the message of his eyes. At present the small model is all that is to be seen, but that is as fresh and alive as it can be.

'Alive,' that is almost the last word that can be now written of M. Rodin's work. It would take another article to describe the numerous 'figurines' with which the sculptor has of late been amusing his leisure, but they are perhaps as worthy of attention as his greater works, as they point to a future of unexhausted energy and fresh exercises of imagination. His thoughts move not in words but shapes, and now it is a pair of lovers, now a siren transporting an exultant mortal to her cave, now a single figure seated and clasping his foot in despair, now a woman with limbs crushed into the smallest possible space; sometimes it is a deep thought expressed in form, sometimes a mere plastic caprice, sometimes a mere study of limb-rhythm; but whatever it is, it is always alive, always full of the most subtle and original play of line, always 'fine' if not lovely. And perhaps witnessing this dazzling vitality, this spontaneous outburst of artistic energy, controlled as they are by rare mastery of form and technical dexterity, we may be excused if we forget for a moment that M. Rodin's *Eve* embodies an idea different from that of the *Venus* of Milo, and that his *St. John* was not inspired by the *Apollo Belvidere*.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

TEMPLE BAR.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET DEBAINES.

THE boundaries of the liberties of London were generally marked only by posts and rails, but as early, some say, as Henry VIII.'s reign, a gateway had replaced the simple barrier at Temple Bar. In

an old painting of the Coronation of Edward VI. the procession is passing through a second gateway outside Ludgate, which must be supposed to represent Temple Bar, although the great extent of the subject

obliged the artist to reduce very seriously the distance between them. Maitland, speaking of the gateway that preceded Wren's, describes it as 'a house of timber cross the street with a narrow gateway, and an entry on the south side of it under the house;' but if a drawing in Mr. Crace's collection may be trusted it was a building of some dignity.

The fire did not extend its ravages so far; nevertheless in the rebuilding of the City Sir Christopher Wren was entrusted with the erection of a new bar, and set up what the historians call 'a stately gate with two posterns, one on each side for the convenience of foot-passengers, with strong gates to shut up in the nights, and always good store of watchmen, the better to prevent danger.' It was adorned with statues of James I. and Queen Elizabeth (or, as Pennant says, Anne of Denmark) on the eastern side, and the two Charleses in 'Roman habits' on the western. They are said by Pennant to have been carved by John Bushnel, who died in 1701. The

gateway, which was of Portland stone, was begun in 1670 in the mayoralty of Sir Samuel Starling, and finished in 1672 in that of Sir George Waterman. 'The State particularly distinguished' it by appointing it to be the place for the heads of traitors, the earlier Bar apparently not having had that honour. The attack upon it as an impediment to traffic was begun as early as 1787 by Alderman Pickett, and was carried on with great vigour, while there were not wanting those who defended the boundary, as in the frequently quoted pasquinade,—

'If that gate is pulled down, 'twixt the Court and the City,
You'll blend in one mass prudent, worthless, and witty;
If you league cit and lordling as brother and brother,
You'll break order's chain, and they'll war with each other.'

Nevertheless, it managed to keep its place for not far short of a century longer. M. Brunet Debaines' sketch was taken in 1877, just before its removal.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, Esq., R.A., LL.D.

Knight of the Legion of Honour, and Knight of the Order of San Luigi, Lucca.

THE first instalment of a noble gift (the greatest made to the country since Turner died and Mr. Wynn Ellis enriched the National Gallery with scores of pictures), the quality of which, as it were a mass of golden ore, I am permitted to assay, has been placed on the walls of the staircase leading to the Art-Library at South Kensington. Nine masterpieces of a peculiar strain are now hanging there, and they are members of a much more numerous category which, at a time all of us hope may be long deferred, will follow them. They have been selected by Mr. Watts himself from that body of his works as to which he has made the nation his heir. Among them are at least two pictures of entirely different characteristics, motives, and inspirations, which yield to none of his labours in nobleness, beauty, and poetic charm. These are (1), that grave and pious allegory of humanity we knew at the Grosvenor Gallery as *Love and Death*, a symbolical example of the choicest kind and dearest to Mr. Watts's heart, and (2), the very lovely lyric in colour, which, distinguishing last season's collection in the same gallery, represented a blindfold genius seated on the World and listening to the faint notes of the last unbroken string of her own harp. It is called *Hope*, and is, perhaps,—and if so deservedly,—the most popular of all the painter's works.

The other pictures at South Kensington are—(3), *Time, Death, and Judgment*, of which more will be said below; (4), *Love and Life*; (5), *To all Churches*, an exemplification of the spirit of Christianity, as

Mr. Watts conceives it should be; (6), *Mammon*, a grim type of the most pitiless stupidity; (7), *The Minotaur*, which in an antique guise illustrates ruthless greed; and, (8 and 9), the full-faced bust-portrait of the Laureate and the likeness of Cardinal Manning in his red robes. The last two are members of that company of pictures of distinguished persons of our time which the artist, desirous of preserving the lineaments of so many of our men of might, has purposed to add to the National Portrait Gallery, when the rules of that Institution admit pictures of the dead. It is possible that, on technical artistic grounds, this company will be admitted to the National Gallery rather than relegated to the minor institution. The characteristic qualities of these pictures, severally and as a whole, prove that the giver selected them with a purpose; *i.e.*, in order to epitomise by their means his chief aims in art. Except as a landscape-painter and a sculptor, we have him at large and completely represented by these works, which appear only, as the giver says, as 'samples,' to be increased in number if they are (to use another phrase of his idiosyncrasy of modesty) 'accepted by the public.' Of course, none but he would have a moment's doubt on this point. We may therefore pass it at once by saying that he has made the nation his debtor. The nation would have responded as only nations can; but Mr. Watts, with the very supererogation of diffidence, has decided that the debt shall be all on one side. At present, therefore, there is no more to be said in

this connexion. Meanwhile, a student may be permitted to examine, or rather to assay, the treasures thus already superabundantly heaped upon us, and endeavour, technical considerations apart, to discover what the painter's, poet's, and moralist's intentions were while he devoted himself to art as the aptest exponent of a strong will, a rare energy, an almost monastic career, a choice inspiration, and a life's thinking in design.

As a portrait-painter, studying to impart more than mere verisimilitude to his pictures, Mr. Watts has thoroughly put forth his intentions in the likenesses of the poet and the priest. Although certainly not his best examples—these I take to be the portraits of *E. Burne Jones*, *Robert Browning*, *William Morris*, *Sir Henry Taylor*, and *Alfred Tennyson*,—these specimens are of the best order. Mr. Watts's better portrait of *Mr. A. Tennyson* belongs to Earl Somers. I believe our artist is one of the greatest, most welcome portrait-painters the world has knowledge of. I do not think he has ever added character to the faces he has depicted, any more than he has added beauty to them. But I am sure—while I miss nothing, either noble or less than that in them—that he has taught me to see character in faces of friends the most intimate which I have, till his aid was mine, not heartily recognised. In this power to paint the mind with the body of a sitter he is the nearest to Van Dyck, whose perceptions of character were within these limits, and when painting his best, quite unsurpassed, even by Velazquez, Titian, Holbein, or Tintoret. Van Dyck's *Charles I.* is a biography; his *Henrietta Maria* is a complete *exposé*, a veritable, and undoubtedly veracious indictment. Since Van Dyck painted that terrible portrait of *Strafford* which is at Wentworth Woodhouse, or the *Laud* at Windsor, or the *Countess of Carlisle*, of which there are several versions, I think there has been nothing to be compared with them till *Viscount Sherbrooke*, *Countess Somers*, *Mr. Gladstone*, the *Duke of Argyll*, or either of the previously named five, appeared. I say this apart from any considerations of the *technique* of these works, and I feel that the marvel is that nothing has been added and nothing lost in the faces in question. Technically speaking, there is, of course, more of Moroni and Tintoret than of Van Dyck in Watts's portraits. But I do not now propose to discuss these examples.

Putting aside his landscapes, sculptures, and portraits, I think we may conveniently, as well as justly, divide the remainder and more ambitious outcome of Mr. Watts's studies into two categories. These are (1) those which remind us of Tintoret, a stupendous emblemist and dramatic moralist in art, and (2) beautiful poems in colour and graceful forms, such as the charming *Echo*, which represents a life-size nude damsel in a summer landscape, canopied by

lofty 'classic' trees, and standing in a rocky niche above a stream that flows from a halcyon distance, and curves towards a deep pool in the front. Of the pieces of fancy *Hope* is one of the best types. Of the emblematic moralities of Tintoret's strain, *Time*, *Death*, and *Judgment*, the largest of the Watts Gift now in question, and perhaps the largest of the painter's productions on canvas, is a somewhat extreme representative. It is a 'morality' of the sterner order, and so far recondite in its allusions to life and the future of man, that hasty travellers are not unlikely to regard it as a technical exercise rather than a minatory emblem. What the student detects in the austere and dignified group of heroic figures may be stated presently.

Between these typical pictures there are, among the nine to which attention is here directed, several works serving to connect *Time*, *Death*, and *Judgment*, on the one hand, with *Hope* on the other. *Love and Life*, the not very aptly styled 'companion' to *Love and Death*, is almost as much a piece of fancy in play as a moral emblem. It shows the genius Love, a forever youthful male figure aiding 'Life,' a graceful, tender, and slender maiden, to ascend the stony side of a mountain, which is glorified with colour, and flushed with gold of the sun. *To all Churches* so nearly approaches the province of pious imagination, that it may be classed with distinctly religious—if not with ecclesiastical or devotional themes. Of the last order Mr. Watts, whose sympathies are universal, while his aims are ethical at large and the reverse of sectarian, has painted no examples. He has, of course, as in *After the Transgression*, *Cain*, *The Cessation of the Deluge*, *The Creation of Eve*, *The Death of Abel*, and many more, illustrated Holy Writ with a frequent pencil and from an historical, or rather a dramatic point of view. But he has never touched on doctrine, or produced what in conventional terms is called a devotional picture. This is a marked fact in the record of his exertions, and I refer to it here because *To all Churches*, which has a second title in *The Spirit of Christianity*, is really an exceptional instance of an approach to the devotional order of art.

Curiously enough, it has its analogues in various forms and in the pictures of many schools, all of Roman Catholic countries, and of several periods of time. Thus, the semi-paganised motives of Murillo's famous pictures in the Louvre and at Seville (which practically repeat each other and represent the *Assumption of the Virgin*) have a close likeness in Mr. Watts's graver and more pure design, where, as in this instance, he depicted a noble, amply draped, and deeply pathetic woman-figure clad in red, with her face turned upwards, worn and full of anxious love. She is seated on clouds, and clad in ample drapery, while, embraced by the skirts of her long garment, a group of infants nestles at her

feet. The children are types of the Churches which are (or ought to be) exponents of the Universal Charity which the Spanish painter saw in a somewhat earthy guise, but still undoubtedly saw, and saw distinctly. The children are the offspring of the great Charity which is Christian. In a much less challengeable form than that Murillo affected, and with an inspiration which was narrower than Mr. Watts's, the earlier painters depicted the Church as the Virgin Protector of the Faithful and the Poor and in the likeness of a gigantic Virgin of beautiful face and form, standing crowned and robed, while a long mantle descends from her shoulders to her feet, and encloses with its grand folds worshippers of various degrees, the sick and sound, the rich and the poverty-stricken. The great Charity, which is Christian, is thus typified, and the subject is called a *Madonna di Misericordia*. Mr. Watts's emblem refers, of course, to the Churches as abstractions, and to express his thoughts he employs infantile figures tenderly embracing each other while they rest guarded by the Spirit of Christianity. There is at Lucca a famous *Madonna di Misericordia* by Fra Bartolommeo; another is on a comparatively small scale, and the work of Memlinc, or a member of his school, and of the sweetest character, compatible with dignity and power. In all these cases the Madonna is the advocate and sympathetic protector, and she looks upwards with a serene if not seraphic air. The worn and sorrowful regard of Mr. Watts's type of mercy and love, the Spirit of Christianity, assimilates itself with the aspect of the Mater Dolorosa of countless painters. To some extent our artist's design, apart from the religious appeals of his forerunners, combines the older modes of thought. On Mr. Watts's large canvas we have an emblem as in our first category assimilating to some extent with the poetic rapture of the second group. As in many pictures of the *Assumption*, noteworthily the great Albert Dürer at Vienna, there is in Mr. Watts's painting a landscape, seen below the cloud, which sustains the great Spirit and her emblematic infants. As always with accessories of this nature in his pictures, our artist has, in this instance, made the sentiment of his landscape subserve the sentiment of the design of which it is an essential element. Far down below the calm regions of the firmament where the symbolical group is disposed, beneath the grand vapours which encircle the figures, the spectator's eye searches the distance, and, piercing the semi-twilight enshrouding it, distinguishes a calm ocean, along the horizon of which a line of wan splendour and many paler and nearer bars of light attest the influence of the moon. On the nearer margin of this serene sea is the land, with dimly shining river channels, and, close to the shore, a city with numerous spires, towers,

and roofs, which the subdued radiance only half reveals.

The *Minotaur* and *Mammon* are as plainly emblems, the one in an ancient shape, the other in a nondescript nude, as anything Mr. Watts has chosen to depict. Before proceeding further, I may as well describe the last-named two pictures, which are not to be reckoned with Mr. Watts's masterpieces, although any estimate of his powers and account of his labours would be very imperfect indeed which did not deal with them. *Mammon*, which was painted in 1885, and, until now, has been shown at Birmingham only, is a nearly life-size figure seated on a throne, on the angles of the back of which are human skulls. He is clad in a heavy, coarse drapery of woven gold diapered with a pattern of rude and significant character. Vulgar and brutal, the monster of mere wealth has a bloated face, a contumelious air, and his action is cruel. His purblind, dead-blue eyes are set deep under high-raised brows, and his cheeks are puffed with a pride of the meanest, most pitiless kind. Austere and degraded to a bestial form, his heavy lips are drawn down, and his pendulous cheeks are deeply furrowed. His very drapery, stiff with the precious metal, and sumptuous in dull orange and yellow, encloses his bulky and ungainly form in an awkward manner, suited to his ungainly mode of sitting and his uncouth aspect. Midas-like, he wears a cap, from the side of which his rough hair obtrudes, while, above it, rise his double ass's ears, fringed with bristles. One monstrous foot crushes the naked form of a youth, who, degraded by a vile submission, lies extended face downwards on Mammon's footstool. One half-clenched hand of clumsy fingers lies in Mammon's lap, while, with the other hand, he grasps the hair of a crouching virgin who, naked and voluntarily humiliated, has come to the throne of the monster. The flesh of these figures exhibits Mr. Watts's power to model and colour natural forms from the life. He has not thought it worth while to carry to the utmost stage of refinement the technical condition of the figure of *Mammon*. Beyond what suffices for the adequate expression of his purpose, there was nothing to be gained by elaborating the painting of such a subject. It would hardly do to call this design an allegory; it does not represent anything more than the type of an idea of what, under certain conditions, would have existence. It is no more allegorical than an actor performing a part is in an allegorical condition. Neither the picture nor the actor is more than a representation of certain possible things; their moral purpose is, of course, obvious enough; and, apart from all this, *Mammon* is essentially a piece of prose, as didactic as one of Bunyan's conceptions, and, in its inspiration, purely of the Bunyan category.

On the other hand, the *Minotaur* may, much more fairly than *Mammon*, be called an allegory. It means, while embodying an ancient idea, something more than it represents, and in an emblematic form it delineates more than meets the eye. It shows the monster, as suggested by the antique legend, man-shaped, with the head of a bull and having the claws of an eagle, standing in the angle of a strong building, and looking over a wild, dark, bleak champaign as if watching the approach of his prey. It is a type of brutal, cruel, and irresponsible power, an embodied Force without pity. To express this motive the claw of the brute resting on the parapet crushes instinctively, and as if in sheer habitude of cruelty, a little bird which it has seized. The stolid greed, and mighty bull-like strength of the *Minotaur*, and the hideous combination of a man and a beast, that most stolid and obstinate of the mythical monsters, are elements rendered here with extraordinary vigour by the artist. Mightily massive are the muscles heaped on the creature's flank and back; his neck, bull-like, is ponderous with muscle piled upon muscle, and in the cruel, cold stare of his ravenous eye there is no lack of cunning of a brutal sort. This is a genuine creation and a true symbol of the best sort, quite original, and fuller of power than *Mammon*. It would be hard to say which head is the fuller of expression and savagery, or which has more of the bestial nature impressed with a greater portion of an amazing vigour and insight, or, again, which face demanded the keener observation of nature. *Mammon's* bloated and domineering look was perhaps more difficult to deal with than the *Minotaur's*, because the character in view was, being more human, more complex than that of the bull, whose manlike elements cease at the shoulders. But the notion of the claw mechanically crushing the bird in blind forgetfulness of good is entirely original, while the accessorial figures of *Mammon* are less finely inspired.

Contrasting with these strange visions of degraded power, base greed, and blind and cunning tyranny, is the dreamlike, heavenly grace and beauty of *Hope*, a life-size, somewhat worn, but still fair figure of a maiden genius, blindfold, and seated sideways, and with her feet together and raised, on a globe which floats in the ærial ocean of Eternity, and is girt with clouds. She is bending over a primitive lyre, all the strings of which have been destroyed but one, and she bends her ear towards this as if to catch its most subtle murmur, while, with delicate fingers, she evokes its slow, vague, and uncertain music. The carnations of the figure are wan, as becomes its worn condition, with a sub-tint of the rose, bespeaking its living state, and it is clad in a tissue of ærial blue, through which here and there the flesh may be distinguished, with more or less of

the natural carnation hue. As in another case mentioned above, the coloration of the picture, not less than its design at large, has been made to subserve the sentiment of the subject. Floating in the air, *Hope* is revealed to us by a pale light proceeding from the front, which, so to say, fuses into one indeterminate whole the substance and the shadows; the colour and the delicate forms of the figure giving a dreamlike aspect to it. The charm of the work thus assorts with the theme, and, as a peculiar grace of art, confirms the inspiration of the painter. As a piece of tone-harmony not less impressive than it is delicate, as a colour-harmony as subtle as it is pure, and as a harmony in lines of peculiar aptitude and refinement, this instance is, within its limits, a noble achievement, and one of the most admirable productions of the English school, which rarely deals, or even essays to deal, with matters so choice and supersensuous. That *Hope* is not untinged with sentimentality goes without saying: it would, in fact, miss something of a true application to the subject if no such tinge were to be found in it. Its charm is—if I may be allowed to use so indefinite a term—mystery; and it is so rightly, because of such, from Mr. Watts's standpoint, is the nature of *Hope*. Hence it is proper to the art of the painter that his somewhat nebulous coloration, chiaroscuro and tones,—his lines, whose characteristics are irresolvable undulations,—his graceful figure, a face dimly visible, and a background of vapours half saturated with an ineffable lustre, are features of a very remarkable kind, every one of which is due to a poetic effort. The one star of the firmament, with a ray beaming on the figure, is, equally with the above, a portion of the design. As a piece of colour pure and simple, this is one of the most delicate creations of the artist, and, apart from his genius, an epoch-marking instance. Mr. Watts has frequently said that he desires to produce in his pictures a quality which, if music of a sort corresponding with the sentiment to which he refers were performed while a student were observing them, those pictures would be found in keeping with that music. In *Hope* his aim is achieved with rare good fortune. The coloration and other elements of his design would aptly find an accompaniment in the vague, air-pervading tenderness and melodious rise and fall of an Eolian harp. The endeavour to indicate with words the inner motives of pictures of this nature is, perhaps, hopelessly unsatisfactory, and only to be made intelligible by means of comparisons involving the associations of pathetic melody that—

‘—— overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes.’

The harmonious and supersensuous ordering of colours, tones, lines, and chiaroscuro is as great an

which he believes to be its noblest, truest, and best, and capable of suggesting the highest motives for design and the most elevating thoughts. He would have painting be, as poetry and music are, capable of bringing the spectator into that frame of mind which is most worthy of man's right aims and intellect. In pictures such as these the artist sets forth types of ideas expressed in human forms, and constituting harmonies of colour, tone, and chiaroscuro, each designed as an exponent of thought. He in no sense aims at a display of technical felicity to the distraction of the spectator's attention from more abstract impressions which the painter seeks to

evoke. He aims at nothing less than abstract art which is refined by contemplation. For this purpose he puts aside all the limiting associations of imitative art and the 'accidents of form,' and seeks to generalize what he delineates, in order to present the idea apart from the pictorial achievement, which is usually more attractive. It is needless to say that, while carrying out these views of the functions and aims of art, Mr. Watts has cultivated style above all other technical qualities, and by its chastening means made his symbols of thought noble and pathetic. With him, colour and chiaroscuro subserve the sentiment of his designs and display their motives.'

F. G. STEPHENS.

PUTNEY.

AMONGST the pleasant resorts that border the winding course of the Thames, the placid hamlet of Putney — *Puttenega amœnum*, as Leland calls it—has always held a favoured place. We may well believe that the mediæval fisherman, when he cast his line for a salmon there, looked about him with no small gratification, just as Evelyn did at a later date when he took his 'prospects' in crayon to carry into France with him, and as most of us do at the present day. Putney was a location long before the Conquest, where, as we know from Domesday, Harold had a fishery, and there was a ferry also of some value. The ferry must, indeed, have been of constant resort, and there are records of great people having crossed by it occasionally, as Edward I. did, once at least, with his family. Putney, again, was the landing-place for those who came up the river, bound to the west and south-west of England, who took horses there for the journey, and inns must have been built for their accommodation. Thus the place constantly grew in importance, and was a typical mediæval settlement; there was the High Street, leading straight from the ferry to the Heath, and away to the country beyond—a quaint old street, doubtless, lined with overhanging timbered buildings, where there were shops, and the houses of tradesmen, who were supported by passing travellers and by the families of resident gentry. At the bottom of the High Street, and close to the ferry, stood the picturesque church of St. Mary, with its massive tower of grey and mossy stone, twin sister to that of Fulham opposite, and there were picturesque landing-places along the river front.

Putney had grown to be a place of some importance by the time of Henry VIII., and had given birth to two men whom history will not forget. Nicholas West, the magnificent Bishop of Ely, was, as they say, the son of a baker there—a boy notable for his wild, mischievous, disobedient character; 'a

rakehell in grain,' as Fuller calls him. But the prelate, if he had scandalised the village as a boy,



did something towards its sanctification as a man, for he added to its church the beautiful chapel, with its fan-tracery in stone, where the builder's arms and initials are—an excellent example of the date—that may yet be seen, though removed, on the rebuilding of the edifice, from the south to the north

side of the chancel. The village, too, had a blacksmith in those days—one Cromwell, whose son, we may suppose, was of a different character from the other; perhaps a sharp-eyed, keen-witted, unscrupulous boy, who listened eagerly to the converse of the travellers whose horses were shod at the forge. This was Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, Vicar-General of the Spiritualities. When Wolsey,

Cromwell's master, it will be remembered, was deprived of the Great Seal, and bidden to betake himself to Esher, he landed at Putney on his way thither; and it is under this change of worldly circumstances that he addresses, in Shakespeare's play, those noble lines to his servant,—wherein he warns him against the perils of ambition. But it was through ambition that Cromwell fell, and was led at last as a traitor to the scaffold.

In the time of Elizabeth Putney was well provided with the houses of courtiers and gentlemen, whereof I may allude to a few. The Queen often came to one of them to visit a favoured subject, one John Lacy, 'a citizen and clothworker of London,' who lived in a mansion generally called 'The Palace,' because it was so honoured, that stood where River Street and River Terrace now are. This house, which was built on the site of an older mansion of the Welbecks, is reported to have been of red brick, with two projecting wings, and stood within a courtyard; and its rooms were richly decorated with plaster-work. Not far away, in the High Street, was Essex House, taken down recently, where lived Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite, Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, whose initials were to be seen in the decorations of the rooms; and the

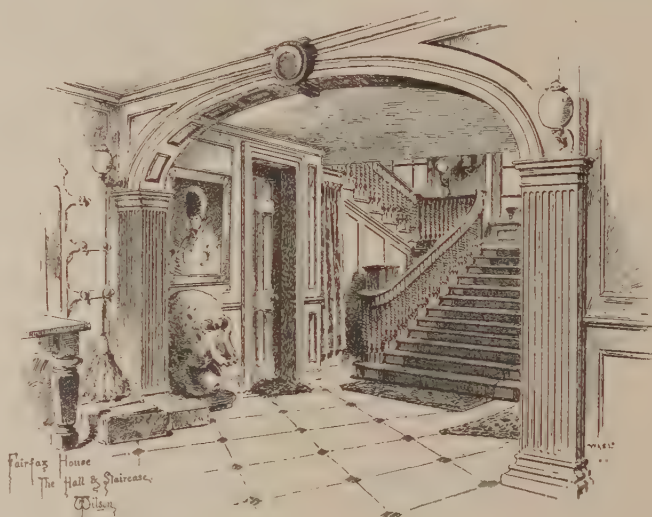
panelling of the house was said to have been made from timber brought from the ships of the Spanish Armada. The same tradition is preserved of the

timbers in Fairfax House, a picturesque mansion of about the same date, still standing, ivy-grown and venerable, in the High Street, nearer the river; and the story is borne out by the fact that a few years ago, when one of the ceilings

was taken down for repair, its beams were found to be full of auger-holes, and had evidently been used in the construction of a vessel. Here Queen Elizabeth is said on one occasion to have dined. The house has a notable interior, with its deeply-moulded panelling, and its quaint staircase leading to rooms

where the savour of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries lingers; and there is a lawn behind, surrounded by trees, that Bishop Juxon is said to have planted. A portion of the mansion was burned down about the time of Queen Anne, and was reconstructed in the taste of that period; and there is a sundial, with the date 1707, on the southern end of it.

In the year 1625 Putney was visited by the plague, and the infected houses, marked with a red cross, were kept by warders, lest the inhabitants should issue from them. At one time even all the people in the village were said to be sick, and women were brought from London to tend them, and the place was almost in a panic. But a far more terrible visitation of plague happened in 1665 and in the following year, when Putney was again distracted. Still the site of it was thought salubrious, and there were several well-known colleges for young gentlewomen there, which Evelyn and Pepys, as is recorded in



their diaries, came up the river to see. 'I saw the girls of the school,' says the latter, 'few of which pretty.'

Before the fall of Charles I., when the King had retired to Hampton Court, in 1647, and Cromwell and Ireton were distrustfully conducting negotiations with him, they fixed themselves with their army at Putney, the more effectually to keep watch upon him. Cromwell was lodged at Mr. Bonhunt's, Ireton at Mr. Campion's, Fleetwood at Mr. Martin's, Fairfax at Mr. Wymondsold's, the high sheriff, at his house called 'The Palace,' above alluded to, and other officers in the houses of neighbouring gentry. They sat in the church, wearing their hats, deliberating on the affairs of the army and the nation, now listening to a sermon, now singing a psalm, once receiving in audience 'a high German prophet,' named Gifthiel, and often, we may be sure, engaging in much godly discourse. The newspapers of the day are full of their proceedings. The army quitted Putney when the King fled from Hampton Court; but, after the battle of Brentford, Essex resolved to follow him into Surrey,

and, in order to get his troops and artillery across the river, built a bridge upon boats, from Fulham to Putney, which was protected by a fort at each end, as well as by musketeers upon the water. It is known that Fairfax, at another time, stayed at a mansion in the Richmond Road, a residence of the Duke of Hamilton, but long known as the Putney School; and it is more than likely that the great Parliamentary general lodged also at the house above alluded to, bearing his own name, in the High Street.

In the seventeenth century Putney grew greatly in importance; there were the Watermen's Schools in Wandsworth Lane, founded in 1684 by Thomas Martyn; and the Almshouses built by Sir Abraham Dawes, also in the reign of Charles II.; and, besides the many houses about the river and the heath, there were other notable ones away at Roehampton. There lived the celebrated Countess of Devonshire, who was visited by the King and his family, and whose praises were sung by Waller and the wits, whose patroness she was, as well as by the Earl of Pembroke and

others. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Putney was as celebrated as Marylebone for its Bowling-green, which was upon the Heath, and was long a favourite resort of people of fashion, who there had public breakfasts and evening assemblies for their diversion. Defoe, writing in 1722, says that the citizens resorted twice a-week to the Green, where he, being attracted, saw 'pretty deep play.' At a house on Putney Heath, called, from the popular pastime, the 'Bowling-green House,' died, in 1806, the great minister, William Pitt, who had lived there some years in succession to Archbishop Cornwallis. Pitt was very popular in the neighbourhood, where he had many friends, and kept up great hospitality. The apocryphal story of his solitary death will not be forgotten. It

was in 1798, on a quiet Sunday afternoon, that he fought, on the Heath, his celebrated, but bloodless, duel with William Tierney, M.P. for Southwark,—not the first duel there, nor the last, for in 1652 Lord Chandos had despatched Colonel Henry Compton near by, and, a few years later, in 1803, Castle-

reagh and Canning did battle there together.

In the last century Putney had several notable inhabitants, but none more so than Edward Gibbon the historian, whose family, as he tells us, lived in 'a spacious house with gardens and lands' standing at the foot of Putney Hill, and known as Lime Grove. There, in 1737, Gibbon was born. His early education was conducted in a school in the village; and he spent his boarding-school vacations with his aunt at the house of his maternal grandfather, Mr. James Porten, near the church, which he learned to look upon 'in the light of his proper and native home.' Other celebrated residents of Putney were David Mallet, the author of a 'Life of the Great Duke of Marlborough,' who scandalised Gibbon; Toland, the sceptical writer; Mrs. Siddons; and Macpherson, of Ossian fame. In the year 1774 an interesting experiment was made at Putney by one Mr. David Hartley, who proposed to render houses proof against fire. His method seems to have been to place sheets of iron or copper between the double boards of the



floors, which were thereby made air-tight; and the experiment was apparently successful at the house he erected, for a room was pointed out in which the



King and Queen took breakfast while the flames were raging beneath them.

The first permanent bridge across the Thames at Putney was erected in 1729, from the designs of Sir Jacob Ackworth, the poor watermen being compensated for the loss of the ferry. It was an awkward and ungainly structure of wood, lighted by oil lamps, and with toll-houses at both ends, which had bells at

the top to be rung in case of disturbance; for the blue-coated keepers were often, early in the history of the bridge, attacked by unruly wayfarers, who objected to pay the toll. It may be mentioned that the Bishop of London, with commendable forethought, had arranged that he and his family should cross the bridge free, though the King himself paid 100*l.* a-year for the privilege. The bridge was freed of the objectionable toll in 1880, the Prince and Princess of Wales visiting it on the occasion; and they laid the memorial stone of the new structure, displacing the old one, four years later. The new granite bridge, with its five great segmental arches, built from the designs of Sir Joseph Bazalgette, was opened by their Royal Highnesses in April 1886, and is allowed on all hands to be one of the handsomest bridges across the Thames. Putney Bridge has long been the starting-point of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race; and, in the summer season, the river in the vicinity is the scene of many a contest with the oar. At such times, when the blue sky and the bridge and trees are reflected in its waters, the river is generally gay and busy with varied craft, which, darting in and out amongst the lights and shadows of its surface, make the scene very picturesque and charming.

JOHN LEYLAND.



ART CHRONICLE.

THE Winter Exhibition Season is fuller if not better than ever. The Oil Institute has an average show, including, as usual, a good deal of sound wheat among the chaff. The Society of British Artists, under the presidency of Mr. Whistler, takes on a new and eccentric aspect, drapes its walls with saffron, reduces the number of accepted pictures by a hundred or two, and encourages the most recent departures in artistic styles, led off by the President in various portrait studies of tone, wherein a travesty of the human face divine focuses a vague high light for a 'harmony' in red, or black, or grey, as the case may be. A large pastoral landscape by Mr. Edwin Ellis indicates that clever and defiant painter in decadence.

AT Messrs. Dowdeswell's is shown a series of studies among the English lakes by Mr. Sutton Palmer, whose transcripts of scenery, if unimaginative, have always a charm of fresh reality about them.

THE Fine Art Society have again the opportunity of showing in the results of a sketching campaign on the Scottish coast by

Mr. J. Brett, R.A., a striking display of steady-sighted, firm-handed, artistry.

THE rooms of Messrs. Maclean, Tooth, and Wallis, have been, as usual, set apart to the gathering in of pictures, new and old, of foreign and home produce. A *Portia*, so called, by Sir John Millais, forms an attraction at the first-named gallery. Mr. Wallis makes a point of young Herr Delug's *Phillipina Wolser pleading to the Emperor Ferdinand*, a large, well-drawn and painted, and fairly well-coloured picture, with that amount of historic *vraisemblance* and power of dealing with scale and composition about it which often surprise one in the work of students in the Munich and Vienna schools, as the result of training rather than of individual faculty.

THE Water Colour Society always brightens our London winter with the annual exhibition of sketches and studies. Many good names are conspicuous by absence this season, but the good work of present members makes amends. The landscapists, Mr. Matthew Hale, Mr. Eyre Walker, and Mr. Thorne

Waite, are particularly happy in what look like genuine outdoor sketches. One of the new Associates, Mr. Colin Bent Phillip, shows imaginative force and power of generalisation in studies among the Welsh hills. The Society is not strong in figure-painters, partly because the elections in this direction have of late fallen upon men who reserve their energies for work in other exhibitions and other media; the more welcome are the re-elections of Sir F. Burton and Mr. Burne Jones. The former, though entering again as an honorary member, may, let us hope, give us occasional gleanings from his portfolios; and the latter is so prolific of handiwork under stress of his singularly fertile imagination, that the Society may confidently look for his help in keeping up the balance and the high standard of their exhibitions.

AMONG Christmas gift-books should be welcome the fresh edition of Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' with the original designs furnished by William Mulready to the first issue from



CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN. BY MULREADY.
From the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

the same publishing house of Van Voorst, in 1842. Mulready was not, like Wilkie and Leslie, an apt illustrator of other men's fancies, and there is a lack of character about these designs, which are for the most part only gracefully or humorously narrative. But the charm of one or two is undeniable, notably the group *Choosing the Wedding Gown*, afterwards carried out in the well-known oil picture for Mr. Sheepshanks; and again, Mrs. Primrose measuring the height of Olivia and young Thornhill, *dos-à-dos*, and finding them *Nearly of a Size*. The *Attempt to Rescue*, and the scenes in the gaol, show greater strength; nevertheless, careful grace of composition and certain purity and directness of style still give their distinctive freshness to these designs, and enable them to hold their own against the enormously increased elaboration and picturesque characterisation of the more modern school of illustration. Mr. Van Voorst's edition, which is printed from the original blocks, should be distinguished from an edition just issued by another publisher, with copies of the illustrations.

THE issue and re-issue of Mr. Ruskin's works continues briskly through the publishing offices of Mr. Allan, at Orpington, Kent. The new edition, in three volumes, of 'The Stones of Venice,' in the text of the edition of 1858, with all the original plates in line and mezzo, unworn or restored, and the woodcuts inclusive of the additions made in the Travellers' edition, together, with a valuable fresh index, is already before us. The coming spring will see a re-issue of 'Examples of the Architecture of Venice,' with the original text and prints from the ten unworn engravings, and reproductions from the six lithographs.

THE partial restoration of the fine old City church, the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, is so far accomplished as to have permitted the opening of the completed portion in December. When the work was begun a fringe factory occupied the lady chapel and south ambulatory, the triforium was used as a boys' school, and a smithy was located in the north transept. The last-named intruder is still in possession, and 1100*l.* is wanted to turn it out. Mr. Aston Webb, the architect of the restoration, has worked in a pious spirit of reverence, but it does not follow that the result will escape comment, for at the present moment architectural restoration is a subject most singularly apt to raise contention.

IN 1882 a large collection of Japanese paintings and drawings was bought for the British Museum, and the Trustees have now published a descriptive and historical catalogue. The compiling of it was naturally entrusted to Mr. William Anderson, by whom the collection had been formed during a residence of over six years in Japan. A sketch of the history and characteristics of Sinico-Japanese painting is published separately by Messrs. Sampson Low, and Co., entitled, 'The Pictorial Arts of Japan,' but Mr. Anderson has contrived to introduce into this catalogue a mass of information of a highly interesting nature. The pictures are classified according to schools, beginning with the Buddhist school. Japanese records tell of a painter named Nan-riū, of royal descent, coming from China in the fifth century and founding a family of artists in Japan, which lasted for centuries. But Mr. Anderson holds that art was really introduced into the country by the Korean preachers of Buddhism in the sixth century, and that for the next three centuries it remained in the hands of these Korean artists, for the reputation said to have been gained by a few native amateurs 'is, at least, in some degree, a pious fabrication.' The origin of the art therefore can clearly be carried back to India whence the religion came, and not only are there some genuine remains of Indian art still preserved, but also the images of some of the Buddhist divinities produced in Japan are identical in dress, attributes, and even physical traits, with the Indian representations. Mr. Anderson, also, points out that the resemblance between the beginnings of Buddhist art in India and Greek sculpture, which has been before noticed and accounted for in part by Alexander's Indian expedition, may be remarked in certain Japanese works. Of these Korean artists a very high idea is given in this catalogue. They are described as displaying marvellous naturalistic power, and two images of the Dēva kings are cited as being 'perfect in proportion, of marvellous force of action, and presenting the remarkable feature of an accuracy of observation in the superficial forms of anatomy that would do no discredit to a Glycon or a Lysippus.'

IN the ninth century, when Japan had possessed for a couple of hundred years colleges teaching most of the liberal arts, when architecture and poetry were at their best, and the Mikados were devoting themselves to promoting religion and letters, there arose the first great native artist, Kosé no Kanaoka, who obtained an extraordinary reputation for paintings, both religious and secular, but of whose works there are few remains. Of his successors Mr. Anderson gives a list, but we can only notice Chō Densu, whose appearance marks a new era in Buddhist art, and who, a contemporary of Fra Angelico, resembled him in character and position. He was a priest of the temple of Tōfukuji, where he painted a series of pictures representing the five hundred disciples of S'ākyamuni.

After the Buddhist School comes a slight account of the Native School, called the Yamato, and later (from one of its most famous artists) the Tosa School, painting subjects from biographies of famous men or from legends and romances. It is dated from the beginning of the eleventh century, but in its later periods became very weak and conventional in drawing, and excessively brilliant in colouring. Then the Chinese School came to the front. Kanaoka himself was said to be a follower of Wu Tao-tsz, the Chinese, but Chinese principles had been neglected, until in the fourteenth century some artists produced drawings in monochrome, or lightly coloured in the Chinese manner. Upon this followed a great Chinese

renaissance, and an academy was founded by Jo-setsu in the Imperial City for the study of the principles of Chinese art. Offshoots of this school are known by the names of Sesshiū and Kano, who were both pupils of Jo-setsu. The chief characteristics of the style, as Mr. Anderson describes them, seem to be the calligraphic beauty of outline and the light washes of colour. But they went to China not only for their style, but for their subjects and for their scenery, to the entire neglect of everything Japanese; so much so, indeed, that a story was told of one artist, who being charged to paint a street in Kioto, peopled it with Chinese. The Yamato school therefore could fairly charge them with being unpatriotic.

Besides these more classical schools, Mr. Anderson gives an interesting account of the popular school, dating from the seventeenth century, chiefly known by their engravings on wood. He had a long list of distinguished book-illustrators from that time to the present, chief among them being Hokusai, whose works have already obtained some fame in this country. The School of Kōrin, a lacquer artist, the Shijō, or realistic school, and that named after the artist Gan-ku, are also described.

From this catalogue we also gather that art criticism has been studied and practised for many centuries in Japan. Fidelity to nature is strongly and constantly recommended, and there are numerous stories of devotion to its study scattered about the book, as of Yoshihidé letting his house burn unchecked that he might watch the flames. There are also the stories, to which we are accustomed in the West, of artists painting in such a lifelike manner that the pictures are mistaken for the reality, only with this difference in the Eastern tales that the artist imparts so much life to his painting, that Kanaoka's horses gallop over the fields at night, and Sesshiū's rats scamper away, and Wu Tao-tsz decorates the wall of a temple with a mule which disturbs the priests by its neighing and trampling.

Mr. Anderson, considering the ignorance which prevails in this country of Buddhist legend and Eastern literature, has introduced an account of the chief subjects represented in this Japanese Gallery. We ought also to mention that the Catalogue includes a small number of Chinese works, with some pages on the artists of China, and that there are a few modern Korean drawings in the collection.

THE story of that immortal 'ne'er-do-weel' and dreamer, Rip van Winkle, told by Washington Irving in his happiest rôle of raconteur, has been aptly entrusted to Mr. Gordon Browne's pencil by Messrs. Blackie, for their illus-

trated Christmas edition. The style of the designs varies from what may be called artistic shorthand, well reproduced in facsimile to drawings forced up in effective chiaroscuro and rendered in the imitative manner of the American wood engravers. *The Termagant Wife*, *Rip on the Mountain*, and *The Club routed*, show the artist's knack under the first method, and the group of ghostly *Nine-pin Players*, and Rip, as a white-bearded old man, *Awakening*, under the trees on the Kaatskill mountains, may be cited as good examples of the more detailed method.

MESSRS. T. AGNEW & SONS have set a good example in offering to the Print Department of the British Museum a collection of plates, selected from their publications after modern masters, issued over the course of many years. To these are added engravings after Turner, the rights of which were bought by the firm. Some of the best art of the engravers and etchers of the day is represented in this collection; among other names figure those of Cozens, himself a generous donor to the Museum Print Room, Stacpoole, Atkinson, Barlow, Brandard, W. R. Smith, and E. Goodall; Waltner, Macbeth, Rajon, Brunet-Debaines, and Lalauze.

MR. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES, whose work on the *Norfolk Broads* had no little success, publishes this year a book called *On Dutch*

Waterways, in which he gives an account of a summer voyage in a steam yacht across the North Sea and along the Canals of Holland. It is illustrated with twelve photogravures and numerous tint blocks from negatives taken by the author, who is an amateur photographer of no mean skill. He thus enables his readers to see most literally what he saw himself. In many of the subjects Mr. Davies has shown that he has a good eye for composition.

THE last of the group of line engravers after Turner, who worked under the master's own guidance, passed away in the death of Mr. T. A. Prior. The name of another well-known English engraver, Mr. Doo, for many years in the rank of retired Academicians, is also erased from the list of the living. *Apropos* of engravers, we note that the exhibition of McArde's work at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, of which we gave notice, is now open by invitation from the Committee.

THE current winter exhibitions at the Royal Academy of Old Masters and deceased British Artists, and at the Grosvenor Gallery of pictures by Vandyke, opened too late for chronicle this month.



AWAKENING. BY GORDON BROWNE. From 'Rip van Winkle.'

Gallery. Here the artist finds his profit in the heavy gathers of the skirt and in the contrasts of light and shadow they cause on the crimson brocade. When painters like the Venetians had to treat a dress which did not give them the chance they wanted, they did not hesitate to fling across it any piece of gorgeous stuff that took their fancy, arranging its folds to help their arabesque. The *Bella* (Fig. 2) above mentioned is about as good an instance of this as I could point to. Palma, who, rather than Titian, painted the picture, found himself hampered by the elaborate futility of the lady's robe, and so he hid it, all but the sleeves and a small part of the front, under the noble folds of this thick brocade.

It is often assumed that what is a fine dress to wear must be a good one to paint. A greater mis-



FIG. 5. AFTER VELAZQUEZ. NATIONAL GALLERY.

take could hardly be made. The Parthenon in its glory was a fine thing, but by itself it would be a hopeless subject for a picture. And so it is with a costume. The greater its fitness as costume, the greater its purity—if such a word does not sound too big—the less will be its fitness in many ways for painting. Painting is the use of visible things to express the individuality of the painter. And when such visible things have already been subjected to a process of selection to fit them for another use, they are just so far made unfit for his. Many of the costumes which are worn to-day are both convenient and becoming, but they are not often treated with success in pictures. This is mainly, no doubt, because they are the moment's fashion. With a fashion no liberty can be taken during its lifetime. Look—kindly—at my sketch of the *Blue Boy* (Fig. 7).

If Gainsborough had lived at the time when people went about in 'Vandyck habits,' do you suppose he could have crimped up Master Buttall's doublet and breeches as we see them here? The misfit, as they would have thought it, would have been too outrageous. And yet in the play of cool light and warm shadow thus obtained lies the secret of his work's success. An artist who has to paint an English gentleman of to-day has to reproduce his clothes as he likes to see them in the tall glass at his tailor's. There must be no unnecessary wrinkles; trousers must not bag at the knee; every curve and fold must lie with the precision of a classic moulding. This is the greatest stumbling-block in the way of the modern portrait-painter. Compare Whistler's *Carlyle* (Fig. 8), with Bonnat's *Puvis de Chavannes* (Fig. 9). In the one case the artist could do pretty much as he liked with his sitter's clothes; in the other he had to be true to the *homme du monde*—and so one costume gave two very different results from the artistic standpoint.



FIG. 6.
FRENCH GENTLEMAN OF
THE 14TH CENTURY.



FIG. 7. THE BLUE BOY. AFTER GAINSBOROUGH.

But apart from all this, modern dress has difficulties of its own for the painter, and these bring us back to the point from which we started. For they

are mainly the fault of France. They are nothing, in fact, but a development of that propensity to unmeaning caprice, to change for the sake of change, to the multiplication and subdivision of



FIG. 8. CARLYLE. AFTER WHISTLER.

parts, which have always characterised French costume. Look once more at the hat in Fig. 6. It is hopelessly vulgar through exactly the sort of bad taste the French show to-day. But in the fourteenth century it was not imitated. Its in-

ventors were allowed to keep it to themselves. In our own time it would be copied all over



FIG. 9. M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES. AFTER BONNAT.

Christendom, and then, when our copies reproduced the vices rather than the virtues of the model, as copies always must, we should lament our inferior taste.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

CHRISTIAN DESCENDING INTO THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY SAMUEL PALMER.

THE reader will remember that Christian descends into the Valley of Humiliation immediately after his visit to the Palace Beautiful, where he had been armed and harnessed from head to foot by the sisters Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity.

Palmer appears to have deviated slightly from the text in one respect. According to Bunyan, the four sisters

'would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then said Christian, "As it was difficult coming up, so (as far as I can see) it is dangerous going down." "Yes," said Prudence, "so it is, for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore," said they, "are we come out to accompany thee down the hill." So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.'

It seems clear from this that so long as Christian had not quite got down into the valley he was accompanied by the four virgins, and he had gone 'but a little way' forward by himself in the bottom of the valley 'before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him: his name was Apollyon.'

We do not see Apollyon yet in the drawing,

and as Christian is alone, the moment must be when he is just starting on his solitary journey through the valley. The tower to the left may possibly have some reference to the 'pillar' on which his adventure was afterwards inscribed, but this is distinctly a tower.

Beyond the Valley of Humiliation, according to Bunyan, were the Delectable Mountains in Immanuel's Land, visible from the Palace Beautiful when the weather was clear. In Palmer's drawing they are purposely veiled in great part with cloud, as Christian could not be expected to have any very clear sight of the bright country beyond whilst he was traversing the dreary valley.

The original drawing appeared in the old Water-colour Society's Exhibition in the year 1848, whilst Palmer was still an Associate of that body. It belongs, in his career, to a transition period between two styles, not that this much affects a translation into black and white, as the change of style was chiefly perceptible in colour. At the date of this drawing Palmer had not yet adopted the strong colouring of his latest and most completely developed style. This drawing is a good example of his imaginative conception; we feel at once that we



are not in the matter-of-fact world, and we should not be surprised if some supernatural apparition arose in the pilgrim's path. The reader will observe the great importance given to the sky. It is heavily clouded, as if to convey the idea that for the present Christian's path was not lighted by any visible encouragement from above, but that he was left, humiliated, to fight his own battle for a while.

Our excellent reproduction has been executed by Mr. A. H. Palmer, with the help of photogravure. The drawing was photographed by him, and the negative elaborately worked upon. The work was then transferred to copper by Mr. Dujardin, and, lastly, the plate was carefully finished with graver and burnisher by Mr. Palmer.

EDITOR.

THE SKIRTS OF LONDON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN the year 1780, Samuel Romilly, writing to his sister from Gray's Inn, complains of the cold north winds, and observes that between himself and Hampstead or Highgate there was only one row of

historian of the time lamented, was small compensation for the loss of the prospect, destroyed though it was 'by majestic houses adorned with Tuscan pillars.' Cunningham, writing in 1849, calculated that there



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

houses. The remark may serve to remind us that Guildford Street was not yet built. The site of Guildford Street was then a path leading from Baltimore House, a mansion afterwards occupied by Lord Loughborough when Chancellor, through fields at the back of Queen Square and the gardens of Ormond Street, to the wall of the Foundling Hospital and Gray's Inn Lane. This path, we are told, was generally bounded by stagnant water, and lay some twelve feet lower than the Square, the north side of which its designers in Queen Anne's days are stated to have left open in order that the distant view of the hills might not be interrupted. Such, we may roughly say, was the limit of this part of London in 1780, and for a dozen or more years afterwards. It was not till the end of the century, or thereabouts, that the path became a street: then the swamp was filled up, and a considerable addition made to the garden of Queen Square: but this, as the topographic

were then at least two square miles of bricks and mortar between the Square and the view. This estimate might now be quadrupled with safety.

In 1780, signs of movement were already beginning to show themselves in this quarter of the town. One of the first stages towards the extension of a popular suburb is generally the departure of its wealthiest inhabitants. Great mansions disappear; smaller houses take their place; and buildings of corresponding size follow on ground till then unoccupied. In the reign of George II., Great Ormond Street was pronounced to be 'one of the finest situations about town,' on account of its northern side looking out upon the open fields. Powis Place in this street stands on the site of a house built by William Herbert, Marquis of Powis, in the reign of William III. Powis House, as it was called, was burned down in 1714, while in the occupation of the French Ambassador. Louis XIV. caused it to be

rebuilt at his own expense, declaring that his dignity 'would not suffer a fire-office to pay for the neglect of his representative's domestics.' Lord Chancellor Hardwicke lived more than twenty years in the second house. After him it was tenanted by the Spanish Ambassador, who, as Horace Walpole notes in a letter dated in 1764, made it magnificent; but, alas for this world's splendour! it was taken down in 1777 to make room for middle-class dwellings. Fashion was deserting the neighbourhood of Great Ormond Street, though Lord Thurlow was still at No. 45 in March 1784, when thieves, coming from the fields behind, broke into the house, and stole the Great Seal of England from the grim Chancellor's study.

Not four years before, within a few yards to the west and a little to the south of Queen Square, the Gordon rioters had burned Lord Mansfield's house and library on the north-east corner of Bloomsbury Square, and had started off across the open country to pursue the aged Chief Justice and his Countess to their retreat at Caen Wood. For the northern side of Bloomsbury, or, as it was first called, Southampton Square, was as much at the verge of London as the open end of Queen Square. Bedford House, with its large garden, occupied the whole length of the northern side, and there were no continuous houses behind. Baltimore House, before mentioned, at the point where Guildford Street now enters Russell Square, and a chimney-sweeper's cottage, somewhat further off, are stated to have been the only buildings to the north overlooked by the Duke of Bedford's windows. Elsewhere in that direction, the eye rested upon nothing but a stretch of waste lands, called the Long Fields, which were notorious as the rendezvous of duellists, the scene of prize-fights, and the resort of disorderly characters generally. These Long Fields extended as far as the road, which was then known as the New Road, and is to-day the Euston Road. Among these fields, at the north-eastern portion of what is now Upper Montague Street, was the Forty Footsteps Field, celebrated in tradition, and in one of Miss Lucy Porter's tales, as the place where two brothers met and perished in a deadly encounter, on the traces of which no grass would grow.

A few score yards to the west of Bedford House, and ranging nearly even with the wall of its front garden, were Montagu House and grounds, once the residence of the Duke of Montagu; and after the death of the second Duke sold by his coheiresses to the nation for the purposes of the newly established British Museum. Even in 1759, when the Museum was first opened, the site of Montagu House was not unsuitable for such an institution; for although quite on the edge of North London, it fronted Great Russell Street, then about ninety years old, and lay nearly midway between the eastern and western extremities

of the district inhabited at that date by the educated classes of the capital. Among the earliest frequenters of the Reading-room was the poet Gray, who, in order to be near it, took lodgings on the eastern side—the only side then existing—of Southampton Row, and who writes thence under date, July 24, 1759: 'I am now settled in my new territories, commanding Bedford Gardens and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish* that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet, to comfort you.' There can have been no buildings behind the houses on the north side of Great Russell Street even as late as 1779; otherwise there would have been no point in a pleasantry which occurs in one of Walpole's letters of that year: 'Mr. Beauclerk has built a library in Great Russell Street that reaches halfway to Highgate. Everybody goes to see it; it has put the Museum's nose quite out of joint.' Down to that date, or thereabouts, the few houses which, with the Montagu and Bedford palaces, filled up the space between Queen Square and Tottenham Court Road, were of the same class, though not on the same scale, as their great neighbours—detached mansions, surrounded with large pleasure-grounds, and separated by rural alleys, in which cows were kept, and gardeners had their cottages. But Topham Beauclerk was not the only person who commenced to build here towards Highgate. From about 1778, houses began to spring up along the east side of Tottenham Court Road, and streets began to be formed in the angle between these houses and Great Russell Street. As the buildings progressed, Bedford Square arose, from a cow-yard, to become the favourite resort of lord-chancellors and judges. As the old nobles departed, the *noblesse* of the robe took their places. Bedford Square, with its avenues and neighbouring streets, appears to have formed the first considerable addition to this part of London in the middle period of George the Third's reign.

The rapid modern increase of the Wen, as Cobbett was pleased to call London, may be dated from about 1780. In the district lying to the east of Tottenham Court Road, the parish of St. Giles had the start of the Parishes of St. George's Bloomsbury and St. Pancras, and in the latter great parish the increase showed itself first at points which were then some way from town. Somers Town was begun about 1786; Camden Town in 1791. In the summer of 1791 Horace Walpole writes: 'Lord Camden has just let ground at Kentish Town for building fourteen hundred houses.' At this time the limits of London proper, both in Bloomsbury and St. Paneras, remained

pretty much as they had been at the death of Queen Anne. But, as the historian of Bloomsbury tells us, 'a new and astonishing era commenced here in 1792,' when James Burton* began those building operations on the Foundling Hospital Estate which were soon afterwards extended by him and others to the adjoining Bedford Estate, and which, in a period of eleven years, added no fewer than 1198 houses to the parish of Bloomsbury alone. Bedford House, with all its contents, was sold by auction in 1800, and immediately demolished. The space thus cleared was at once covered with lines of houses: the north side of Bloomsbury Square, Montagu Street to the west, a new side of Southampton Row to the east, and Bedford Place, running up through what had been the centre of the old palace, and across the middle of the gardens behind. The writer last quoted recalls the previous aspect of the place as it appeared from the waste ground beyond: 'Often did I walk over this spot to view with delight the former residence of the illustrious martyr of liberty, Lord William Russell; and I still retain it in my mind, having a perfect recollection of its venerable grandeur as I surveyed it in the distance, shaded with the thick foliage of magnificent lime-trees. The fine verdant lawn extended a considerable distance between these, and was guarded by a deep ravine to the north from the intrusive footsteps of the daring; whilst in perfect safety were grazing various herds of foreign and other sheep, which, from their singular appearance, excited the gaze and admiration of the curious.' The southern portion of the Long Fields was transformed into Russell Square, with streets diverging from it in various directions. Other squares, such as Brunswick Square and Tavistock Square, and numerous other streets, had already been erected or commenced in the neighbourhood. The enterprise which Burton had started was taken up by various other speculators. Before twenty years had elapsed, the new buildings erected to the north of Guildford Street extended as far as the City Road.

Tottenhall, from which Tottenham Court Road takes its name, was an old Manor-house, which became a place of entertainment as early as 1645. It stood opposite to the north-west extremity of the present road, and was subsequently converted into the Adam and Eve public-house, which still occupies the corner of the Hampstead Road and the Euston Road. It was in Tottenham Court Road, and in front of the Adam and Eve tea gardens, that Hogarth laid the scene of his *March to Finchley*; and in the same gardens, on May 16th, 1785, Lunardi made his second descent from his balloon. The tavern was then out-

side London. 'Within my recollection,' says Hone in his *Year Book* of 1832, 'the Adam and Eve was a house standing alone; in the rear there were not any houses;' and he prints a letter from a correspondent, stating that, in the memory of persons then alive, the last house in Tottenham Court Road was another public-house in the corner by Whitefield's Chapel. The Tabernacle was built in 1756, and till Whitefield's death in 1768, his admirers flocked out of town to hear him preach, just as persons of another class resorted for amusement to the suburban tea-gardens in the New Road. Building advanced more rapidly on the western side of Tottenham Court Road than on the eastern; yet even the western side was incomplete a hundred years ago. The streets near Percy Chapel were built about 1765, but those more to the north are of a distinctly later date. Fitzroy Square was begun in or about 1790. In April, 1791, Horace Walpole writes: 'Mr. Herschell has just discovered a new square or circus somewhere by the New Road in the *Via Lactea*, where the cows used to be fed.' But though part of the square was built thus early, the north and west sides were not finished when the war ended. The other two sides were designed by Robert and James Adam, the most fashionable London architects of their day. They were no favourites with Walpole, whose Gothic taste led him to prefer Wyatt, and who sneered at the Adams as 'all gingerbread, filigraine, and fan-painting.' But besides the gilded interiors despised by Horace, the Adam Brothers produced many less ambitious works, which formed an era in the domestic architecture of the capital. They are entitled to the praise of having improved the general style of ordinary house-building, and of having substituted convenience, cheerfulness, and lightness, for the want of comfort and the heavy taste which had previously prevailed. They also introduced a system by which numerous unimportant houses were so grouped together as to present the appearance of one imposing edifice; the south and east sides of Fitzroy Square, Portland Place, and the Adelphi, so called from the architect brothers, are familiar instances in which they applied this principle. A less innocent innovation made by them was their use of stucco in facing brick houses.

Returning now to the southern end of Tottenham Court Road, we are reminded that a century ago the great modern artery of Oxford Street did not exist as at present: New Oxford Street had not been cut through the lanes and courts of Bloomsbury; and much of the older part of Oxford Street was then commonly called the Oxford Road. A stranger who sought his way from High Holborn to the Oxford Road, found his route diverging gradually to the left as he skirted the parish of Bloomsbury, and espied the statue of King George looking down upon him

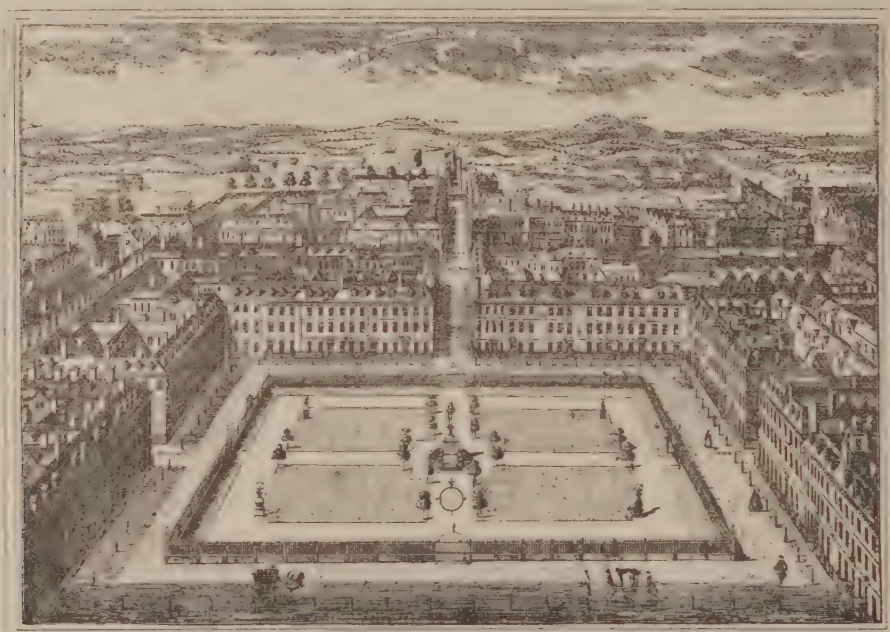
* He gave his name to Burton Crescent. His son, the well-known architect Decimus Burton, died in 1881.

from the summit of Hawksmoor's eccentric steeple; then, after traversing Broad Street, and entering the High Street of St. Giles, he perceived himself making a circuit towards the north, till he emerged on an open space where, till 1765, St. Giles's Pound had stood, and where the High Street ran into Oxford Street, or Road, at its junction with Tottenham Court Road.

If the traveller, instead of turning northward to the great western thoroughfare, were minded to descend from Broad Street to Charing Cross, his course, then as now, would have been through Seven Dials and a labyrinth of lanes, most of which still exist, past the line of streets conducting to the

district corrupted, by a happy allusion to the arts cultivated there, into the Cribbee Islands, their present appellation.'

The full tide of existence which Dr. Johnson enjoyed at Charing Cross in 1775 was, to say the least, a very different sort of tide from that which now surges along the Strand and pours into all its outlets. We need not take into account that there was then no Embankment, and, of course, no railway tunnel under it; or that there were no steamboats on the river, and no trains over it; no Charing Cross terminus; no spacious avenues and no colossal hotels; not even a Nelson Column or an Eleanor Cross to give an air to the scene: in short,



SOHO SQUARE IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

lower great highway of Piccadilly, and so, by way of St. Martin's Lane, to what is now Trafalgar Square. But no Square then occupied 'the finest site in Europe.' Along the bottom ran a row of houses, and the King's Mews were behind. Charing Cross, a hundred years ago, was as much the centre of London as it is to-day, which must be our apology for so suddenly transporting our readers hither. Yet this nave of the wheel, this hub of England—we will not imitate a bad example by saying of Creation—was, much less than a century since, the narrow spot where three streets met. And not only were there no fountains on the area of the great Square in 1780, there was actually no National Gallery along the top. In the rear of the royal mews there existed till quite recently a nest of obscure alleys and rookeries, once known as the Bermudas. At a later period these slums exchanged the old name of Bermudas for that of the Caribee Islands, which, says Gifford, in 1816, 'the learned possessors of the

hardly any lions at all, save the lion on the roof of Northumberland House. At that date no bridge of any kind spanned the Thames between Blackfriars and Westminster Abbey. Not one of the eleven theatres that now border the Strand had been built. No omnibus or rattling cab ever passed along it. There can have been no din of traffic there, and seldom much noise, except such as arose from street cries, and the street brawls which Sir John Fielding and his officers at the neighbouring Bow Street had not quite succeeded in putting down. A Victorian of these latter days, if translated back to that generation, would have supposed the city stricken with plague or cholera. Yet elderly men of those times were astonished at the bustle and turmoil of their lives. In 1791, Walpole warned a correspondent sojourning in Italy what she must expect on her return: 'I believe you will think the town cannot hold all its inhabitants, so prodigiously the population is augmented. I have twice been

going to stop my coach in Piccadilly, thinking there was a mob; and it was only nymphs and swains sauntering or trudging. T'other morning, *i.e.* at two o'clock, I went to see Mrs. Garrick and Miss Hannah More at the Adelphi, and was stopped five times before I reached Northumberland House, for the tides of coaches, chariots, curricles, phaetons, &c., are endless. Indeed, the town is so extended that the breed of chairs is almost lost; for Hercules and Atlas could not carry anybody from one end of this enormous capital to the other.'

Returning, however, from centre to circumference, let us suppose that the stranger in London whom we conducted to the recent site of St. Giles's Pound, and whom we may imagine to have come to look about him soon after the Gordon Riots, sets off to walk down the Oxford Road to Tyburn Turnpike. The distance from Pound to Gate, or, as we should say, from the corner of Tottenham Court Road to the Marble Arch, is about a mile and a half. We pass on our left three parishes—St. Ann, Soho; St. James, Westminster; and St. George, Hanover Square—but are accompanied the whole way on our right by the great parish of Marylebone, or, as it was once called, St. Mary-le-bourne. Most of the streets and squares

(To be continued.)

on our left are of considerable age: Soho Square, the first we come to, was begun in the time of Charles II., and is ceasing to be the mode, though it still retains some inhabitants of rank; Grosvenor Square, the last, existed as early as 1716. According to Lysons, the row of houses on the north side of Tyburn Road was completed in 1729, and the thoroughfare was then called Oxford Street. This, however, must only be understood of the houses between Marylebone Lane and St. Giles's Pound. The western part of the street from Marylebone Lane to the Edgware Road was not completed till a much later date, and was long known as Oxford Road. Indeed, Walpole in 1770-1 speaks of Wyatt's Pantheon as being built in the Oxford Road. Maitland, whose work was published in 1739, says there were then 577 houses in the parish of Marylebone, and thirty-five persons who kept coaches. Still there remained a considerable void between the new buildings and the village of Marylebone, which consisted of pasture fields. Sir Samuel Romilly records of his father that, having about 1750 determined to take a lodging in the country for the benefit of his family's health, he proceeded to hire some rooms at Marylebone, then a small village about a mile distant from town.

LAWRENCE SERLE.

ST. PAUL'S, FROM BANKSIDE.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

THIS is a very characteristic London view, one of many to be found along the southern bank of the Thames, in which the barges and cranes on a riverside wharf, with their curiously picturesque

lines, contrast with the stately, classical architecture of St. Paul's in the background. If the Thames be ever embanked on its southern side, much of this picturesqueness must inevitably disappear.

WILLIAM HULL IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

IN the PORTFOLIO of January 1886 appeared a notice of William Hull, 'the painter of Rydal,' accompanied by a paper from his pen entitled 'My Winter Quarters,' illustrated by engravings from his drawings. Allusion was made in the notice to the fact that he was a member of a literary and artistic society in Manchester, and that, when absent in pursuit of his calling, it was his agreeable duty to write, once a-month, to the members in town, giving an account of his surroundings and the work on which he was engaged. These letters, simple and unpretending in style, and written with no view to publication, were enriched with pen-and-ink drawings, which possessed, from subject and treatment, considerable interest and value; and it has been thought that the work of so patient and capable an observer and so competent a draughtsman would

give pleasure to a wider circle than that to which it was addressed.

It is, therefore, proposed to select from the letters, in the first instance, those which were written from the Lake District when he was a young man of thirty-four, and the charm of novelty heightened the beauty of scenery which was for the first time revealed to him.

In Mr. Hull, the philosophic mind and temperament were inherent, and the physical limitations imposed by the stroke of paralysis which overtook him in his thirtieth year extended and confirmed them. Original constitution; the rural occupations of early years; the simple, patriarchal, family life, and religious atmosphere in the rose-clad cottage of his boyhood; lonely rambles among the haunted woods and sylvan streams of Huntingdon; his

Moravian training at Ockbrook and Grace Hill (in whose chapel he was organist), though they did not fit him for teacher or preacher, left him entirely indisposed for commercial pursuits, and indifferent to the eager acquisition of gain. 'The child is father of the man ;' and the tender grace and sweetness of the little poems, reflective and descriptive, he wrote at school, gave clear indication of that pure altar-flame of love and devotion, whose fuel is natural beauty, and which the poetry of Wordsworth was sure to quicken, with its ever-living themes 'of Man, of Nature, and of Human Life.'

For some reason, the Lake District is one which has been more appreciated by our great writers than our great painters. Even Turner appears to have lingered more in the lovely border-land (as seen in his several *Lancaster Sands*, and the exquisite *Heysham*) than in the region itself ; the high poetic charm of the few he has given us (such as *Ulleswater* and *Lowdore*) makes this the more to be regretted.

Mr. Hull had reached the age of eighteen before, for the first time, he stood in the awe-inspiring presence of a mountain, or gazed on the wonder of the sea. His first pedestrian excursion did not extend beyond Lancaster in the direction of the Lakes, but it was one which inspired him with a delight which was never forgotten.

Sixteen years elapsed before he saw, for the first time, the fair valley which was to be his home and final resting-place,—years, in which the way was rough and steep, doubtful, difficult, hard to follow ; but ever pursued with firm faith, clear hope, equanimity of spirit, unruffled serenity of disposition, and thankfulness of heart. To a somewhat lonely, but genial-minded man, the cordial friendship of a few sympathising souls was especially needful and grateful. They supplied the stimulus he needed ; the decision he required ; the business qualities, in which he did not shine ; and they gave point and direction to his efforts. To this he thus alludes in a paper, entitled, 'Respite, Aspic, Prospective,' written in 1856 :—

'One of the foremost of the beneficial influences in my advancement, on which I have often warmly expressed my

thoughts, is that of the Club, the constancy and regularity of our meetings and attendance, form a rallying-point every month, which never fails to impart fresh vigour to exertion, and to impress the necessity of working with a purpose. To the Club I am indebted more deeply than to any other cause I know, for a sustained continuity of purpose, as well as for encouragement to perseverance and untiring industry.'

In the same paper, speaking of his first visit to the Lakes, he says :—

'The following summer, 1854, introduced me to a class of scenery which it had never been my good fortune to witness, though visions of its loveliness had long been fostered in my imagination by report, and by the writings of those to whom it had proved all-sufficient for the inspiration and expression of "highest poesy." A journey to Keswick and Borrowdale, and a four days' ramble in that

fine neighbourhood, more than realised my expectations, but at the same time convinced me that I was quite unprepared by previous practice to cope at once with its difficulties and peculiarities. My studies had hitherto been chiefly confined to pastoral and sylvan scenery, in which masses of foliage, shading quiet lanes and glades, golden cornfields, meadows, woods, rivers, and wide expanses of level country lead-



WILLIAM HULL'S BIRTHPLACE, AT GRAFFHAM.

ing the eye to a far-distant horizon, were the prominent features ; for even, when at Bettws-y-Coed, my attention was drawn more to the luxuriant foliage overshadowing the rocky recesses of the Conway, the Machno, and the Llugwy, than to the peculiar forms of and effects on distant mountain-ranges. But here were forms of a character, for the most part, unfamiliar to me, at least as objects of particular study. In place of the level and serene horizon with its blue line of low hills, huge mountains rose on every side, mingling their hues and forms with skies that no longer partook of the nature of those I had been accustomed to watch. Instead of a simple stretch of distance, at once comprehensible to the eye, here were distances multiplied a hundred-fold—pictures within pictures ; valleys within valleys ; and lakes, mingling with the ever-varying sky above, as Wordsworth says, "in unity sublime." Then, again, there were foreground combinations of rock, heather, fern, and the nameless variety of verdure that clothes a mountain side ; the very foliage was a new study, with its intricate tracery of supple stems ; and the broad expanse of calm or rippled water of the lakes, reflecting every variety of subtle hues upon its surface, seemed the study of a lifetime. Here, thought I, is a place for another five years' apprenticeship before mastering even the ordinary difficulties

which beset this new scenery. Accordingly, I spent a good deal of time reconnoitring its chief features from as many different points of view as it was possible to discover, many of which I recorded both in writing and sketching.

'I felt convinced, as I do still, and hope I ever shall, that before you can paint any scenery worthily you must love it with your whole heart, and the surest way to gain that love is to know it thoroughly; and the means of obtaining that knowledge do not consist merely in studying the aspects of one or two particular spots, however elaborately, but in watching intently all changes of season, hour, and clime, from every possible point of view, bringing all the aid that art and experience can supply, and making use of the readiest means at your disposal for fixing them firmly on the memory. I am aware that such a method does not produce immediate results, and the artist who adopts it may have little to show on his return but scraps and fragments, which may appear to others of little significance, but when he comes to the real work of transferring the impressions that Nature has left on his mind into substantial forms the fruit of his unseen labours will be manifest to all.

'Previously to this visit I felt myself particularly weak and indecisive in the drawing of mountain form. I applied myself in earnest to the correction of what would have proved a serious defect in the scenery I was studying, and I had the satisfaction of being assured by competent judges, and, perhaps, not unwillingly convinced, twelve months later, on the completion of my three principal pictures, that my progress had been quite decided in that respect . . .

'One of the principal features in which I consider I have gained additional knowledge and power, to which, at least, I have devoted my best energies, will be found in greater truth of foreground variety, such as is found in profusion about the vales of Grasmere and Rydal; in the forms of ancient pollard trees, fir, larch, ferns, heath, and fragments of rock.

'These it had also been my object to combine with greater fulness of distance than I had hitherto attempted, so that my future work will, I hope, bear about it an air of completeness in which it has hitherto been wanting.

'The tarns, too, which abound in the neighbourhood have brought another peculiar feature of the district under notice, which had before been unknown to me, and which, from the knowledge I have acquired of their character, will, probably, take a prominent place in my drawings of this year.

'When I add that many scenes and objects have been discovered and sketched which are intimately associated with Wordsworth's poetical career, and some of which I hope to work out myself with the etching-needle,—I have recapitulated most of the leading points of my proceedings, which have been stated to you, from time to time, at greater length.'

Mr. Hull owed nothing whatever to academic training, he was entirely self-taught; whatever he achieved was the product of innate faculty, ceaseless industry, infinite patience, and love without limit.

What influence on his landscape art a course of drawing from the antique and painting from life might have had, it is impossible to affirm. Individuality, one of the most precious gifts to man, the property which makes one man unique among a million, might have been effaced.

As it is, we know we have him as Nature made him, seeing and recording with his own eyes and hand, and not through the optics or medium of a school. And it is certain that, in drawing with the point, his style is peculiarly masculine, original, and full of an undefinable charm. The 'five years' to which he alludes was a self-imposed period of probation, in order that he might discover whether his art-impulses had any foundation in fact, or not. But when a man has for years been 'married to immortal Art,' and has no other resources, he cannot readily become divorced; he must accept the position 'for better, for worse.'

To a young man of delicate and sensitive disposition, with finely balanced mental faculties, the choice of a path in life is a problem as vital in interest as it is perplexing. Happy are they to whom nature and circumstances deliver a command from which appeal is as impossible as it is undesired! Seeing too much is a more fruitful cause of want of decision than seeing too little. For, in the former case, all manner of occult and undefinable influences, physical and mental, comes into prominence to hinder or paralyse the will; the contest is given up, and the individual drifts. At such a time guidance is welcome, come from what quarter it may—from the natural, the supernatural, or omens of any kind. During this period of effervescence in Mr. Hull's mind he called, in a half-scornful, half-amused mood, on a well-known Professor of Craniology who happened to be in town, demanding to know for what walk in life he was fitted. In the result, the Professor said he was inclined to think that Art should be his vocation; and, in reply to the question, 'What department?' answered, 'Landscape.' The verdict may not have been without consolation.

A mournful interest attaches to the letters which follow, on account of the injury that is being done to scenes the artist loved so well. All the charm has vanished from the landscape between Rydal and Thirlmere. The view of Nab-scar, looking south, which was once so striking in its grandeur and beauty, is quite spoilt, and from the top and slopes of Loughrigg the devastation is terrible to see.

T. LETHERBROW.

LETTERS FROM THE ENGLISH LAKES.

By the late WILLIAM HULL.

Greta Bridge, Keswick, July 31st, 1854.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have no sooner got settled in my new quarters here than your meeting comes

before me with its claims so suddenly that I am in some fear of not meeting them worthily.

You being the Host of the evening, I forward to

you what I can from pen and pencil, and with a double pleasure, knowing, as I do, how intensely you



GRETA BRIDGE.

admire—I may say reverence, the scenery and associations of this district.

Having no time for introductory remarks, I shall enter at once upon the task of imparting to you and our friends some of my experiences and impressions during the few days I have been here.

Here, then, is a little sketch of my residence at Greta Bridge. From my sitting-room window I have the bridge immediately in the foreground, the village of Crosthwaite a little farther on, and on the right, with a few green fields and houses intervening, I have a full view of the top and sides of Skiddaw, whose changeful moods can thus be watched and noted at any time. While I write its head is enveloped in a thick cloud, whose shattered outline sends fragments of mist down among the chasms and ravines cleft in its sides. Last night a red, fiery sunset lit up portions of its dark purple tints with a lurid glow, imparting to its whole form unutterable grandeur and mystery. At one time I see it shrouded in impenetrable gloom, at an-

other sporting among sunshine and cloud-shadows; then, again, silvery showers pass over its face, leaving trails of sparkling cloud and mist behind them—so vari-coloured, indeed, are the aspects of this fine mountain, even in a single day, that no object could be more desirable for constant contemplation, and no scene could possibly afford more delight from its ever-changing and ceaseless variety. From my room I have only to step on to the bridge and look down the Greta, on the left, to get a fine range of mountain scenery: I have three great groups in this range, of which Grisedale, Cawsey Pike, and Cat Bells, form the respective centres.

I have seen nothing finer in mountain grouping than these, beautifully characterised as they are in colour and form. If it were not raining now I should go and make an outline for you. On the other side of the bridge is another view,

of very modest pretensions certainly, but which attracts the gaze of many visitors, for it is of Greta Hall, once the residence of Robert Southey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Universal is the esteem in which the memory of Southey is held here, and it is delightful to think that the bitterness



CAT BELLS.

and injustice with which his political sins were assailed by his adversaries are almost lost sight of among the many virtues which have left, and will 'keep, his memory green.'

I have seen the lake lately under some of the most magical effects which I think it is possible for it to assume. Yesterday evening at twilight was one of them, when every ripple in the foreground was liquid gold, and the distant



ON THE GRETA.

reaches of the lake-lines of pure silver, a solemn twilight reposing behind the huge dark mountains. On Saturday evening the moon rose majestically over the Lowdore crags, and, as it continued its way upwards among the straggling

clouds, sent down its shimmering light over the rippled surface of the lake.

This morning I walked within a mile of Low-dore; everything bathed in sunshine and calm; boats on the lake's surface, and cattle on its reedy margins, sparkling like gems, and old Skiddaw, with a few light clouds dancing about his brow, smiling over all. That is the way to paint Skiddaw, so there is my picture No. 1. On the next day I followed the course of the Greta from Greta Bridge nearly to Threlkeld, but did not meet with much that is paintable till I came under Saddleback, where it is truly picturesque and lovely. I shall give you one specimen of what I met with which will characterise nearly the whole.

Bettws-y-Coed can, at least, boast of surpassing Keswick in this description of scenery. The Conway, the Machno, the Lledr, and the Llugwy, with their picturesque old mills and bridges, stand quite unequalled by any scenes I have yet seen elsewhere; so this portion of the scenery will occupy but little of my time and attention; more worthy of them will be the exquisite and full variety of the mountains and lakes. With this view, I have selected my picture No. 2 from the foot of Derwentwater, which also has the advantage of nearness. A reedy margin, with cattle, will be the principal objects of study for the foreground. When you went to the Druid Stones did you notice the view of Keswick from the point where the old Penrith Road turns off? That must be my No. 3. There is a magnificent background formed by the lake and the peaks of Cawsey Pike and Grisedale. Another nearer and very picturesque view of the town under Skiddaw will be my No. 4. I believe I could go on till I got to No. 20, but I think it will be better to moderate my desires for the present to these four, at least till they are actually done.

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The fine weather now seems fairly set in, and I am waiting the arrival of our Secretary to go to Ulleswater, Buttermere, up Skiddaw, and I don't know where.

Greta Bridge, Keswick, September 4th, 1854.

The near approach of our meeting warns me of the rapid flight of time, and whispers a word of reproof for communicating so little since the last. The reason of this, you may be sure, has not been for lack of matter to write about, but rather the result of a plethoric fulness, preventing a healthy digestion. You know well, in such a case, the difficulty of settling in your mind what to write about;

for if you put down all that comes uppermost in your thoughts, you run the risk of looseness and confusion; and if you give yourself a set topic, you are apt to get into a style more suited for an essay and discussion society than for social intercourse.

One of the most gratifying incidents I have to report, though already known to you, has been the long-expected visit of our Secretary. I had the gratification of hailing him from a window of the Queen's Head, Thirlmere, as, weary and foot-sore, with staff

and knapsack, toiling and moiling, he was bending his steps towards Keswick. Opportunely the table was already spread with viands, wherewith he girded up his loins, went with us down to the lake, and took his share in driving home our patient ass. By way of refreshing his memory, as well as informing you, I send a little sketch of what we saw at the mere; let our friend supply the rest. But, in returning home, what pen, or pencil, or tongue, can convey any notion of the resplendent flashes of colour that burst suddenly through the leaden clouds which had, all day, half obscured the hills? Ask



RAVEN CRAG, THIRLMERE.



DERWENTWATER.

our friend if he has forgotten, or rather if he ever can forget, that flood of golden light streaming over the fell, and painting upon it, as if by magic, a flock of sheep, shepherd, and dog? He will tell you how we kept turning back to get glimpses of old Helvellyn as he gradually drew the veil from his brow, and transformed his ashy sides into a golden glow; what glimpses we got of Saddleback with a silver crown upon his head, and what a view we had descending Castlerigg to Keswick. He will also tell you what he saw the following morning down at the lake, and how,* Calidore-like, he paddled o'er the lake in the evening, and saw the sun set gloriously behind the purple hills, with all the majesty of his accompaniments. He

has, also, another day's journey to describe—to Watendlath, what he saw and did there, and his descent to Lowdore; and if he cannot produce a good long paper at one of our meetings from the events of these three days, I think we may despair of his ever using his pen at all.

Skiddaw still continues to grow upon me, not only in size, but in grandeur, beauty, and sublimity. For the first week or two it was a puzzle to me. It seemed to mock me—sometimes majestic, sometimes mean; at one time huge and impressive, at another puny and insignificant. This is, indeed, its real character; it seems

a thing imbued with organic life, possessed of moods and passions which it displays with surprising dramatic effect. It can no more be appreciated by a passing stranger, even though he may go a-top, than Shakespeare can by reading a passage at random out of 'Macbeth.' Deprived of its dramatic qualities, its bare form is not suggestive of much grace, or beauty, or grandeur, seen from an aesthetic point of view; and most of our authors who allude to it do so more from associations connected with it than from any external attractions, as

Charles Lamb does when he talks of 'its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off and the border counties so famous in song and ballad!' But Wordsworth, with his gifted insight, sees the real picture when he writes:

'He shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more rich than Castaly.'

Without going any further into its merits, suffice it to say it is the magnet that invariably rivets my attention when anywhere within view, and the object which will command the greatest share of my attention and study.

Next in point of interest to the

English Parnassus, come the classical amenities of the enchanting lake, always fresh to the eye, from the ever-varying and graceful outlines that encircle its margin, and from the melting and evanescent changes upon its glassy bosom. The sunsets are frequently gorgeous but short-lived, appearing at times to have all their glowing colour suddenly

snuffed out, and leaving ashes behind them. I give you a few outlines at random. I choose one of the best points for watching the effect of twilight reflected in the water, as well as for sunsets, but there is no place like a boat in the middle of the lake for watch-



BORROWDALE CRAGS.



DERWENT WATER FROM THE ROAD UNDER CAT BELLS.

ing both. I also send a memorandum of what I saw the other evening in a delightful round I made in a boat, by the western margin of the lake, to Lowdore, and returned, witnessing one of the most magical effects of the moon setting over Borrowdale crags it is possible to conceive—more than Turner-esque. The view from the road, under Cat Bells, I daresay you would notice on your road homewards to Keswick. I send a sketch to refresh your memory. I believe I have visited most of the accessible points of view by this time, but one treat I have yet to realise; to emulate the poet,

* See 'Keats'

reading, for the present, his sonnet in the future tense :

‘One whole long summer day, from morn till night,
I’ll float upon thy mirror, crystal clear,
Sweet Derwentwater.’

There are signs of autumn about us—leaves

begin to fall, the fields whiten, the mountains begin to flush with heather bloom, the skies grow clear and luminous, and the days (saddest of facts) begin to shorten. I shall probably prolong my stay till the middle of next month, and change my quarters for Borrowdale and Grasmere.

HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN THE WEALD OF KENT AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

II.

THE history of one of these earlier Weald houses is very much the history of all. There are four, for instance, at Smarden—Ash Farm, Biddenden Green Farm, the old Manor House, and Park House—

which have undergone changes almost exactly similar to those already described. The ‘Park House’ is an interesting fragment. The ‘screens’ with three of the original doorways and the dairy remain, and the staircase leading from the screens to the first floor

is intact. It is constructed of half-square blocks of oak sawn diagonally. The original open timber roof of the hall can still be seen in the attics. The house dates from the end of the fifteenth century, but it is evident, from the moldings in the present kitchen, and the details of its transomed window, and the wide openings to the chimney-breasts on the ground and first floors, that it was converted well before the end of the following century. The spandrels to the chimney arches are carved with the emblems of its owner (no doubt a wool-stapler), viz., barrels wreathed with foliage, a pair of sheaves with a leaf wound round them, and what appears to be meant for a bale of wool. The east end, which now terminates abruptly in a weather-tiled gable, probably completed the original parallelogram plan. The house was again altered in the seventeenth century, when a fine Jacobean oak staircase was constructed leading out of the kitchen, and possibly at this time there was a small quadrangle to the south of the house, as at Willesley, near Cran-

brook. Two small wings project on the south side with a flagged court between them, and the fourth side may have been formed by part of the stables which once stood somewhere to the south of the

house. The stables existed within the memory of the present owner, who describes them as having been a fine piece of timber-work with overhanging floors. In some attempt to heighten the roof the workmen managed to tumble down the entire building. The very pic-



turesque penthouse is original, and was probably used by the wool-stapler in hoisting his bales.

This house affords a good instance of the angle-post or ‘spur’ which is so characteristic a feature of all half-timber work prior to 1550 (about). The angle-post in early work was often richly treated. There are fine instances of it still to be seen in the Pavement at York, and in Butcher Row, Shrewsbury; and there used to be a noble post at Bury St. Edmunds, panelled with flowing tracery, which was last seen lying about in a builder’s yard. The earlier posts were usually square in section throughout, but by the end of the fifteenth century the Weald builders had developed a curious form, admirably adapted to its purpose. The timber is thickened out at the part which bears the greatest strain, and weathered as well to throw the wet off. The curvature stops on a molded necking, below which the timber is square. The whole was formed out of one piece of timber following the natural growth of the tree. The ‘spur’ was abandoned in the seventeenth century, and with

it the habit of showing frankly the ends of the floor-joists. The seventeenth-century builders chose to



cover these up with a molded board, and by this insistence on the horizontal line lost the delicate play of reflected lights between the plaster and the weather-worn oak.

There is a picturesque old house in the middle of

continuity of their history. Though earlier work was treated with a frank, almost brutal, disregard, no attempt was made in the sixteenth and seventeenth alterations to conceal the older building. Such of the old work as answered its purpose was left standing side by side with the new; for instance, in the 'Manor House' at Smarden a Jacobean bay window in two storeys is inserted in the centre of an early sixteenth-century house; and even in work not removed from its predecessor by more than fifty years, no trouble seems ever to have been taken to replace the old by an exact copy, whatever happened to be the vernacular treatment of the time was substituted for it. There is an instance of this in an old house called *Dixter* at Northiam in Sussex. The history of this house is obscure, and a good deal of it has been destroyed, but the size of the hall shows that it was once a house of importance. In the attics remain the original principals of the roof, four in number. Of these, Nos. 1, 2, and 4 follow, with slight variations of detail, the hammer-beam construction already described in the *Headcorn Cloth Hall*; but principal No. 3, which is very massive, is framed on the tie-beam system. The only solution of this remarkable variation in what was evidently all



the village which was used as a linen manufactory within living memory. The tie-beam of the gable to the road is carved with twelve cockatrices, six on each side of the centre facing each other; and another house a little further down the road has on its tie-beam 'Matthew Hartnup, 1671,' and two animals, probably meant for sheep. The date refers to the addition to a Tudor house. This carving is rude, but very effective from its simplicity and a certain happiness of arrangement, usually conspicuous by its absence in the efforts of our decorative builders.

Much of the charm of these houses is due to the

the roof of one great hall seems to be that, in consequence of some failure in the earlier construction, one of the hammer-beam principals was removed about fifty years after its erection, and a tie-beam principal put up in its place.

What our English architects in the healthy age of architecture thought about altering earlier buildings is pretty clear from the evidence of such a house as this. Their practice showed a robust common sense, far removed from the pedantry and sentimentalism of our 'anti-restorationists.' Mr. Morris, with modest self-assurance, is good enough to inform us that

all restoration, except repairs necessary for keeping out wind and weather, 'means really nothing but vulgarisation, falsification, and destruction.' These are brave words, but, for the matter of that one assertion in art is pretty much as another, unless the one is borne out by facts and its intrinsic reasonableness, neither of which Mr. Morris can claim in support of his ill-considered statement. It is absurd to condemn in this wholesale way that skilful adaptation of older buildings to existing uses, which is what usually has to be done in 'restoration,' and surely it is a little hard on our *amour propre* to be told implicitly that we are a colourless people, without convictions and necessities peculiar to ourselves, and that, no matter what may be our practical wants, in the presence of older work our only possible course is absolute self-effacement. Mr. Morris, like most amateurs in discussing architecture, confuses the *niaiseries* natural to a Lord Grimthorpe with the learned work of highly trained professional artists.

The hall at Dixter measured 28 feet by 24 feet wide, by about 22 feet high. There is some good carving on the shields of the hammer-beams, and remains of a richly-molded cornice are visible. The west wing retains its original gable with trefoil cusping to the barge-board, and inside is the open-timbered roof of the dormitory. The east wing has disappeared, and the two-storey projection at this end was perhaps built up of its materials in the seventeenth century. Inside this projection is the original entrance to the screens, with some good carvings in the spandrels. The probable date of the house is about 1420.

Of the remaining fifteenth-century houses, the most important are Bevor and Singleton, near Ashford; the Court Lodge, at Orlestone; Spelmonden, near Goudhurst; the Manor House, Benenden; and Willesley, at Cranbrook. All of them have been altered; and Bevor has been turned into farm-buildings within the last two years. This house followed the usual fifteenth-century arrangement of hall and screens, with offices and sleeping-rooms in the two

wings, and probably a 'solar,' as the house was a manor-house of some size. Hasted says, 'The yoke of Bevor was an old property, and held by a certain John Bevor in the reign of Henry II.' A very pretty gable was added to the south wing in the seventeenth century, but the whole is in a very ruinous condition, and very little of the original timber framing shows on the outside, as a row of cattle-stalls has been set up on the west of the house, and the east side has been covered up with weather-boarding.

Singleton, about a mile from this, has fared rather better. It is, or was before recent alterations, a beautiful old house with a moat round the square on

which it stands, and is one of the few fifteenth-century half-timber houses in the Weald to which it is possible to attach any authentic history. It seems certain that this is the original Manor House of Singleton. Hasted says that the manor was first held by a family named Singleton, one of whom figures in a list of the gentlemen of Kent entitled to bear the coat-armour of their ancestors in the reign of Henry VI. It passed from this family to the Lugehames, who made considerable additions and alterations to



the house; and it was conveyed by Sir Edward Engeham to Richard Browne in the reign of James I. About the middle of the seventeenth century Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh succeeded to it by marriage; and in 1690 it came into the hands of the Haberdashers' Company, as trustees for Aske's Hospital at Hoxton, who still hold it. This record throws light on the various changes in the building itself. As it now stands, the only remains of the fifteenth-century house are the original roof of the hall (tie-beam and posts), concealed in the attics, certain obvious fragments of the screens, and a two-storey porch, which last is rather uncommon in this part of England. One of the doors from the 'screens' to the buttery has a jug and a loaf of bread carved in its spandrels. None of the old windows to the hall remain, but it is clear from the timber framing that the hall had a large bay window (now turned into a cupboard, at the south end of the west side of the

hall, and was further lighted by two sets of windows on each side of the hall, one above the other. Singleton was a manor-house, and hence the bay

At the back are two projecting wings, with double-gabled roof, in one of which is a Jacobean window blocked up. It is likely that there was once a small



window. The fine brick chimney-stacks were probably added in the sixteenth century, as it appears

quadrangular court at the back, but no sufficient evidence remains to prove it.



from the soot and discoloration of the rafters over the hall that the house, as usual, had no chimneys at first. The manor changed hands in the reign of James I., and the new owner, Mr. Brown, evidently 'did up' the house at some expense. The hall was now a two-storey building, and Mr. Brown covered all the walls of the lower storey with good oak

The old barn close by is well worth visiting. It is of considerable size, and constructed entirely of oak framing. Probably the barn was built at the end of the fifteenth century, though there is no specific detail to fix the date. There is a similar barn at Lenham, measuring externally 157 feet long and 40 feet wide, which may have been the tithe-barn of the manor of St. Augustine at Canterbury, for the monastery of St. Augustine held land at Lenham from the year 804 till the dissolution of the monasteries. The construction of these barns is very simple and very effective. It really amounts to a version in wood of the system adopted in the stone architecture of the Sussex fifteenth-century churches. The whole building is covered by one immense roof, starting some eight or ten feet from the ground, which rests on a framing of oak stiffened by massive tie-beams at about half the height of the roof, and supported by stout posts spaced about six or eight feet apart, like the pillars of a church dividing the nave from the aisles. They seldom show any signs of failure, owing to the admirable system of bracing adopted.

panelling, some of it richly carved with heads in medallions, dragons, and foliage. At the top of his panelling he put a handsome plaster cornice of dragons and vases, and completed his work with one of those fine plaster ceilings which are the glory of Jacobean architecture. The adjoining sitting-room has a ceiling of the same date, but inferior execution. This room was no doubt the original 'solar.'

Excepting these barns, nearly all the older farm-buildings have been destroyed. The only instances that I know of are the stables at Hever Castle, about six miles from Penshurst, and a wool warehouse near Benenden dated 1607, which is in fair preservation, and is now used as stables. Hever Castle belonged to the Bullens or Boleyns, and dates from the end of the fourteenth century. The stables are about a

hundred years later, and were built a few years before the time Anne Boleyn was living at the castle.



Their plan is very simple: the stables are on the ground-floor; above them are five rooms, entered from an open gallery 5 feet 6 inches wide and 68 feet long, with the staircase at one end, and a large room, 30 feet long by 21 feet wide, including the width of the gallery, at the other. Above these rooms runs a long attic. The space on the ground below the gallery has been partly filled up with sheds, but was originally open. The outer side of the gallery is constructed of vertical oak framing for about 3 feet 6 inches from the floor, and the spaces between the studs were once filled in with plaster. Above the rail terminating this oak studwork the gallery was open to the air, the side being divided up by molded mullions set on an average about four feet from centre to centre, several of which have gone. There are no signs of any glazing or shutters. The building is in

good preservation. The original doors on the first floor, with their wrought-iron furniture, are perfect, and, on the whole, no very serious alterations have been made in the original structure. But the stables, I believe, are doomed to fall a sacrifice to the sordid utilitarianism of business, because the tenants consider them inconvenient. The loss of such a building is the more to be regretted as complete instances of this earlier period hardly exist. In nearly every case successive alterations have left us little but fragments. Spilmonden, for instance, a large rambling house near Goudhurst, has little more than some doors and the elaborately carved principals of the old hall roof. There is a doorway in Goudhurst, with rough flowing tracery in the head, which Parker assigns to the fourteenth century. It is more probably a seventeenth-century copy belonging to the Laudian revival, and resembles the curiously rude tracery of a screen in the chancel of Playden Church, Rye, which is almost certainly a late copy of a Decorated screen. There



are fragments again, but little more, at Charing, Brenchley, Rye, and Cranbrook, and these are often buried in the attics or concealed by paint.

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE eighteenth Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy, though not so brilliant or abundant as some of its predecessors, sustains the singular interest of these annual loan collections of Old Masters. The private galleries of England seem inexhaustible as a magician's purse. The Council have carried forward into a second year the exhibition of water-colour drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and more than a hundred examples of our greatest English landscape-painter are hung in two rooms, giving a chronological epitome of the master's work, ranging from the last decade of the eighteenth century, while Turner, in his days of studentship, was 'trying not so much to think brilliantly as to draw accurately,' through what Mr. Ruskin calls the 'period of mastership,' wherein 'colour takes the place of grey, refinement takes the place of force, and quantity takes the place of mass,' down to the time of fully developed power passing into decline. The earliest drawings are chiefly, though not exclusively, architectural in subject, striking one and all for the searching power of draughtsmanship and the pale, ungenial palette. To pass from these to the lovely colour triumphs of the painter's maturity is like emerging suddenly from the chill of early dawn into the warm effulgence of summer afternoon. To Miss Julia Swinburne the collection

is specially indebted; from her come the lovely *Bonneville* (1817) and *Marxburg on the Rhine*. Mr. W. Law sends the glorious *Ingleborough from Hornby Castle* (about 1816); Mr. E. F. White the characteristic *Folkestone* (1831), engraved in the 'England and Wales' series.

The chief galleries laid under contribution for the gathering of Old Masters are those of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. R. S. Holford, the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Normanton, and Mr. Charles Buller. Lord Leconfield sends some fine Vandyck full-lengths and the powerful oval portrait of Murillo by himself, represented as looking out of a frame which he grasps with the right hand. Colonel Stirling has sent Raphael's cartoon of the half-length *Virgin and Child* behind a parapet, which was once in the Orleans and later in the Rogers collection. Mr. D. P. Sellar, among very many good things, lends a pleasing *Virgin and Child* in the manger, by Benezzo Gozzoli. Mr. H. R. Hughes sends a highly elaborated and important panel of *The Day of the Crucifixion*, and suspends beneath the engraving of an almost identical composition by Jacob Matham, which bears the signature of Albert Dürer and the date 1505. But the interest of the collection for artists centres much about the pictures by, or attributed to, Velasquez; namely, the portraits of

Don Francisco Gomez de Quevedo, the Spanish satirist, secretary to Queen Anne, Philip the Second's wife, painted wearing his short-sighted spectacles, and of *Pope Innocent X.*, both lent by the Duke of Wellington; and the two portrait pictures from Mr. Holford—*Don Gaspar de Guzman, Conde Duque d'Olivarez*, and the splendid *Philip IV. of Spain*, full-length. Mr. Holford's two fancy portraits of beautiful women, assigned to Lorenzo Lotto, are notable among the thirty-seven loans from his rich collection, which comprises fine examples of the Spanish, Italian, Dutch, English, and French schools. As usual, the second room has been set apart to Dutch and Flemish pictures, and is well filled, especially with landscapes. Among the British pictures, Mrs. Lane's Gainsboroughs, both landscape and figures, are a valuable contribution; Mr. R. H. Benson sends a large and interesting coast scene by Cotman; from Mr. J. Naylor comes the *Keelmen heaving in Coals by Night*, on the Tyne river, by Turner; and from Mr. C. Quilter, M.P., the painter's erratic attempt to meet Titian on his own ground in a *Venus and Adonis*, which is at any rate successful in luminous and rich quality. As precursory celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, three state pictures, which she has herself graciously lent, are hung at the head of the large gallery—*The First Council*, by Wilkie; *Her Majesty receiving the Sacrament after the Coronation*, by Leslie; and *The Christening of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*, by Hayter; of all which ceremonial compositions, especially of Wilkie's, one cannot but say that they far excel the more modern efforts in the same line. Over the group presides Sir M. A. Shee's portrait of the Queen in her coronation robes, exhibited by the Royal Academy.

At the Royal Academy elections in the first week of January, to fill the vacancies left by the retirement of Mr. Herbert, R.A., and Mr. Le Jeune, A.R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone was received as full Academician and Mr. Alfred Gilbert was admitted Associate.

THE loan collection of portraits and subject-pictures by Sir Anthony Vandyck makes a goodly show at the Grosvenor Gallery. The selection is on the whole fortunate, though the number, which rises to over one hundred and forty oils, besides some twenty sketches, implies the admission of some doubtful works. Not a few of the portraits have been hung in recent winter exhibitions at the Royal Academy, but it would be hypercriticism to object to the cost of completeness in representation secured by admission of these. There must inevitably be some sameness in a range of portraiture limited to a short historic period, and almost entirely to one social class, and painted by an artist who, if a 'stylist,' is also a mannerist. All the women under the hand of the courtly Vandyck have a distinguished air, the asperities of the most truculent or vicious manhood are tempered by the refinement of the painter; yet, spite of conditions thus tending to monotony, in spite of stereotyped attitudes and characterless hands, and spite of the likeness that the costume and chevelure of a period gives to unlike persons, how intensely individual are Vandyck's portraits is distinctly shown by a large gathering of them such as the Grosvenor exhibition sets forth. This portraiture seems the highest achievement in presentation of the human face genially accentuated in typical character but not idealised. Vandyck was not only a portrait-painter, but his work in sacred art, which is noble and enduring, is insufficiently represented here, even by the Duke of Westminster's *Virgin and St. Catherine*; the *Pietà*, lent by the Duke of Newcastle; the small *Crucifixion*, from the Earl of Dartrey; the familiar *Virgin and Child and St. John*, lent by its present owner, Mr. A. S. B. Barry, M.P.; and the unsatisfactory though powerful *Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter*, lent by Earl Derby. The deviation of Vandyck into the more sensuous side of chivalrous romance is well exemplified by *Armida and the Sleeping Rinaldo*, from the Duke of Newcastle's collection, in which, through emulation of the opulent manner of his master, Rubens, the painter reaches after the greater splendour and power of Titian himself. Among the nine portraits of *Charles I.*, whose melancholic, fateful face, seems inevitably fixed for posterity by his court limner—perhaps the Duke of Norfolk's three-quarters-length version holding the leading staff, is the most interesting here. And of all the gracious

portraits of his fair, cold spouse, *Henrietta Maria*, the full-length in a white satin gown, lent by the Duke of Grafton, is at once the most pleasing and distinguished. The three dark-toned but masterly portrait groups, painted during Vandyck's sojourn in Genoa, the *Marchesa di Brignole Sala and her Son*, the *Children of the Balbi Family*, now lent by the Earls Warwick and Cowper, and the *Marchesa Balbi*, from Mr. Holford's collection, are all here. A group of splendid portraits, giving the range of Vandyck's power of rendering character, his sumptuous style, and fine handling, are the following:—The grouped pair of gallants, *Lords John and Bernard Stuart*, seen in duplicate versions, lent respectively by Earl Cowper and Earl Darnley; and the pair of friends, arranged in like effective *rapport*, *George Digby, Earl of Bristol, with William Russell, first Duke of Bedford*, also in duplicate, with variations; the first canvas coming from Earl Spencer, and the second, which is misnomered, from Viscount Galway; *The Three Children of Charles the First*, lent by Her Majesty, from Windsor; *Mary, Duchess of Hamilton*, lent by Earl Denbigh; *Madam Kirk*, in a gold-coloured gown, from Earl Cowper; also, lent by the same owner, *Rachel de Rouvigny, Countess of Southampton, as Fortune—a tour de force*, sumptuous and powerful, which is seen likewise in *replica* and in studies. Among the half or three-quarters-length portraits specially notable are *Philip Herbert*, the choleric *Earl of Pembroke*, lent by Earl Carnarvon; *John, first Lord Byron*, of which Mr. Humphry Ward is the fortunate possessor; the curiously fascinating *James Stuart, Duke of Lennox*, in a white shirt, as 'Paris'; *Mary Ruthven, as Herminia*, from Mr. Harford's gallery; *The Wife of Snyders*, lent by the Earl of Warwick, also painted with her husband in a half-length group, sent by the Duke of Cleveland, and possibly also as the *Lady with a Child* in Earl Brownlow's delightful picture. Several portraits of Vandyck himself are hung in this collection, among which perhaps the most striking is that lent by the Marquis of Bristol, a full-toned, half-length, three-quarters view, with a rose and a sunflower quaintly disposed in front of the painter, presumably as a symbol of his enjoyment of royal favour.

THE Autotype Company bring out in facsimile ten selected plates of Méryon, really in fine condition, annotated by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

THE Fine Art Society has reissued the series of sixty-one line engravings of views on *The Seine and the Loire*, by Turner, originally published as 'Turner's Annual Tour.' Mr. Marcus Huish furnishes the notes and text.

THE Venetian sketches, chiefly in water colours, by M. Roussoff, shown at the Fine Art Society's rooms, indicate how well this artist has assimilated the unique character of the city of lagoons, and learnt to stay and fix upon his paper those harmonious moments when light and colour and the spirit of the hour merge the real into a vision and turn the commonest accidents into a spell the more. It is delightful to observe that M. Roussoff can tutor his facile assurance in draughtsmanship and over-eager eye for colour into such subdued and reverent following of the subtle tints and capricious lines that lovers of Venice learn to look for and linger over. The tone of most of these studies is wonderfully beautiful and delicately true in relation; only now and then a certain crude and false note, which used to break into the refinement of the painter's work with a sudden touch of commonness, jars upon one again; chiefly when figures are introduced. Some of the studies in this series were included in a former exhibition, but the mass of them are fresh. One view in London has been hung amongst these Venetian subjects, taken above the jutting cornice of an upper floor in Ludgate Hill; and it is not a little edifying to note how the perception of beauty, which is the prerogative of a true artist, has revealed to M. Roussoff the charm of the broken street vista thronged with a motley crowd of vehicles and humanity, while the dome and towers of St. Paul's loom through the glow-suffused mist, dreamy and far away. Mr. Herbert Marshall must look to his laurels if M. Roussoff takes to painting 'London of to-day.'

BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

PAINTED BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A. ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

THE Cathedral of Burgos, the capital of old Castile, is partly Gothic, partly Renaissance. It was begun by Ferdinand III. in the early years of the thirteenth century, but was not finished till some three hundred years later. Its site is close beneath an abrupt hill, on which part of the city is built. This, while in some ways making it more

picturesque, detracts from its general effect. The splendid flight of stairs on the right of Mr. Murray's plate, leads from the upper town down into the church. It dates from the sixteenth century. The arrangements at the foot are not entirely happy from the architectural standpoint, but they give a good chance to the painter.

HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN THE WEALD OF KENT AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

No. III.

CRANBROOK is a delightful old Kentish town in the centre of the Weald, well away from railways and tourists, with a good deal of history attached to it. The cloth trade was introduced here by Flemish settlers, brought over by Edward III. in 1337. 'Here,' says Hasted, in a rare moment of inspiration, 'was the centre of the cloathing trade, one of the pillars of the kingdom, which formerly flourished in these parts, and greatly enriched not only this county, but the nation in general. The occupation of it was formerly of considerable consequence and estimation, and was exercised by persons who possessed most of the landed property in the Weald; among others the Bathursts, Ongleys, Courthopes, Maplesdens, Gibbons, Westons, Plumers, Austens, Dunkes, and Stringers. They were usually called, from their dress, "the grey coats of Kent," and were a body so numerous and united that at county elections whoever had their votes was almost certain of being elected.' This account is a good description of the first appearance of a powerful middle class in a rural district. By the early part of the sixteenth century the merchants from the cities were beginning to settle in the country districts in such numbers that several towns in England seem to have fallen into serious decay in consequence of their withdrawal. The Weald was particularly favourable to the growth of such a class from the fact that it was not overshadowed by any of the great feudal lords, and the inhabitants were consequently free to develop their own resources, and to acquire sufficient wealth by trade and farming to place themselves on an independent footing. Some idea of the scale on which such farming was conducted is given by an Act passed in 1534, that 'no person shall keep on land not their own inheritance more than 2000 sheep;' and so rapid was the progress made by this new element in the State that in 1532 the Government, with some

prophetic instinct of self-preservation, considered it necessary to enact 'An Act of Apparel,' to prevent, among other things, 'the subversion of politic order in knowledge and distinction of people according to their pre-eminence and degrees,' and 'the utter impoverishment and undoing of many light and inexperienced persons, inclined to pride, the mother of all vices.' (Froude's 'History of England,' vol. i. chap. 5.) Though such an Act would not have applied to the solid traders and yeomen of Kent so much as to the 'light and inexperienced persons' of the class to which the former belonged, it shows the dawn of a new order of society, much as the change in house architecture which occurred soon afterwards marks the beginning of the modern system of domestic life.

Most of the half-timber houses in the Weald were built by these clothiers and wool-traders. The Courthopes and the Westons had houses at Cranbrook, but Goddard's Green, the residence of the former, no longer retains anything of interest, and the house at Willesley, which was held by the Westons in the seventeenth century, has been a good deal altered. It is still, however, a charming house, mainly owing to the care of its present occupant, Mr. O'Neill. The only variation it presents on the usual fifteenth-century house is the evidence of its having once had a small quadrangular court at the back. This is now enclosed under the great tile roof, but the door through which bales of wool were hoisted into the loft can be seen in the upper storey, as well as the rude staircase of solid oak blocks communicating with the loft. The two-storey bay in the centre of the front is a seventeenth-century insertion. The 'White Lion Inn,' which has had all its timbers painted a hideous yellow, is of about the same date as the Willesley house; and there is another beautiful fragment in a house on the road to Hawkhurst,

which the late Mr. Webster used as his studio. The only other trace of the great clothiers of the sixteenth century is a house called Frizley, near Cranbrook, which dates from the same period, and was once held by the Wilsfords and Hovendens, both noted clothiers. The house has a remarkable kitchen fireplace, with an opening 15 feet wide, spanned by a single oak beam. There are some fragments of sixteenth-century moldings and floorings and one of the angle-posts, but the house has been much altered, and little of the original work is visible outside. Probably the wings which project on the east and west are additions to the earlier parallelogram plan. The original timber framing and three blocked-up windows can be still seen under the lean-to roof at the back of the kitchen.

It is clear that in the seventeenth century the Weald enjoyed a flourishing, all-round trade. Evidence of the existence of a paper manufactory is given by the name of an early sixteenth-century house at the foot of a hill about three miles from Benenden. The old mills disappeared about twenty years ago, and the only trace of them survives in the name of the 'Paper Mill House.' The extinction of such industries as these in the rural districts is one of the most melancholy facts of our civilisation. It is true we have left behind the slow hand-labour and lethargic traffic of the past, but with it we have lost the patient skill of the handicraftsman, and the vigour and originality which was fostered by these local arts and industries has been sapped by the concentration of most of the intellectual strength of the country in our loose, unwieldy cities.

Kent is a Conservative county. The old houses seem to have been more often remodelled and enlarged than rebuilt, and, owing to the rather stationary character of the population, there was not much new building. Consequently there are few dated examples of pure sixteenth-century houses. There is a very picturesque instance about three miles from Benenden called Pump Farm, dated 1583, which belonged to a branch of the Gybbon family, wealthy clothiers who lived in the neighbouring village of Rolvenden. There is another at Pounds-

bridge dated 1593, with a huge monogram, W. D., on its centre gable; and on the road between Smarden and Biddenden there is a house named Standen dated 1578, which has the text, 'Blessed are they that heareth the worde of God and keepeth it,' carved over its entrance. The frieze to the panelling round the hall, which has been cut in two, is decorated with lozenges burnt into the wood, with the text, 'Blessed is the man whom the Lord [chooseth and receiveth] unto Him. He shall dwell in His court and shall be satisfied.' (Psa. lxxv.) The words in brackets are now missing. The custom of decorating the exterior of houses with texts became much more general in the seventeenth century, as, for instance, the old Town Hall at Leominster, dated 1633, houses in Chester, and elsewhere. Standen must have been built by one of those grave and serious men who made the great rebellion possible in the following century.

The texts are a symptom of that growing Puritanism which was to trample under foot the joyous Paganism of the English Renaissance. As yet, however, it had not assumed the acrimony of its later development, and showed its noblest side in a certain



scholarly piety which protested against the irreligion of the age without being indifferent to its graceful art. In fact, it is not easy to associate the kindly architecture of the seventeenth century with the fanaticism of the average Puritan. If the latter was gloomy and sombre his house seemed built to court the sunshine, for probably no more genial house architecture has ever existed than that of England in the first half of the seventeenth century. It is the more remarkable in the Weald, where, to judge from the amount of dissent, Puritanism must have had an abundant following, while the half-timber houses are particularly cheerful, and give little suggestion of the ungracious doctrine of their sour-faced owners.

By the seventeenth century the dwelling-house had reached a stage of development beyond which, except in detail, we have not materially advanced. The great hall had given way to the system of smaller rooms, each with its own provision for heat and light, and the dormitory system had been abandoned for that of separate bedrooms, not, however, without leaving traces of its existence in the

arrangement of the latter *en suite*. In the larger houses of the seventeenth century the bedrooms commonly opened into each other, with a corridor of communication running alongside the rooms, which rather looks like a reminiscence of the earlier plan. The chimney and open hearth had permanently established their footing, in preference to the brazier or andirons in the centre of the hall; and as it was realised that every one gravitates towards the fireplace, it became a point of importance to render the latter as attractive as possible. Hence the development of that singularly happy treatment of the fireplace and overmantel which is peculiar to the architecture of the seventeenth century. Even in the houses of the smaller gentry and the middle class, whatever other efforts at decoration were made, the chimney-piece was always taken as the feature of first consideration in the room. Hand in hand with

this essentially English notion of fireside comfort went an extraordinary passion for the fresh air and sunshine. Instead of the half-lights that glimmered through the tracery of a Gothic window, 'you shall have sometimes faire houses so full of Glasse that one cannot tell where to become to be

out of the sunne and cold.' So wrote Bacon between 1612 and 1625. One of the most remarkable features in the architecture of this period is the immense amount of window space provided. The well-known Elizabethan Gallery is an illustration of this, and we now find rooms more than half of whose wall-space is occupied by the windows. For instance, the common form of window was one of twelve, fourteen, and sometimes sixteen lights. The window was divided by a transom placed not quite two-thirds of the total height above the sill, below which were four or five lights, and above it eight or ten, for it was the custom to continue the lights above the transom right across the width of a gable end. In the Honeywood Charity House at Lenham the lights above the transom on both floors were carried along from end to end of the entire front; and a similar treatment is shown in a house at the foot of Egerton Hill, of about the same date. In the latter house there is a room on the first floor which had two of its sides taken up with windows in the way I have described, though only six of the original lights now

remain. There are several other instances of this in the Weald; but in nearly every case the lights above the transom to the right and left of the window have been stopped up with plaster. The house at Lenham was built in 1621 by Anthony Honeywood, of Langley, Kent, who founded and endowed six almshouses, and a house for the governor—this identical house. The outside has been spoilt by paint, but the interior has been little altered, and retains some good doorways, with pretty stops to the moldings of the frames. The north and south gables preserve their original framing, covered up behind the plaster, and have good barge-boards with running tracery, which has been worn by the weather to a delicate filagree. The design of this tracery side by side with pure Renaissance detail is instructive. It shows that the seventeenth-century builders had not so much broken with Gothic tradition as superseded it. In spite of the

predominant Renaissance feeling in half-timber work of this time, there is always present a suggestion of Gothic influence, either in some free and unconventional grouping of gables and chimney, or the survival of some earlier detail of decoration, or, what is still more suggestive, the



translation of a Gothic idea into classical terms, sometimes with such slight variation of form that, without great incongruity, the later version might be replaced in the original text. This feeling lingered on till the latter part of the seventeenth century, and only disappeared before the Dutch traditions introduced by the Court of William and Mary. For instance, at Biddenden there is an old brick and timber house with twelve gables, dated 1673, which is certainly more Gothic than Renaissance in feeling, in spite of its classical details.

The history of this house of many gables does not seem to be known. It evidently was not a farmer's house, and it is not clear whether it was all one dwelling or several, as at present. The former seems probable, and the house perhaps belonged to a cloth-trader, who may have used part of the building for shop and warehouse. It has been suggested that it was the residence of the Pomfrets, an old Kent family who lived at Biddenden. The space under the third gable, now covered with weather-tiles, seems to have been filled by a large window either to light a hall or

staircase. Nearly all the old bay windows have been blocked up, and most of the windows in the gables. There are some remains of a pattern in relief stamped on the plaster cove of the bay window of the east gable, the only instance of this kind of decoration that I know of in the Weald, though a most effective use was being made of it elsewhere at the time. The house is in very bad condition, and is now occupied as cottages.

Biddenden is rich in seventeenth-century work. There are several other fragments here—in fact, most of the houses in the broad village street are over two hundred years old; and at Birchley Farm, about a mile out of the village, there remains one of the most beautiful bits of detail to be found in this part of Kent. The back of the house has been altered, but the front towards Biddenden is nearly perfect, and, mercifully, has never been tarred and painted.

The old entrance door, of twenty panels studded with nails, stands in the left-hand corner of the front, and the house probably extended farther in this direction, as well as to the back. It is also supposed to have extended to the right, but the only evidence of this is part of a courtyard close to the chimney-stack paved with slabs of Bethersden marble. Some fragments of molded stone capitals and bases, which were dug up here, may have belonged to the earlier house. The initials on the tie-beam of the gable refer to William, Edward, and Bernard Randolph, sons of Bernard Randolph, clothier, of this parish, who died possessed of this estate in 1628.

There are some remains of mural painting in a room near the staircase in the right wing. The design is conventional, and executed in red and grey, with black outlines on a white ground. There is a similar, but more elaborate, painting in Rollison Farm, an old



The design of the house is curiously irregular. The part to the east, which is dated 1632, with initials, 'W. R.,' 'E. R.,' and 'B. R.,' forms a symmetrical composition in itself, and projects some distance in front of the west wing, which terminates in a separate gable with a roughly cusped barge-board. This west wing abuts against the principal block anyhow, and seems to me to be a fragment of an earlier house, which was altered and added to at the date above given, 1632, for its details are at least fifty years earlier. The casements in this wing retain the original glazing. The gable in the centre of the main block has some very delicate carving on the barge-board and tie-beam, and immediately under it a fine bay window with sixteen lights, which lighted the withdrawing-room, and originally extended from bracket to bracket, supporting the gable; the side-lights, however, have been blocked. The room itself is panelled throughout in oak, with a cornice and pilasters carved in low relief, and has a very rich and well-carved mantelpiece, also in oak, with moldings of great delicacy, in perfect preservation. An original staircase and some well-molded doors remain inside.

house buried in the woods about a mile from Rolvenden. The design of the latter consists of a half-length female figure, holding in each arm little maces with cocks perched on the tops, and under each arm is a half-length figure of a man in armour, with a shield on one arm and a dart on the other. The pattern is recurring, and each part is separated by a boldly drawn stem, with foliage branches bearing birds and snails. In spite of the puerility of the figures, it is an effective and vigorous piece of decoration. The flat treatment and conventional arrangement of the foliage rather resemble a good modern wall-paper, and it is possible that the first idea of wall-papers was taken from some such fragments as these. The painting has been much injured by alterations in the walls and the insertion of a great chimney-stack, which has been brought up right through the floor of the room. It seems from this painting, and the indications of a large window now blocked up, which are visible on the west side, that this room was the withdrawing-room. It was usual at this period to place the latter room on the first floor, as at Birchley and elsewhere, a custom

which lingered on into the last century, and it is partly to this practice that we owe the rich and stately staircases of Jacobean houses. The fact that the first floor contained the withdrawing-room gave it an important part in the public life of the household, and consequently the staircase to this floor was designed with elaborate care. There can be little doubt that a great artistic mistake was made in bringing the drawing-room downstairs, and neglecting the hall staircase; for, in fact, excepting the hall and its staircase, the interior of a modern house offers few possibilities of realising an architectural idea as opposed to mere surface decoration.

There is no trace of the original staircase at Rollison Farm, except some remains of its windows in the projecting wing at the back. There is a lean-to roof adjoining this wing, which is modern; and it was probably here that the main entrance was placed. Close beside the staircase wing is another larger gable, carried on carved brackets, which perhaps surmounted the bay window of the drawing-room.

One usually finds the date put up in the seventeenth-century houses; this is missing at Rollison, but none of its details are earlier than the beginning of that century, and in the present sitting-room there is a large iron fire-back, with the initials 'T. G.', date 1603, and the arms of the Gybbons. 1603 is probably the date of the house, which, with the exception of some lean-to roofs and some sham painting of timber, has been little altered outside, and is one of the most picturesque half-timber buildings in Kent. Its happy preservation is no doubt due to its inaccessibility. Many of these houses lie in out-of-the-way places, only to be reached by little country lanes, and owing to this,

and the fact that the district is entirely agricultural, they are often left to a natural death. From being the residence of the farmer, they become dwellings for his labourers; and when the latter find the roofs and windows no longer weather-tight, they retire with their Lares and Penates, and the old house is either converted into farm-buildings or left to tumble down by itself.



About four miles from Cranbrook there is a fine seventeenth-century house, named Hush Heath, which has at present reached the labourers' cottage stage. Its fine oak panelling was removed by the owner a few years ago, and it looks as if one

end of the house had lost a gable or been altered, from the total want of balance in the composition. The pretty bay windows are quite perfect. There is a tradition that Dr. Johnson stayed here, which

perhaps arose from some confusion between the Doctor and some Johnsons who held land in the neighbourhood at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The house is also said to have been a noted resort for smugglers. The latter story is

likely enough; the position of the house, in the loneliest part of the Weald, would have rendered it a convenient halting-place in one of the great smuggling runs across country from Romney Marsh. Nearly all the older houses in East Kent had hides, and legends of successful runs or midnight skirmishes with the excisemen sometimes linger in the villages, but the romance of the smuggling age is disappearing, and the East Kent labourer seems indifferent to the traditions of his 'sturdy and valiant' forefathers.

Excepting Finchden at Tenterden, and Brickwell at Northiam, the Weald has no examples to show

of the gentleman's house of the seventeenth century, nothing, for instance, to match the beautiful halls of Cheshire. The reason was, that the few gentry who did reside in the Weald in the seventeenth century had not sufficient wealth to build on this ambitious scale; moreover, a certain vile habit of destruction seems to have established itself within the last hundred and fifty years. There used to be a fine old timber house at Tenterden, called Heronden House, dated 1585, the seat of a family of that name, which was destroyed by its owner in 1782 because of its 'ruinous condition.' Hales Place, in the same parish, once an important seat of the Hales family, was pulled down by Sir Edward Hales about 1750. The existing farm-house was built of the old materials, and consequently shows a curious mixture of details. For instance, the very quaint doorway is formed of two seventeenth-century grotesque pilasters, which have lost their bases; the pilasters are surmounted by an eighteenth-century entablature, and enclose an early sixteenth-century door. So, again, Hasted mentions the existence of a 'small antient market-place built of timber,' which has gone. The existing butcher's shop, which has remains of fifteenth-century work, probably formed part of this market-place. Here is a still more odious instance of vandalism. I was told by an intelligent resident in the Weald that he remembered an old house named Boarsall, between Ticehurst and Hawkhurst, where it was the custom every Christmas to harness a horse to the yule-log, and drive it through the doorway into the great hall, with the log behind it ridden by the boys and children. This house was bought by a certain Mr. Gregory, and pulled down for the sake of its materials with that callous indifference to everything but his own pocket which distinguishes the British man of business.

Fortunately Finchden, or 'The Friars,' as it is now called, has been little tampered with. The whole of the existing house, except the recent additions at the west end, appears to have been built in 1644, the date carved on the tie-beam of the gable over the porch on the garden side. A certain William Finch died possessed of the place in 1637 (Hasted), and this date, 1644, and the initials, 'E. F.,' very likely refer to the complete rebuilding of the house by his son on the site of an older building, which may perhaps account for the almost studied irregularity of the gables. There is no doubt that there was an earlier house here. The family are heard of at Tenterden as early as Edward III., and there is a tradition that Sir Thomas More once breakfasted under a fine old mulberry-tree still standing in the garden. There are no remains, however, of any house of this period, and the existing details throughout are pure Jacobean. There is some excellent carving on the tie-beams and

barge-boards, particularly on that to the garden porch, which has a graceful, running pattern of honeysuckles. This porch was probably the original entrance; a broad flagged path leads up to it from the great brick piers of the old gateway standing in the garden wall. The back of the house has been a good deal modernised. There used to be an open corridor on the ground-floor, with wooden pillars on the outside, supporting the storey above; but this has been done away with, and the open space filled in with modern glazing. There is some good Jacobean work inside, especially some panelling in one of the bedrooms, and a beautiful mantelpiece in oak and cherry-wood, decorated with those archways in perspective which delighted the hearts of our seventeenth-century joiners. The stables, which stand to the south of the house, and have not been altered at all, seem to have been built about thirty years later than the house. Close beside them are two circular brick piers, between which is the present entrance-gate. The brickwork of these piers looks like sixteenth-century work; and if so, the piers are the remains of the entrance-gateway to the older house, which was rebuilt, as suggested above, in 1644.

These Renaissance houses owe not a little to their charming gardens. In consequence of some fatuous notion that an architect is only concerned with his building, and not with its surroundings, the laying out of gardens has slipped out of the control of architecture, and disguised itself as a separate business, under the title of landscape-gardening. Such an absurd anomaly would have seemed impossible to men like Inigo Jones and Bacon; and the idea that an architect is to disappear with the scaffolding, and that the setting of his work is to be handed over to the uneducated instincts of the gardener and his master, is surely only possible in England in the nineteenth century. So much has been preached to us about the truth and beauty of 'Nature' that probably not one amateur in a thousand has any clear understanding of the relations of nature and art, and begins to suspect such improvements of nature as were designed by the ingenious Count Hoditz at Roswald, if any suggestion is made that the arrangement of a garden should be considered in subordination to the architecture of the house it surrounds. It seems useless to expect that the true scope of the arts of design will ever be realised until we have recovered some of that fine Renaissance instinct for the relations and limits of art, which would have indignantly rejected this fetish worship of 'Nature.'

The gardens of Brickwall, the seat of the Frewens, at Northiam in Sussex, are a beautiful instance of this subtle harmony between a Renaissance house and its grounds. A straight gravel walk, flanked with formal yew-trees, runs down the middle of the garden be-

tween velvety lawns, 'kept finely shorne,' as Bacon says, and leads to a raised terrace at the end, separated from the garden by a prim yew-hedge. To the left of the walk is the fish-pond with grass banks bevelled down to the water's edge, and a raised path between yew hedges opening on to the terrace. A si-

imilar path runs down the opposite side of the garden, which is bounded by a red brick wall with a beech-tree hedge, so trained that the foliage begins with the top of the wall. Nothing could harmonise better with the long,

low lines of the house, and the warm colour of its bricks and tiles. The house itself has been restored and added to. The entrance front, which is constructed entirely of timber on a brick plinth, is unusually high for work of this kind. Its design is symmetrical, and consists of a centre gable over the entrance, flanked by two rather lower gables on each side. On the tie-beam of the centre gable is the date 1633, with initials 'W.M.W.', but on one of the pendants to the right-hand gable there is an earlier date, 1617. The porch is early eighteenth-century work, of about the same date as the elaborate plaster ceilings in the drawing-room and over the great staircase. The back of the house has been much added to, without however spoiling its effect. The new work joins the old by the great stack of six chimneys. The fine chimney-stack at the west end was rebuilt in 1832. Unfortunately, when the house was restored, all the timbers were painted, and the house has lost its look of age in consequence. The custom of tarring or painting all external framing has only been introduced into the Weald within the last fifty years, and it has only been adopted where the state of the timbers rendered it necessary for their preservation. It was not the practice of the old Kent builders, who showed in this their usual sound artistic feeling. The black and white 'maggie' work of Cheshire and the West of England, which gives its houses a striking if rather bizarre effect at a distance, is as much inferior in delicacy to the half-timber work of the Weald as an opaque coating of tar is to the silvery grey and beautiful line of the grain of the original oak.

There is another house connected with the Frewen family in Mermaid Street, Rye, which has also been

spoilt by over-painting; but it is still the most picturesque house in one of the most picturesque towns of the South of England. The house was once a hospital, and dates from the seventeenth century. The design of the front, as it now stands, is unsymmetrical; but it has probably lost a wing which

would restore the balance. Its most noticeable feature is the bold cove cornice, which is decorated with a curious design stamped in the plaster and apparently intended to imitate a straight brick arch. Above this are the three gables,

and my own opinion is that the single gable which terminates the two-storey bay formed the centre of a design which was completed by another block similar to that on the lower side. The house,



certainly, did not end as it does at present. The front towards the street has been restored and much painted, but the old framing is still visible in a passage on the lower side of the house. There are a few other bits of sixteenth and seventeenth-century work scattered about the town, such as the famous old Mermaid Inn, which is now turned into two or three houses, and some good fragments in West Street; but the town is comparatively poor in work prior to the last cen-

tury. No doubt, most of the earlier work was destroyed by the French, who sacked and burnt the town in 1378 and 1448; and owing to the contracted limits of the ground occupied by the town, new houses have been built on the site of old ones. The inhabitants have always stuck to their hill and not migrated to the lower ground, otherwise we might have had a complete mediaeval town preserved to us like Carcassonne.

Besides the instances already given, a good many others of less importance are to be found in the Weald, such as Wickens farm, near Charing, several houses at Sutton Valence, and a very pretty row of seventeenth-century houses at Chiddingstone, near Penshurst. They do not, however, show any variation on the usual type. The half-timber architecture disappeared, as has been already pointed out, at the end of the seventeenth century, and was succeeded by a vernacular style of brick and weather-tile, which lasted till the beginning of this century, and is itself well worthy of

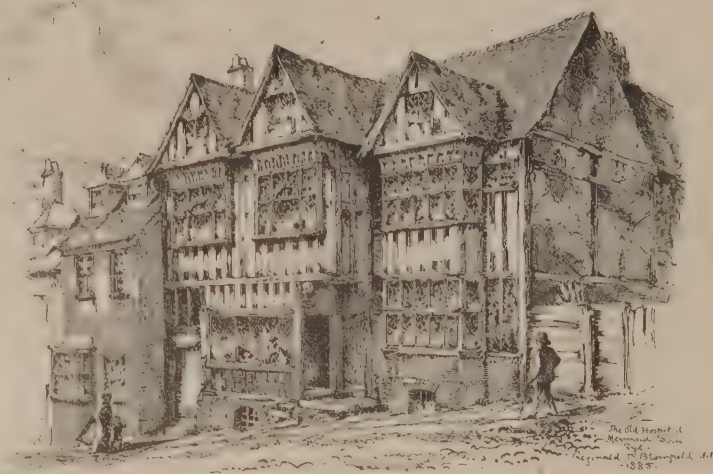
a careful study. At this point, however, in its development we must leave it. The instances which I have given from the Weald may appear insignificant when compared with the larger efforts of the Renaissance.

To say nothing of the fact that the latter are hackneyed subjects, it seems to me that these modest half-timber houses are not less valuable in their way. They illustrate the steps by which our minor domestic architecture emerged from mediaeval traditions, and by slow degrees

developed the type of the modern house. They supply us with valuable evidence as to the manner and social status of that quiet, industrious part of the community which figures so rarely in history; and, lastly, they have an indisputable artistic value of their own. Once get rid of the idea that mere size is indispensable to art, and one can freely enjoy the wealth

of colour to be found amidst the tiles and plasters and grey oak timbers of these simple buildings, and appreciate the admirable detail, grouping, and composition shown in the works of these unknown architects.

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.



THE RISING SUN.

ETCHED BY CLAUDE. REPRODUCED BY AMAND DURAND.

THIS etching, one of the best known and most beautiful of Claude's works on copper, gives the artist's own version in black-and-white of a kind of subject which he frequently painted in oil. It may be compared with the famous *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba*, which is in the National Gallery, and was engraved for us last year by Mr.

C. O. Murray. Instead, however, of the rippled sea with its wonderful play of light, we have here a surface so calm that the perfect form of the sun is reflected in it. There are six known states of this plate. Our reproduction is taken from the second. In the earlier state the shading of the triumphal arch is less complete.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

I.—*Fragments of Ancient Art in Scotland; George Jamesone, Allan Ramsay, Alexander Runciman.*

ART in these islands still awaits an historian. Our Architecture and our Painting since the days of Hogarth have found students enough, but our artistic development as a whole has never been traced. We have acquiesced when foreign writers told us that we had no art, and that all we can show is, an echo from the Continent. Such apathy, of course, has had a reason. The historian loves a continuous development. His ambition is to trace growth from its germ to the last tender shoots thrown out in a genial season. Such continuity is not to be found in our national arts. Between the Conquest and the fifteenth century they grew with a vigour as great as they enjoyed elsewhere, and perhaps upon more consistent lines. Then came the Wars of the Roses, which did for us what their thirty years' struggle did for the Germans. Scarcely had their effects begun to wear away than the Reformation discouraged, for a time, most of those minor arts which are linked with the worship of the people. After the Reformation came the Great Rebellion and the paralysing sway of the Puritans. Neither the Revolution nor the arrival of the Hanoverian Kings was harmless, for they replaced the finer ideals of the Stuarts with the bourgeoisism of a German prince. All this means more than a broken development. It means one continually broken off and restarted on new lines; so that, when we try to follow its course, we have to depend for coherence on national character only. In tracing the growth of an art like that of Egypt, or Greece, or even of France, we have fidelity to principle as well. With our neighbours Gothic sprang out of Romanesque, and grew till its sap was exhausted. By that time the Renaissance, with all it meant, was ready to take its place. In Great Britain things could not go so easily. The small size of the country, its comparatively low population, and its insular position, combined to prevent an uprooted art from reviving by itself. After each period of trouble the growth had to be renewed with alien seed, and so its story is that of a series of developments. Of these our present subject is not the least important.

Speaking of Architecture, Fergusson says there are few countries in the world of which it is so difficult to write connectedly as of Scotland. This, he goes on to declare, is because her art is not indigenous. Such a reproach has to be borne by every small country tied to the skirts of a large

one. Her art is sure not to be her own by origin, so that we must form our judgments on a consideration of how she treats the borrowed ideas. Scottish Gothic is as much a thing by itself as English, and there is no evidence that the peculiar beauty of her abbeys and cathedrals was not due to native artists in at least as large a proportion. The bluntness, amounting to brutality, with which the accomplished writer I have quoted goes on to declare that 'no one who knows anything of the ethnography of art would suspect the people who now inhabit the lowlands of Scotland of inventing any form of architecture, or of feeling much sympathy with it when introduced from abroad,' is quite gratuitous. Forms of art never are invented, they grow; and history shows clearly enough that the rate of growth depends more upon conditions than character. Wherever a thick population has dwelt in safety, art has flourished; an indigenous art when there has been none to borrow from, a borrowed art when borrowing was easy. Egypt, Assyria, India, China, Japan, have each had a national art, and in each case originality has been in proportion to isolation. Greek art was that of Asia carried to its apogee, while Rome supplied the decline. And so it is all over the world. Wherever it has been easy to borrow there has been no originality. Copying crushes it just as machinery crushes out hand labour, and for the same reason—because it is so much the quicker. The geographical position of a country, its relations with its neighbours, and pure accident, have a great deal more to do with originality in aesthetic matters than popular character.

Looked at in this light, few nations can be less fairly blamed for a want of the quality in question than the Scotch. Sharing a small island with a strong and wealthy foe, and—what was perhaps still more fatal—lying within arm's length of a powerful friend, it would have been a miracle had her general forms of art not been one with theirs. And so, in fact, they were. But if we examine the abbeys and churches of mediæval Scotland we find that neither in plan, nor in elevation, nor in detail, are they copies of anything to be seen elsewhere. French and English elements are both to be found, but they are used in a new way. The personal note is a combination of grace and vigour which is quite peculiar. No Scottish building of which we have any trace embodies any great poetic conception. There is nothing to give even a distant echo of such

things as the great portals of Amiens or the west front of Peterborough. But, in examples too many to count, we find elegance of plan and arrangement combined with boldness of decoration. Curiously too, when the general design is bold, then it is the detail that puts on grace. Elgin Cathedral and Melrose Abbey may be named as examples of the first class, Heriot's Hospital of the second. I have dwelt upon all this partly because it seems to me that one cannot too often oppose the idea that any nation is 'condemned to aesthetic sterility by defects of constitution ; partly because, on tendencies akin to those visible in this early architecture, the distinctive features of Scottish art are founded even yet.

No country with such remains as the ruined churches of Scotland can have been so poor in art as she is too often said to have been during the centuries of her alliance with France. Each of those great abbeys must have formed a centre for culture of a sort. From them must have radiated some love for beauty and some knowledge of the activities which have always flourished in the cloister. That few traces of them have come down to us is not surprising. The political history of Scotland in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, accounts for that. The reformers and patriots of England were bad enough, but they were mild as milk beside those of Scotland. It is pretty sure that, if we could get at all those men destroyed, we should find ample ground for our disbelief in the aesthetic destitution of the country. The great abbeys were not isolated phenomena. From their splendours of carved stone down to the domestic furniture of the people there must have been a gradation—an abrupt one, no doubt, compared even to that of England, but still not a precipice. Some remains of it all survive even yet. Among these are a few portraits from the fifteenth century, a few tombs, a few ecclesiastical wall-paintings, and a few manuscripts with rough vignettes. Of the finer illuminated books we have none that can surely be traced to Scotland, but it may be assumed that Scottish monks practised the usual arts of their calling, and the disappearance of all their work is but another proof of the thoroughness with which Knox and his crew went about their business.

In notices of Scottish painters a curious story is often copied from Pinkerton, to prove that the art existed in the country as early as the first half of the fifteenth century. It appears that in 1430 a Highland robber having stolen a poor woman's cow, she vowed to wear no shoes until she had told the King. On this the savage seized her, and, in ridicule of her oath, nailed horseshoes on her feet. On recovering from her wounds she went to the palace, told her story, and showed the scars. The robber was caught and tried : on conviction he was clothed in a canvas

frock, *on which a picture of a man nailing horseshoes on to a woman's feet was painted.* Thus attired he was exposed for two days in the streets of Perth and then hanged. The art here must have been archaic. It is said that James I. was an illuminator of books, but his work has either been lost or is not now to be identified. To the reign of his grandson belongs the earliest, and in some ways the most interesting, of Scottish pictures—the famous altar-piece at Holyrood, which used to be ascribed to Mabuse.

A diptych with four subjects of equal importance was at no time a common form for an altar-piece. In Germany, indeed, two panels were used now and then with a carved figure or group between them. But then the reverse sides of each were comparatively neglected. The Holyrood picture consists of two panels, each 6 feet 10 inches high and 3 feet 8 inches wide, and the painting on one side is as careful as that on the other. The four subjects are a 'Trinity' and three groups of portraits. It used to be thought that the chief figures on the reverse sides were portraits of James IV. and his Queen, Margaret Tudor. That this was a mistake was first shown by Pinkerton, in his '*Icono-graphia Scotica*,' published in 1797. He clearly proved that the kneeling king and queen were really James III. and Margaret of Denmark ; the boy behind the king no doubt being James IV. Pinkerton's evidence, which was quite conclusive, need not here be recapitulated. On the panel with the 'Trinity' the Father sits enthroned with His lifeless Son resting upon His knees, and the Dove fluttering between their heads. The fourth subject is a donor kneeling in the foreground with two angels playing on an organ behind him. These three figures have been plausibly recognised as portraits too. As to the donor there can be no doubt. He is Sir Edward Bonkil, the first Provost of Trinity College Church, in Edinburgh, for which the altar-piece was painted. There is nothing to support the ascription of the work to Mabuse. The style is not his, and the dates do not fit. The school is that of the Van Eycks. Mr. David Laing* seems to claim it for a native Scotsman. To allow that, we should have to assume the existence of some unrecorded Scottish painter who had learnt his art in Flanders, and learnt it very thoroughly, and then exhausted himself in a single work. The picture has been severely cleaned, but is still a good example of its school, while as a group of royal portraits from such an early time its value is unique.†

* 'A Historical Description of the Altar-piece belonging to Her Majesty in the Palace of Holyrood.' By David Laing. (Edinburgh, 1857.)

† Pinkerton, and, following him, most of those who have written of this altar-piece speak of it as painted for the royal chapel at Stirling. That its real destination was the high altar of Trinity Church, in Edinburgh, cannot be doubted after reading the evidence collected by Mr. Laing.

In the reign of James IV. both artists and artificers were regally encouraged: the accounts of that king's expenditure still exist, and they record payments to many of his own countrymen. Among those John Pratt, Thomas Galbraith, Andrew Laing, and Alexander Chalmers, seem to have been the most important. Their names recur frequently as decorators of the royal palaces at Stirling and Falkland. As for portraits dating from this period, not a few are said to be still extant, but it is impossible to say whether they deserve their reputation without examining each. From the reign of James V. a curious instance of our over-readiness to ascribe everything good to foreign workmen may be given. The splendid carved roof, now destroyed, of the presence-chamber at Stirling used to be called the work of some unknown foreigner. But within the last few years an examination of the royal accounts, and of documents in the possession of the Drummond family, has proved it to be by one John Drummond of Auchterarder, and one Andrew Wood, his assistant.

But in the thrice-troubled times of James V. and his daughter art could not really have flourished, although a few scraps of evidence show that it was not killed even then. Pictures on walls and roofs and easel portraits are constantly mentioned. The portraits of the King seem to have been almost infinitely multiplied. A tragic story is connected with a pair of James VI. and his Queen. Early in James's reign a town officer, or bailiff, of Edinburgh, seized some furniture for debt, and took it to be sold at the Cross. Among the 'lots' were portraits of James and Anne. These the bailiff proposed to display on the public gibbet, and proceeded to drive a nail for the purpose. The people, knowing the danger, interposed, and prevented him from carrying out his design. But the King, to whom the story was of course carried, was so enraged, that the poor bailiff was tried, convicted, and hanged, all within the space of twenty-four hours. The incident led to the passing of a municipal law exempting royal portraits from seizure for any kind of debt. After the reign of James VI. we soon arrive at the moment when painting in Scotland first had a tangible master. This was George Jamesone, the Aberdonian to whom Horace Walpole gave the title of the 'Scottish Vandyck.'

George Jamesone was the son of Andrew Jamesone, a sort of city architect and builder to the town of Aberdeen, and of Marjorie Anderson. The families of both parents were of the solidly respectable and well-to-do class, while on his mother's side, at least, George had relations who made some stir in their native place by their intellectual gifts. His uncle, David Anderson, was one of those rare people who combine versatility with practical sense. He was known at Aberdeen as 'Do-a'-thing (everything)

Davy,' and a story is preserved which credits him with the clever removal of a stumbling-block to the free use of the harbour. It seems that in the fairway stood a huge boulder, on which ships were apt to strike unless very carefully handled. About this stone he secured at low water a great number of empty water-tight barrels. On these the confident Davy took his seat, in presence of a crowd of townsmen. As the tide flowed it lifted barrels and stone, and the triumphant engineer was towed off down the harbour to drop his boulder where it could do no mischief. All this betrays a strain of originality in the Andersons which may account for much in their young kinsman's career. Jamesone himself was born most likely in 1588. Cunningham says, very positively, that he saw the light on the very day that Queen Mary lost her head at Fotheringay. That would put his birth in 1587. Other authorities give the year 1586. There is no positive evidence in the matter, but the entries relating to his father's marriage and the births of his own brothers and sisters, which Mr. John Bulloch* has searched out, make it likely that 1588 was the year. After his general education, which he received at the University of his native town, was complete, he seems at once to have devoted himself to art. There is plenty of evidence to prove that his family was well off, and that he was never compelled to work hard for his bread. The stiffness of his conception as an artist seems to negative the idea that he came under the influence of Rubens in his first youth. His stay at Antwerp, for which again we have only the evidence of style and tradition, may then have taken place between 1615 and 1621. Cunningham says he did not return to Scotland until 1628, but that is certainly a mistake, for pictures exist there dated from 1621 onwards, while he was married at Aberdeen in 1624.

In 1616, Antwerp had fallen upon evil days. Writing in that year, Sir Dudley Carleton, the intimate friend of Rubens, says, 'I could never set my eyes in the whole length of a street upon forty persons at once . . . in many places grass grows in the streets.' But eight years before Rubens had established himself in the town, and had done what one man could to lessen the effect of the Spanish Terror. Among the many traditions about Jamesone which long flourished in Scotland, was one that connected him with Sir Peter Paul's second wife. Helena Forman, according to this, was a native of Aberdeen, and a cousin of Jamesone, whom after her alliance with Rubens she sent for, that he might profit by the master's teaching. It is curious that Forman, the

* 'George Jamesone, his Life and Works.' By John Bulloch. With two Etchings by G. Reid, R.S.A. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1885.) Our portrait of Jamesone is reproduced from Mr. Reid's etching by kind permission of the artist and publisher.

right but long-neglected version of the lady's name, is a fairly common patronymic at Aberdeen. The story as it stands, however, receives the *coup-de-grâce* from the fact that Helena did not marry Rubens until 1630, and was then no more than sixteen. During Jamesone's stay at Antwerp the chief thing he learnt was a Flemish use of colour. Among the crowd of portraits ascribed to him in Scotland, there are many in the opaque, heavy-handed manner, that, might well have been caught from the daubers who were active all over Britain in the time of Elizabeth and James I. Some of these may be genuine and may represent Jamesone's power before he went to Flanders. His characteristic manner, in which the paint is put on thinly and with the greatest solicitude for the ground, would then be the fruit of his stay at Antwerp. It is the first sign of what has ever since been a main feature of Scottish painting.

One of the first portraits painted by Jamesone on his return to Aberdeen was that of Sir James Stewart, Earl of Tra-

quair. Soon afterwards the young Earl of Montrose sat to him, riding over from St. Andrews for the sittings. And as every year went by his sitters increased, until we find him making contracts for whole series of portraits. In his early years he seems to have had a mistress, for his will provides for a natural daughter; but on November 12th, 1624, he married Isobel Tosh, who bore him six children. Her portrait he painted in a picture now lost, which is engraved in Walpole's 'Anecdotes.' The registers of baptism for Jamesone's children are all extant; and the signatures of the 'gossipis and cummeris' include those of many known folks, confirming that notion of the painter's prosperity which we get from other evidence.

In 1633 Charles I. came to Scotland, and Jamesone painted his portrait. The story that on the King's entrance into 'Auld Reekie,' the Town Council hung all the 'Jamesones' they could collect on either side of the way, is told in many different forms.

Perhaps the truth is that pictures were so displayed, among them many by Jamesone, and that he had the management of the business. In the same year the painter started on a tour abroad with Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, going as far as Rome. It is often said in lives of Jamesone that his portrait is in the famous collection at Florence, but this seems to be untrue. At least, his name does not appear in the catalogue; and Mr. Bulloch tells us that, in 1882, Mr. George Reid searched in the Uffizi in vain for anything that could have given rise to the assertion. In the chapel of the Scots' College at Rome, however, there are four pictures which tradition ascribes to Jamesone. After an absence of some two years,

the painter was again at home and busy with sitters, first at Aberdeen and afterwards at Edinburgh. Press of work led to some falling off in his art, and perhaps to his comparatively early death. We know that he suffered from a complaint common with those who sit too much; for just before his marriage he



GEORGE JAMESONE. FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

had to be cut for the stone. There is a portrait at Yester House, near Haddington, dated in 1644, the year of Jamesone's death; it may be the last he painted.

The works ascribed to him are very numerous, although, by some fatality, none of our public collections have contrived to secure one. In those which show clear signs of authenticity the handling is fused, the impasto thin and transparent, the features well drawn, the colour warm but wanting in variety, and the composition stiff and ingenuous. The portrait reproduced on this page is in the collection of Lord Seafield. It shows the painter in his hat, which, says tradition, he was accustomed to retain because Charles I. bid him be covered while he painted the royal features. It is clear that the pictures to which the artist here points are his own, but none have been identified. The large subject is no Andromeda, as some have suggested. It represents an armed man about to kill a child in the

presence of a woman who is chained and nude. The child *seems* to be winged; and in that case the picture would be one of those rather ponderous allegories, to whose somewhat doubtful charms the painters of two centuries ago were so prone to succumb.

The most remarkable thing about Jamesone is that he left no successors. I have explained why his apparition does not seem to me so unaccountable as some have thought it; but it is not so easy to understand why his example bore no fruit. Probability, however, points to two explanations. In the first place, everything seems to suggest that Jamesone had resources beside his art; and so that his prosperity would not encourage others to go and do likewise, as it would surely have done had it all been due to his brush. His prices were absurdly small: twenty pounds 'Scots,' or about thirty shillings English, for a half-length during most of his life, and so on in proportion. On such remuneration, even in those days, he could not have lived well and died rich, as he did. Secondly, the civil troubles came just at the moment when their effect upon his example would be greatest. For ten years after his death Scotland knew no peace, and art was impossible for any one who would have to make his living by it.

After Jamesone the earliest names in Scottish painting are those of the Scougals, John and George, whose activity extended over the years between 1650 and 1690, or thereabouts. Walpole says nothing of them, and little can be gleaned elsewhere. Scougal the elder, who was much the abler of the two, was a pupil of Lely, and his surviving pictures are mostly portraits of ladies in his master's manner.

After the Scougals the next name we come to is that of William Aikman, who was born at Cairney, in Forfarshire, in 1682, and studied art at Edinburgh under the naturalised Spaniard, Sir John Medina. There is a certain weak amiability about Aikman's work; the most interesting example of it, perhaps, is an unfinished picture of the Royal Family, in three compartments, triptych-wise, now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. Several of Aikman's portraits have been engraved, and he has left two etchings. Aikman died in London in 1731, it is said of grief for the loss of his son. The bodies of both were transported to Scotland, and laid in Greyfriars' Churchyard.

About the year 1720 a family of painters named Alexander began to be busy in Edinburgh. The eldest of them—John Alexander—was the pupil and son-in-law of Alexander Jamesone, a descendant of the great George. Alexander has the credit of having invented a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was often repeated; and while in Rome, where some of his art education was obtained, he etched six not ineffective plates after Raphael.

More important than any of these was the painter to 'Farmer George'—Allan Ramsay. The son of Allan Ramsay the poet and of Christian Ross, he was born at Edinburgh in 1713. His descent from the house of Dalhousie, unlike too many painters' pedigrees, is beyond dispute, for the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' was grandson to the Laird of Cockpen, a brother of the chief. Edwards tells us, in his 'Anecdotes,' that Ramsay was self-taught, and we first hear of him in a letter from his father to the painter Smibert, which is dated 1736. Part is worth quoting:—

'My son Allan has been pursuing his science since he was a dozen years auld; was with Mr. Hyssen* in London for some time, about two years ago; has since been painting here like a Raphael; sets out for the seat of the Beast beyond the Alps within a month hence, to be away two years. I'm sweer to part with him, but canna stem the current which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclination.'

The patronage withheld from the father, says Cunningham, was, in a fit of repentance, bestowed on the son, who left Edinburgh for Rome in June 1736. In Italy he stayed two years, working under Solimena and Imperiali; after which he found his way home to Scotland, where he painted a few portraits, among them an excellent picture of Archibald, Duke of Argyll, which now hangs in the Glasgow Exchange.

The exact period of Ramsay's migration to London is unknown, but about 1764 he painted the portrait to which Reynolds alluded when he wished to show legs with Ramsay's 'Lord Bute!' The story of Ramsay's success, from the cash point of view, is so well known that I need here note only that he was made Painter to the King on the death of the now utterly forgotten Shakelton, and that from 1767, the date of his appointment, to his death, he conducted a sort of picture-mill, from which painted Georges and Charlottes were turned out with profusion and punctuality. Ramsay had six regular assistants: David, called Davie, Martin, a fellow Scot; a woman, Mrs. Black; and four foreigners, Eikhart, Vandycke, Roth, and Vesperies. To these he added in later years a seventh, the well-known Philip Reinagle, the story of whose toil upon fifty pairs of 'Kings and Queens' has been so often told. Ramsay made four journeys to Italy, the last in search of health. He died in 1784, a few days after he had landed at Dover. Ramsay's portraits had the credit of being good likenesses. He was a good draughtsman, a harsh colourist, and, speaking broadly, an artist without either individuality or finesse. His work is now of interest only for his sitters.

* Hans Huzssing, a Swedish painter, who came to England in 1700, and lived many years with Michael Dahl.

A year later than Ramsay died Alexander Runciman, who had been born fifty years before at Edinburgh, and had gone through some vicissitudes in his comparatively short life. His training in art was acquired partly in Foulis's Academy at Glasgow, partly at Rome, whither he made his way in 1766 with his brother John. Six years later he returned to England, and lodged in Leicester Square with Hogarth's widow. He had won some reputation by a picture of *Nausicaa and Ulysses* sent home from Italy; in which the critics of the time had detected 'the fine drawing of Julio Romano' and 'the deep, juicy lustre of Tintoret!' But his fame was not so great but that Lord Charlemont could speak of him as 'a young gentleman who lodged in widow Hogarth's house,' when there was question of his being employed to engrave the *Lady's Last Stake*. This project came to nothing, however. Judging from the few etchings Runciman has left behind, it could never have come to much. Runci-

man was better with his tongue than with brush or burin. Among his friends were most of the leading spirits of his native city; so that, when the mastership of the 'Trustees' Academy' fell vacant in 1773, he was appointed to the post. His last twelve years were spent in his native country; where he decorated the great hall at Penicuik with subjects from Ossian, painting between times many easel pictures, and, in the last two years of his life, an altarpiece, which is still in the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate. Runciman fell down dead in West Nicolson Street on the 21st of October, 1785. His style in painting is an exaggeration of Fuseli's. His pictures are all legs, arms, and flying draperies. In colour, too, they are unpleasant, the general hue being a cold, slaty grey. Runciman's brother, John, died at Naples in 1766; after showing powers which, had he lived to maturity, would have given him a place much above that of Alexander.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

CAPRESE.

THE birthplace of Michelangelo is so remote and inaccessible a spot, that few indeed turn aside from the ordinary routes of travel in order to visit it; yet it lies in the midst of scenery so striking and romantic, that, apart from the peculiar interest of its associations, it merits a few words of description.

It was in the summer of the year 1871 that I was enabled to visit it, while travelling in the company of three friends to the source of the Tiber; a record of which expedition was afterwards published by Mr. W. Davies, in a book entitled 'The Pilgrimage of the Tiber.' We learnt whilst halting at Pieve di San Stefano, that by making a day's *détour* we could visit Caprese, the birthplace of Michelangelo; and we thereupon determined not to lose so favourable an opportunity of exploring it.

Pieve di San Stefano is a small country town, on the borders of that wild and rugged region of the Appenines where the Tiber rises. It is the first place the river encounters, when, as a torrent in the winter, or as a puny, trickling stream in the summer season, it escapes from impending precipices and the

obstructive presence of a multitude of rocks and boulders, amongst which it has up to this point fretfully made its way.

The road from Pieve di San Stefano to Caprese is of the roughest description, and very

glad we were to avail ourselves of the excellent donkeys of the country; and, further, our journey was rendered agreeable by the sight of the hill country, fruitful with corn and olive and vine. It was the month of July, and the peasants, men and women, were



CAPRESE.

still busy harvesting amongst the olive-trees.

The first view of Caprese was striking. Upon gaining the brow of a hill we overlooked the valley of the Singerna, a small tributary of the Tiber, hemmed in by a range of mountains which divides it from the valley of the Arno. Isolated from these more distant mountains, there arose in the plain an abrupt and conical hill, at the base of which flowed the Singerna, while upon the apex of the cone, just distinguishable, was the Palazzo Comunale, our journey's goal. In due course we passed the stream, and scrambled up the steep side of the hill; and as we approached the

summit the scenery was decidedly remarkable, not only on account of the fine prospect over the adjacent country, for the hill itself is overgrown with clumps of coppice-oak, interspersed with protruding masses of volcanic rock, and loose cinders lie in the hollows such as are seen upon the slopes of Vesuvius.

Caprese, which crowns the summit, is a village of the smallest dimensions, consisting of a few insignificant cottages, a chapel, and the Palazzo Comunale—the latter a substantial stone building which has seen better days. The windows face a small piazza; beside the doorway a modern marble tablet commemorates the unity of the kingdom of Italy; and likewise let into the wall are the fragments of carved escutcheons of former governors. We searched in vain for the arms of the Buonarroti; nor was our want of success surprising, for when Ludovico, the father of Michelangelo, was Podesta of Caprese, the Buonarroti family had no armorial bearings; though afterwards Michelangelo, believing, in perfect good faith, in his relationship with the noble family of Canossa, adopted their cognizance—a dog rampant gnawing a bone. A letter is extant written by Alexander, Count of Canossa, to Michelangelo, in which he claims to be a relation of the renowned artist, through one Messer Simone of Canossa. Later investigations have, however, discredited the tradition. The outer wall of the Palazzo is flush with the

precipitous declivity which has the Singerna at its base.

The day was already far spent when we arrived, and entrance was delayed by the absence of the keys, for the custode who kept them was harvesting in the valley below. A lad was despatched to fetch him, and in the meanwhile the chapel bell was tolled to warn him that something unusual had occurred. Upon gaining admittance, we found on the ground-floor a central chamber with smaller ones leading

above the doorway connecting the two chambers, which runs as follows:—

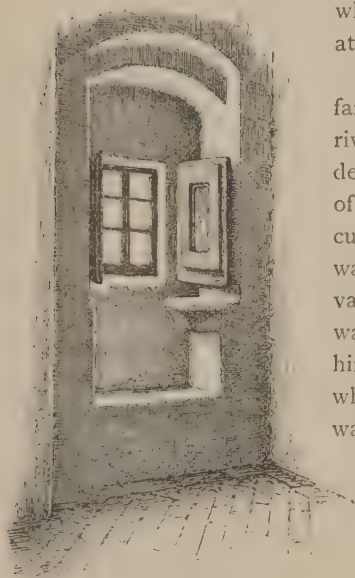
*Qui vi Nacque
L'immortale
Michel 'Angelo
BUONARROTI
Nell'anno 1474 Visse 89 anni
E Morì in Roma nell' A 1564*

The only point of interest or character about the room, some 26 feet x 18 feet, is the manner in which the windows are recessed with seats, of which I give a sketch.

At the time of Michelangelo's birth his father, Ludovico Buonarroti Simoni, was Podesta, or chief magistrate, of the neighbouring towns of Caprese and Chiusi, but he only held this post for the brief period of six months, after which he returned with his family to Florence. It was the custom of Ludovico to register family events, and he made the following memorandum of the birth of his second son: 'I record that on this day the sixth of March, 1474, a son was born to me: I gave him the name of Michelagnolo and he was born in Caprese: the Godfathers were those below named. He was baptized on the eighth day of the same month in the church of San Giovanni of Caprese. These are the Godfathers.' Then follows a list of eight. We find the name of the artist written variously. Michaelangelo is the English way of spelling it; Michelangelo the Italian, likewise used by English authors. It is also written with an apostrophe, thus, Michel'-angelo, which denotes that the final e of Michele is omitted for the sake of euphony. It will be remarked that Michelagnolo is the form used by his father. This spelling represents a usual pronunciation of the painter's name in Tuscan dialect. Agnello and Agnelino are still to be heard in the neighbourhood of Florence. As the painter's parents were Tuscan there is nothing surprising in his father's using the common pronunciation of his native district. It was from a certain Buonarrota, son of Berlinghieri, born 1228, that the family name of Buonarroti came, and the son of Buonarrota was Simone, whose name also was preserved as a family surname.

Caprese has derived neither fame nor honour from being the birthplace of Michelangelo, and its connexion with the great artist is limited to the one circumstance of his having been born there.

Much has been written about Cadore, the birthplace of Titian. Its influence upon the genius of the painter has been pointed out, and traces of resemblance between the mountain peaks of Cadore and those depicted in the backgrounds of some of his pictures have been remarked upon.



WINDOW IN THE PALAZZO COMUNALE.

from it, which suggested by their dismal appearance that they had been used as prison-cells. On the first floor are two spacious apartments, one leading from the other, whitewashed and bare. It was in one of these rooms that Michelangelo was born; and the fact is recorded by an inscription painted on the wall

Such advantages belong not to Caprese. As sculptor and painter of frescoes, Michelangelo dispensed with backgrounds. Though tempted to surmise that the grand and rugged scenery familiar to the child may have exerted some influence upon the aspiring and fiery genius of the man, the most audacious theorist would be silenced when confronted by the well-ascertained fact that his hero quitted the scene of his nativity at the tender age of six months; and when he further reads that the infant was afterwards 'given to nurse to a woman of Settignano,' a village on the slope of the hills which

rise to the north-east of the city of Florence, and not far from which, surrounded by vines and olives, stands the villa, which then belonged to the Buonarroti.

The sun was about to sink behind the horizon of distant mountains, when we turned our backs upon Caprese and began to descend to the plain; and proposing to reach Borgo di San Sepulchro that evening, some twelve miles distant, we urged our asses to their best pace. At the foot of

the hill our guide turned aside from the road we had previously followed, and led us along the valley of the Singerna, which wound between the richly wooded slopes of the mountains.

The scenery was charming, but darkness all too soon overtook us; the path disappeared, and we were forced to keep to the dry bed of the river, a waste of stones and boulders, every now and again fording the stream as it shifted its course from one side to the other of the bottom. It was a fatiguing march for our sure-footed and patient beasts. Fortunately, it was a lovely summer evening, and soon the friendly moon



PALAZZO COMUNALE, CAPRESE.

rose and rendered distinct the pale stretch of rocks and pebbles that kept opening out before us in the midst of the dusky landscape. Finally, we reached the junction of the Singerna and the Tiber, where a few scattered houses constitute the village named Madonnina. Here we struck the highroad, and at an Osteria found a carriage waiting, which quickly transported us to Borgo di San Sepulchro, the next town to Pieve di San Stefano that the Tiber passes upon its sea-bound course.

EDGAR BARCLAY.

'COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME.'

FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY THE LATE WARWICK BROOKES.

THIS drawing from Waugh's Lancashire song was made by the artist when his life-stream had well-nigh ebbed away, and when work from nature was not possible. The subject is unusual with him, for he delighted in the highest and most refined aspects of human life. Vulgarities or caricatures were wholly out of his range, and in the present instance there is neither. The husband is not a sot nor the wife a shrew: they are in their working clothes, but are young and well-favoured. In look and action the wife is earnest and appealing, her features somewhat sharpened by toil and care; the man is not repellent, for he rests his hand on her shoulder while he listens to her appeal, and replies,—

'God bless tho, my lass; aw'll go whoam,
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd;
Thae knows that wherever aw roam
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd;

Aw con do wi' a crack o'er a glass,
Aw con do wi' a bit ov a spree,
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer an' thee !'

When Waugh wrote this song he was forty years of age; he is now seventy, and his townsmen have recently honoured themselves and him by giving him a public dinner. The song was first sung, or recited, by him at some bowling-club merry-making; and it appeared for the first time in print in the 'Manchester Advertiser,' achieving an instantaneous popularity which has continued undiminished to the present hour.

It is a subject of regret that Mr. Brookes has not left us at least as many pictures of the present class as Waugh has given us songs; for although the bias of his mind was so strongly towards the refined and ideal, yet—being Lancashire born and bred, and



brimming with humour and keen insight into character—there can be no doubt that his drawings would have had a high value; they would have given the massive strength, sturdiness, and humour of the Lancashire character without its grossness and vulgarity.

The second reproduction is from one of a series of very fine illustrations which Mr. Brookes made from the 'Journal of a Poor Vicar,' one of the most touching and pathetic stories to be found in any language.

A poor Wiltshire parson, of the Dr. Primrose type, records, in the simplest but most pathetic words, a tale of clerical rapacity on one hand, of suffering and heroic endurance on the other. The father is a type of Christian virtue; the daughters are

finely-contrasted, thoroughly delightful specimens of girlhood and womanhood. In the darkest December of their fortunes the younger has a golden dream of New-Year's happiness, which, though not literally, is substantially fulfilled.

The history of this 'Journal' is curious. It ap-

peared, but as a fragment only, in the 'British Magazine' of November, 1766. In the April preceding there was a notice, in the same magazine,

of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' by Goldsmith, who frequently wrote in its pages. This fragment was copied into the (American) 'Boston Chronicle' of 1766. Subsequently it was taken in hand and expanded in a very happy manner by the Prussian Zchokke, an excellent and voluminous writer, one time Governor of Bâle, and who lived until 1848. From the German of Zchokke it was translated by Mr. Furness of Philadelphia, and published in an American magazine. In 1845 it was published by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers in their 'Miscellany;' and in 1856 it ap-

peared, with the original fragment and notes, in 'Titan,' a continuation of 'Hogg's Instructor.' It is known that Goldsmith was at work on his 'Vicar of Wakefield' in 1762, and the probability is that the fragment of 1766 was written by him.

T. LETHERBROW.



SCENE FROM THE 'JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR.' BY WARWICK BROOKES.

MR. WEDMORE'S CATALOGUE OF MR. WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS.

MR. WEDMORE has done this piece of work very carefully and well. He has catalogued two hundred and fourteen etchings, whereas his predecessor in the work, Mr. Thomas, only catalogued about eighty. The present list gives all measurements in inches and their fractions, and also in the more precise and convenient form of millimètres. The descriptions, so far as we have been able to test them, are perfectly accurate; but we have no pretension to any knowledge of Mr. Whistler's

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work approaching in extent and thoroughness to that which Mr. Wedmore has acquired. Mr. Wedmore himself says that many of the etchings are unknown to the amateur even to this day.

There is, of course, no matter for review in a catalogue, unless it were to criticise the works of art themselves, which would be beyond our present duty. Besides, Mr. Whistler has himself revealed to the world that he is excessively sensitive to criticism, painfully remembering every expression

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that may even seem to be less than laudatory; and we have no desire to hurt the feelings of an artist who has sometimes given us pleasure.

Mr. Wedmore, in the introduction to the present catalogue, almost expresses his regret that he once told Mr. Whistler, 'with much plainness, if levity, of speech, that when in the Realms of the Blest he desired, on meeting Velasquez and Rembrandt, not to disappoint them, he must be provided with his Thames etchings in their finest states.' The allusion here is to a belief which somehow had gained currency (but which, of course, must have been altogether groundless), that Mr. Whistler really did consider himself as a painter in some way comparable to Velasquez, and as an etcher to Rembrandt.

Mr. Wedmore reproduces from one of Mr. Whistler's publications (Mr. Dowdeswell's set of twenty-six etchings, published in 1886) eleven 'Propositions' about etching, which are interesting as expressions of the artist's opinion on certain technical points. He is opposed to large plates, but there is nothing new or original in this, as the reasons for confining etchings to small plates were given long ago by Charles Blanc. Proposition V. seems to be an onslaught upon Mr. Haden's noble and powerful etching of *Calais Pier*:—

'V.—That the huge plate, therefore, is an offence, its undertaking an unbecoming display of determination and ignorance, its accomplishment a triumph of unthinking earnestness and uncontrolled energy—endowments of the 'duffer.'"

The following may be for Mr. Herkomer and M. Rajon, who have shown a taste for *remarques* on the copper margin (light by-sketches introduced by these artists with great skill to mark a certain state of the plate):—

'VI.—That the custom of *Remarque* emanates from the amateur, and reflects his foolish facility beyond the border of his picture, thus testifying to his unscientific sense of its dignity.

'VII.—That it is odious.'

Mr. Whistler disapproves of copper margin round an etching:—

'VIII.—That, indeed, there should be no margin on the proof to receive such *Remarque*.

'IX.—That the habit of margin, again, dates from the outsider, and continues with the collector, in his unreasoning connoisseurship, taking curious pleasure in the quantity of paper.'

These propositions about margin imply a condemnation of the practice of Samuel Palmer. The case cannot be justly stated with Mr. Whistler's extreme brevity. It is quite true that a copper margin is entirely superfluous in such a plate as Mr. Whistler's *Putney*, published in Mr. Wedmore's 'Four Masters of Etching,' quite true that such a subject would lose by having four lines drawn round it, leaving a margin outside; but the reason is that there is already a large surface of blank copper which, in the impression, gives the tranquillity required. In Samuel Palmer's etchings, on the contrary, the *etched* portion of the copper is always entirely covered with work; he did not make use of blank paper in the etching itself, and therefore felt the need of it in the copper margin, which ensured a quiet space of smooth *pressed* paper between the etched work and the rougher margin or mount, answering to the flat between a picture and the ornamented part of the frame. Another reason is, that a dark etching ends disagreeably all round if it is not limited by a well-defined line. The truth is, that both Mr. Whistler's practice and that of Samuel Palmer are justified by the character of their art.

Mr. Wedmore tells an amusing anecdote at the end of the foot-note from which the above extracts have been borrowed. He says of Mr. Whistler:—

'When I reminded him that in the matter of margin Méryon sometimes agreed with him—the *Rue des Mauvais Garçons* being, somehow, never found with a margin—Mr. Whistler was not so pleased, as I had hoped he would be. "Ah! but Méryon," said Mr. Whistler, "whom you have taken out of his comfortable place—he was not a great artist."

Mr. Whistler's opinion about praise given to a rival may be expressed, we surmise, in the laconic terms of his own Seventh Proposition:—

'VII. That it is odious.'

EDITOR.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Royal Academy, if a powerful, is a much-abused body. The clique which is committed to the cry of 'Academic injustice' continues to cavil at the very efforts towards wider measures which it ought to welcome. At a meeting of the Royal Academy Council, held the last week of January, Mr. Wells' plan for the creation of a third or affiliated class of a hundred painters chosen from among outsiders—the rank and file of British artists—whose pictures should have certain precedence in selection for the annual exhibition, and from among whom Associates should be chosen, was passed for discussion in committee. Nevertheless, the discontented are discontented still, and hail this well-meant move of the Academic body as

merely an extension of the principle of privilege, which is the root of all evil. However, the matter is not ended, and Mr. Wells' scheme may come out of committee with a transmuted face.

The rapid shifting of minor exhibitions in Bond Street hardly allows time for monthly record. At the Fine Art Society's rooms, sketches in *The Land of Burns and Scott*, by Mr. McWhirter, A.R.A., have succeeded Mr. Brett's pictures. M. Roussoff's rainbow-hued reminiscences of Venice are followed by the grey rainy-weather studies among the Norfolk Broads and Rivers by Mr. E. H. Fahey, transcripts sometimes tender

or quietly picturesque, but to say the least untouched by erratic fire or emphatic sentiment. At Messrs. Dowdeswell's a collection of Mr. B. J. M. Donne's clever and rather flashy sketches in Switzerland and Italy has been gathered for we think the third time. At Messrs. Maclean's illustrations of the scenery on the Riviera, by Mr. J. Surtees, have been on view.

THE photogravure of Mr. Holman Hunt's *Triumph of the Innocents* proves disappointing, notwithstanding the intermediary efforts of engraver and artist with the mechanical process. The picture, despite the heaviness of its elaborated and peculiar technic, was brilliant in parts, and in contrasted light and shade. But the reproduction is painfully heavy and monotonous, and one must avow that photo-engraving has in this instance failed, because unsuitable to the particular case.

THE surplus funds of that respectable defunct artistic body, the British Institution, are, it is to be feared, likely to suffer diminution in the contest between the Trustees and the Charity Commissioners. The latter body claim to dispose of these funds, but, having asked advice at the chief art-centres as to the best means of doing so, and taken none of it, they cling to a scheme of their own which meets with nobody's approval, least of all with that of the Trustees, who desire to maintain the traditions of the Institution and the intentions of the original subscribers. So the legal authority of the Commissioners is to be tested. Meantime we agree with several of our contemporaries in the Press, that few better plans could be hit upon than placing the funds at the disposal of the Directors of the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery for the purchase of works by British artists.

A BARON VON BIEL has left 3000 marks to be expended yearly in the encouragement of fresco-painting in Germany; there seems to be no restriction as to place, subject, or style. The award is in the disposal, successively, of the Academies of Düsseldorf, Munich, and Berlin, and the united art-schools of Karlsruhe, Darmstadt, and Stuttgart, for the localities of which the towns respectively are the art-centres. The award was given last year to Herr L. Peil, for his *Thanksgiving after the Battle of Leuthen*. This year the chance will fall to the students of the art-schools in Hesse, Würtemberg, and Baden. Fortunately fresco in Germany is a more familiar and more cheaply achieved process than with us, where a hundred and fifty pounds would barely tempt a painter into the honourable ambition of mural painting. But Baron von Biel's example, if followed this side of the Channel on a larger scale, might do something towards encouraging the high art that cannot be developed out of the best Academic or other training without opportunity for practice. There is plenty of bare wall and ceiling space to be covered if money and artists were forthcoming. The Board Schools alone might keep an army of decorators at work, let alone the people's clubs, and parish rooms, and such-like places, all of which depend as it is on the uncertain efforts of philanthropic amateurs or students for artistic enlivenment. Some of Bendemann's best work was given to the decoration of a school-house in Düsseldorf, to cite only one familiar instance of the application of high-class mural painting in Germany to buildings in public use other than civic or palatial.

A SOCIETY has been formed to facilitate the artistic commerce between England and Australia; Mr. Ayerst Ingram is elected President, and Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., and the heads of the two Water-colour Societies, have given their names and support as honorary members. A good many pictures of course find their way to Australia, but some systematic organization of exhibitions at the antipodes on a fuller and more representative scale than heretofore, might help to solve the yearly increasing enigma where is the market for all the good pictures produced in the twelvemonth within the coasts of Great Britain.

MR. F. MADOX BROWN is painting the arch spandrels of the Jubilee Exhibition building in Manchester with eight colossal figures, emblematic of the material means by which Commerce moves—Coal, Wealth, &c. Each Colossus has an attendant

genius, for which, however, the invention of the painter has been only taxed to produce one design, the second being merely the same figure reversed in position. To carry out this decoration, Mr. F. M. Brown has had to leave his all but completed series of wall pictures in the town-hall unfinished; but doubtless they will be ready in time for the festival season.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE will sell, during March and April, the splendid collection of prints belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. They include complete sets of Ostade and Vanduyck; nearly complete Rembrandt and Dürer, together with the rare iron plates of the latter; the entire engraved works of Reynolds; the 'Liber Studiorum,' including etchings and engravings; Landseer's engravings in various stages, and other valuable sets.

MR. FISHER UNWIN publishes, under the title 'Romances of Chivalry,' a collection edited by Mr. John Ashton of those legendary tales of adventure and love which in prose or verse formed the staple popular literature from the Middle Ages down to the sixteenth century. Mr. Ashton's work seems carried out rather after the free-and-easy manner struck out in the preface; erudition which may have rewarded the compiler is kept in the background, and the historical element reduced to the amount likely to be acceptable to the lightest of readers. The object has been to tell the tales again in familiar colloquial language, freed from the difficulties of archaic language, but flavoured with a touch of quaint simplicity, and aided by copious extracts from the original text. The cycles of Arthurian and Carolingian legend Mr. Ashton wisely has left alone. But the notable feature of this Christmas book is the abundant illustrations, copied in facsimile from the old MSS. by the editor, who vouches for his own accuracy. The cuts, emphatically dramatic and full of interesting detail in contemporary manners and costume, give the book an especial character and value, and secure for it a larger audience than otherwise would be attracted. Altogether this should prove a very popular gift-book among the publications of the season.

DESHAISNES' 'Histoire de l'Art dans la Flandre, etc., avant le xiv^e Siècle' (3 vols. Lille, 1886) is the most important original contribution to the history of northern mediaeval art that has appeared for some time. The three volumes, excellently printed and well illustrated, contain a mass of information, never before published, bearing upon early art of all kinds. The author has ransacked innumerable collections of archives, and brought away a rich spoil. Not the least of his achievements is the reinstating of a great, but forgotten artist, André Beauneveu of Valenciennes, in something like the position which is his due. He flourished as a painter, miniaturist, and sculptor, towards the end of the fourteenth century. The tomb of Charles V. at St. Denis was alone recognised as his handiwork. Mons. Deshaiesnes has now proved that several MSS. of note were adorned with their fine miniatures by his hand, and he mentions quite a list of existing works of art which can be proved to be his. The author conducts his readers through the various towns of the district, shows them the different existing monuments, and enables them to judge how far what remains may be received as representing the enormous mass of work destroyed. The book is one which no student of mediaeval art can afford to neglect.

THE weighty volume by Herr Henry Thode, on 'Franz von Assisi und die Anfänge der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien,' (Berlin: G. Grot'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung), claims a fuller review than is practicable in our chronicle. The preface strikes the keynote of the writer's principle in working out his subject. St. Francis is taken as one of those typical individuals, who, as epoch-making entities, form the starting-point for the historian. In him a great movement culminated,—the movement of 'Humanity,' which began in the twelfth century, reached its highest point in the thirteenth century, and stretched onwards into the period which saw the growth of humanism, and the reformation. Personal freedom, spiritual poetry, a new art,

and the first symptoms of freedom of thought arose with the rise of free citizenship, and the fading out of the fantastic ideals of the Crusades and of scholastic philosophy. Francis, the peace-maker in the feud between town and ruler, church and crown, preaches the right of the individual and the claims of universal brotherhood on the basis of Catholic-Christian humanity. Under the leading of Francis, and of the more orthodox Dominic, a singular enthusiasm of Christian faith interpenetrates the life of the community, and is evinced in the unparalleled spread of the begging Orders, in the fervour of religious literature, in the outspoken judgments of the greatest poem of the age, and in the new spring of the arts. Round this central group of facts Herr Thode compiles his most interesting volume. The first division of the book contains a life of St. Francis, a piece of vivid literary portraiture, with such personal traits as contemporary record and legendary lore supply; his foundation of the new order of sacrifice and poverty, his death, and his influence on art. Herr Thode has devoted immense care to searching out all the records of the saint in his bodily appearance and personal bearing, as depicted in the earliest portraits and subject-paintings extant, down to the work of Giotto's successors. The portion of the book assigned to a detailed investigation and description of the triple Church of San Francesco, at Assisi, forms one of the best guides yet compiled. Then follows a study of the Franciscan architecture throughout Italy. The second division enters on the significance of attitude of the Franciscan order towards art, in evoking, as it did, the passion for nature and fresh and more human and familiar ways of representing the events of the Christian story. The development of allegory in artistic representations gives material for a chapter of considerable interest. Not an inconsiderable attraction and additional value is added to Herr Thode's book by the illustrations in some process of photo-engraving, from the frescoes and buildings at Assisi and elsewhere. So far as we know it is the first time that the photographs taken direct from the frescoes at San Francesco have been published with text.

M. BRACQUEMOND, the well-known French etcher and original designer, has contributed two articles to the *Journal des Arts* for the 10th and 14th of December, 1886, on 'Engraving and the Processes of Photographic Engraving,' in which he deplores the impending extinction of hand-engraving in consequence of the perfection attained by the photographic processes, and suggests, as the only remedy, the cultivation of originality in engraving and the encouragement of a class of original artists working with the burin or the point. He appeals to publishers and to the State to give encouragement to originality. We fully agree with M. Bracquemond that the future existence of hand-engraving of all kinds is seriously menaced, as no one would recommend a young artist to learn in these days an art so difficult, so laborious, and so little likely to bring any adequate reward; but we have even less hope for the future than M. Bracquemond himself. There can never, we fear, be a sufficient degree of encouragement for originality in engraving when artistic originality has so many easier means of expressing itself. For example, with even the present degree of perfection attained in photographic processes, it is already simpler and easier for an artist to make sketches on paper that can be reproduced as etchings than to make etchings himself, and the sketches are just as original as etchings, whilst the reproductions will be nearer to the intention of the artist than his own etchings on copper, unless he is a most accomplished aquafortist. Mr. Reid's pen-drawings, reproduced by Amand Durand, are examples of this. The photographic engravings from these drawings are so satisfactory to the artist that he does not feel tempted to work directly on the metal. Another well-known artist, who is an able etcher, told us that he now found the photographic processes surer than his own work on copper, besides the great economy of time. Pen-drawings may now be executed for reproduction as etchings, or as engravings of a severer kind; and if the inducement to etch is diminished by recent inventions, the inducement

to work originally with the burin, as Albert Dürer did, can no longer exist for any one. Besides, we fail to see how a class of copyists can become a class of original artists without first all dying out individually and being replaced by new men. Real originality in art is not a common, but a rare, quality. M. Bracquemond himself certainly possesses it, and probably credits others with the same gift.

We think it extremely probable that all kinds of hand-engraving will die out, and be replaced by drawing for reproduction by photographic processes. These processes are now invading everything—book illustration, newspaper illustration, and the large print trade as well. The facility of reduction is greatly in their favour, as it enables publishers to issue dainty little vignettes without straining the eyes of an artist.

M. Bracquemond and our other readers will, no doubt, credit us with sincerity when we express a sympathy with engravers at least as deep as his own, and a lasting regret for what appears to be the fatal doom of a noble art which, in the past, has had its classics, and which, in the future, will probably be preserved only in old works like other dead languages. If engraving is dying out, which we believe to be its actual condition, this is not due to any want of appreciation of its qualities. On the contrary, the qualities of the two great orders of engraving (with the burin and the etching-point) have never been more heartily appreciated than they are at the present day. Fifty years ago, even twenty years ago, it was hardly understood that engraving was a great original art that had its masterpieces, its classics. In those days engraving was looked upon as an imperfect reflection of painting. Now, we quite understand that burin engraving of the highest kind is a great severe art akin to sculpture, and that etching is a great free art akin to painting. The prices given for fine impressions of classical engravings, and also of notable etchings, have never been so high as now, or anything like so high; and yet, by the strangest fatality, it is just when engraving is appreciated and understood that new chemical processes have been discovered which are surely killing it. We are sorry for the dying art, but we have a much livelier sympathy for the few really able engravers still living who find themselves masters of an art that has no future, and now scarcely even a present. Without mentioning names, we may say, only too truly, that there are engravers now living who, in the first half of the present century, would have been continually in request, and who are now compelled to practise cheaper and more rapid methods to eke out an uncertain income. Others become 'artist-workmen' in establishments for the production of photographically engraved plates, so that they actually have to serve the new power that is undermining their profession.

The effect upon art of the change from engraving to photographic reproduction is too large a question to be treated here, but we may say briefly that this kind of reproduction certainly gives encouragement to drawing of an original kind in black and white, and that since photographic reproductions have been scattered abroad the public has been educated by them to a better appreciation of drawings and sketches generally. This is the gain to be set against the decline of engraving. We remember the time when painting and highly finished engraving were the popular forms of art, and when the drawings of great masters were only known to artists and a few connoisseurs.

THE contemporary school of French engraving has lost a distinguished ornament by the death of M. Gaillard. He was an able draughtsman and painter, and brought to the work of interpretative engraving the sensitive perceptions and sympathetic skill of a true artist. As an engraver after early Italian masters no one exceeded him in purity of line, and silvery and luminous tone. Among his best-known works are *The Vierge au Donateur*, after Gian. Bellini; *The Condottiere*, after Ant. da Messina; a series of decorative figures from Pompeii, and many engravings after modern French painters especially Ingres. M. Gaillard's original medallion portraits of the Popes were also very fine. Many of his plates appeared in the '*Gazette des Beaux-Arts*.'



ON THE SEA-SHORE.

PAINTED BY PHILIP WOUVERMAN. ETCHED BY A. MASSÉ.

THE small picture—only sixteen inches wide—from which this plate is etched, is one of the most attractive of the eight works by the famous painter of hunting scenes and battle-pieces which the National Gallery contains. Although the subject is a quiet one, and affords no scope for the display of the artist's skill in the representation of lively

action, there is such freshness and reality in the treatment, and such delicacy in the execution, that it may rank among his best works. The picture belonged to Sir Robert Peel's collection, and was formerly in the cabinet of Queen Elizabeth of Spain, whose arms are stamped on the back of the panel.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

II.—*David Allan, Sir Henry Raeburn, Alexander Nasmyth, George Watson, Thomson of Duddingston, John Wilson.*

FROM the death of Jamesone to the birth of Raeburn, Scotland produced no painter who was at once national and able. Names are numerous enough—Allan Cunningham quotes some six or eight men, who were all painting in Edinburgh, with more or less success, about the middle of the eighteenth century. But their works have now disappeared. Gavin Hamilton stood upon a different level; but his fame, which even yet has some vitality, did not rest upon his pictures. At present, perhaps, our gratitude is due to him more for the presence of Leonardo's *Madonna* in the National Gallery than for aught else. He excavated a good many of the Townley Marbles, however; and published a fair collection of some forty prints after the great Italian masters. The name of Archibald Skirving, too, is remembered for qualities other than those he put into his pictures. He was a miniaturist of some skill; but his ambition was to be known by his wit. Elaborate jokes that are no jokes are too often a weakness of his countrymen; and Cunningham relates one which exactly suits the man we see in the etching by Geddes. Skirving visited London, and was taken by Cunningham to Chantrey's studio; where, among other things, they found a bust of Edward Bird, the painter. 'Well, and who is that?' asked Skirving. 'It is Bird—Bird of Bristol.' 'Bird! what strange bird is he?' 'He is an eminent painter.' 'Painter! and what does he paint?' 'Ludicrous subjects, sir.' 'Ludicrous subjects! have you sat?' &c. Skirving's right to be thought a wit may be judged from this.

As an artist he had some skill in pastel; and could always point to a residence of some years at Rome as a sort of guarantee of his powers. John Browne—John Bogle, 'a little lame man, very poor, very proud, and very singular,' whose best production is said to have been a miniature of the Lady Eglinton to whom the 'Gentle Shepherd'

is addressed; and David Allan, to whom the foolish name of the 'Scottish Hogarth' was given, were all at work about the same time as Skirving.

David Allan was born at Alloa in 1744. He studied, in the first place, at Foulis's Academy in Glasgow; but in 1764 was sent to Rome. There he distinguished himself by carrying off the gold medal of the Academy of St. Luke, for a picture of a Corinthian girl tracing the silhouette of her lover, or the *Invention of Drawing*. In 1777 Allan returned to England, and for three years supported himself by portrait-painting in London. Four drawings of the Roman carnival were aquatinted for him by Paul Sandby, and published in 1781; but the same year he settled in Edinburgh. There he painted portraits for a year or two; but in 1786 was chosen to be head of the 'Edinburgh Academy of Arts.' This post he occupied till his death in 1796. To Allan must be given the credit of showing the path afterwards followed by Wilkie. He was the first to paint Scottish national life. The characters of the Scotch and the Dutch have much in common. With vigour, shrewdness, and humour, both are so richly endowed, that no observant artist can fail to find good material in the lower ranks of either. But it was not until he was over forty years of age that Allan left classicality for nature, and he died at fifty-three. The works on which his repute will rest are designs for the illustration of books. The best are those in the 'Gentle Shepherd,' which are engraved as well as drawn by himself. To his mastership of the Academy may be traced a good deal that afterwards became characteristic of the Scottish School. David Allan's autograph portrait is in the Scottish National Gallery.

In my first article I passed the name of David Martin, the assistant of Ramsay, without remark. Now, however, I must say a word or two about him, because, towards the end of the century, he was the

best employed painter in Scotland. He became, too, for a time, the competitor of Raeburn, playing 'Romney' to his 'Reynolds.' Martin was twenty years the elder of the pair; he was born in 1736, and, like his rival, he improved his position by marrying a woman of property. His career in Edinburgh was interrupted by a sojourn in London about 1779; but he returned to his native place about 1782, and lived there till his death, which took place in 1798. Martin was a good engraver; his best plate is one in line from his own full-length portrait of Lord Mansfield. An autograph portrait of himself is in the Scottish National Gallery. He is sometimes called the master of Raeburn, but the teaching he gave was slight enough, as we shall see.

Henry Raeburn was born at Stockbridge, then a pretty suburb of Edinburgh, on the 4th of March, 1756. His family is said to have come from the Border. The painter himself used to say, only half in fun, he was 'Raeburn of that ilk,' and, as a fact, there is a hill farm in Annandale called Raeburn, from which the name may very well have been taken. The painter's head confirms the notion of his Border descent. It has all the massiveness, especially about the brows and throat, which is so remarkable in the people who live on the 'Marches.' That this conformation descends, as some believe, from the legions which lay for centuries along the Roman wall, I cannot venture to say, but that it goes, as a rule, with a considerable artistic faculty, is certain. Whether the painter was one of the Raeburns of Raeburn or not, would now be as difficult to decide as it has been to trace out the kinship of Michelangelo with the lords of Canossa. We must be content with the knowledge that his father Robert was a successful citizen, and his mother, Ann Elder, a lawful wife. Both parents died when their son Henry was about six. Thenceforth he had to look for protection to friends and to his brother William, his elder by a dozen years. His schooling was done at Heriot's Hospital, which he left at fifteen, having distinguished himself only by the excellent drawings he made on his slate when the master was not looking. The next thing to do was to select a profession. Raeburn curiously chose to be a goldsmith. In the Italy of the fifteenth century such a choice would have led naturally to the easel, but in our sharply divided trades it meant, of course, so much time taken from his true probation. It has been sometimes asserted that art sprang up in him like weeds in a garden, without invitation or help. It has even been declared that he attracted notice by his miniatures before he had ever seen a picture. Such an assertion is absurd. There were plenty of pictures in Edinburgh a hundred years ago, and plenty of bookshops with prints in their windows. It must

then have been as impossible for an intelligent boy to grow to the outskirts of manhood without seeing paintings and other works of art as it is to-day. Raeburn's first miniatures were produced while he was still a goldsmith. Some were seen by his master, a Mr. Gilliland, who descried talent enough in them to induce him to take the lad to David Martin. Martin received him kindly enough, but his help seems to have been confined to the loan of pictures to copy. Cunningham says positively that he refused to tell Raeburn anything about the use of colour, or to help him ever so little over the drudgery of beginning. Raeburn finally broke with Martin, according to the same authority, because the latter falsely accused him of selling one of the copies he had made from the elder man's work.

Early in life Raeburn became the close friend of John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin. Clerk was a bit of an artist himself, and both were very poor. Of their poverty a story is told by Cunningham which will bear repeating. On one occasion when the 'bawbee' was with Clerk, Raeburn was invited to dine with his friend. The two went into the young advocate's lodgings together, and found the landlady laying the table with two plates, on one of which three herrings, and on the other three potatoes, reposed. 'An' is this a'?' shouted John. 'Ay, it's a'.' 'A'! didn't a tell ye, wumman, that a gentleman was to dine wi' me, and that ye were to get six herrin' and six potatoes?' Out of this condition, however, both Clerk and Raeburn soon rose. The story of Raeburn's marriage, too, is curious. When he was in his twenty-second year, a young lady presented herself one day at his studio, and demanded that he should paint her portrait. He recognised her as having crossed his path on some sketching excursion, but otherwise she was a stranger. He painted her, however, and a month later he married her. She must have been older than he, for she was the widow of a Count Leslie, to whom she had borne several children. Her maiden name was Edgar, and she brought her husband a fortune which at once put him above care. Soon after his marriage Raeburn went to London, where he was introduced to Sir Joshua, who advised him to go to Rome, and worship Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel. The President accompanied his advice with the offer of help in money. This offer his possession of a rich wife enabled Raeburn to decline. At Rome, where he stayed two years, he met Gavin Hamilton and studied under Byers, bringing away from the latter a habit which was stranger than now, that of painting nothing without having the object before him. In 1787 he was back in Edinburgh, and painting all comers at a studio in George Street.

Before this time David Martin had returned a

widower from London, and had re-established himself at the head of Scottish art. His cold conventionalities were flowing from his easel in a stream that was to dwindle sadly at the touch of Raeburn's fire. He had not long heard of the latter's return before patrons began to pass him for his rival. In vain he pretended to believe that 'the lad in George Street painted better before he went to Rome.' The public was too strong for him. For some years he struggled on, but at last he abandoned the fight and left his young conqueror to rule alone.

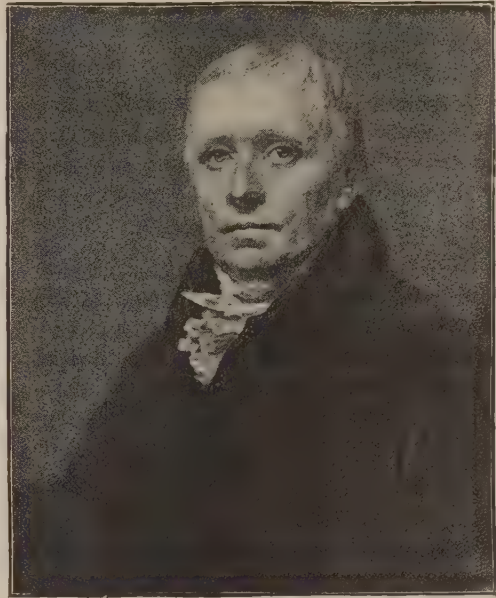
For thirty years after this Raeburn painted hard and lived one of the easiest of lives. His habits are thus described by Cunningham :—

'He was now in his thirty-first year, had fine health, high spirits, a gallery worthy of being seen by people of rank and taste ; and, what was not less pleasant, the bliss of domestic tranquillity. Though his painting-rooms were in George Street, his dwelling-house was at St. Bernard's, near Stockbridge, overlooking the water of Leith, a romantic place. The movements of the artist were as regular as those of a clock. He rose at seven during summer, took breakfast about eight with his wife and children, walked into George Street, and was ready for a sitter by nine ; and of sitters he generally had, for many years, not fewer than three or four a-day. To these he gave an hour and a half each. He seldom kept a sitter more than two hours, unless the person happened—and that was often the case—to be gifted with more than common talents. He then felt himself happy, and never failed to detain the one client till the arrival of another intimated that he must be gone. For a head size he generally required four or five sittings ; and he preferred painting the head and hands to any other part of the body, assigning as a reason that they required least consideration. A fold of drapery, or the natural ease which the casting of a mantle over the shoulder demanded, occasioned him more perplexing study than a head full of thought and imagination. Such was the intuition with which he penetrated at once to the mind, that the first sitting rarely came to a close without his having seized strongly on the character and disposition of the individual. He never drew in his heads, or, indeed, any part of the body, with chalk—a system pursued successfully by Lawrence—but began with the brush at once. The forehead, chin, nose, and mouth, were his first touches. He always painted standing, and never used a stick for resting his hand on ; for such was his accurateness of eye and steadiness of nerve that he could introduce the most delicate touches, or the utmost mechanical regularity of line, without aid or other contrivance than fair, off-hand dexterity. He remained in his painting-room till a little after five o'clock, when he walked home, and dined at six.'

Such a system of steady work could not fail to produce an *œuvre* and a good income. Cunningham complains that the artist kept no account of his expenditure and no list of his sitters ; but awkward as that may make things for his biographer, it betrays a generosity in Raeburn which it warms us to recognise. He said he enjoyed life too much to care for either money or fame. He was happy with the work of the day, and declared portrait-painting to be the most delightful thing in the world. Like

Northcote, perhaps, he would have been content to pass eternity in his studio, asking nothing better than to hold his palette on his thumb and to spread his colour until the end of time !

Raeburn's forty years of activity coincided with the great days of Edinburgh. Burns was in the capital, and had just leapt into fame when he returned from Rome. But the poet, almost alone among then famous Scotchmen, never sat to Raeburn, who is said, however, to have worked in later years on the portrait by Alexander Nasmyth, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery. But Raeburn's list of sitters is hardly



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.B., F.R.S.
BY RAEBURN.

less exhaustive for the Scotland of this day than Sir Joshua's for the England of a generation earlier. The three hundred and twenty-five portraits which were collected in the Galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1876 made up between them a worthy picture of the people who, no less than its site, gave Edinburgh its claim to be called 'The Northern Athens.' Blair, Kames, Mackenzie, Robertson, Hume, Home, Monboddo, Boswell, Adam Smith, Braxfield, Wilson, Hutton, Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, Scott, Jeffrey, Henry Erskine, Clerk of Eldin, and a host more were there. It is doubtful whether any other man ever so completely recorded the society in which he moved. Reynolds enjoyed a success which to that of Raeburn was much what London is to Edinburgh, but even in Sir Joshua's lists there are gaps. Many refused to bow the knee to the President, and preferred to find their way to Pall Mall or Cavendish Square. Raeburn, for a great part of his life, had the field to himself.

The gathering of his works brought together in 1876 probably amounted to about half his total pro-

duction. Three hundred and twenty-five pictures were hung. Of these a few were miniatures, and a few more not really by the hand to which they were ascribed. Perhaps if we guess the total number of Raeburn's portraits at about six hundred, we shall not be far wrong. This total, considerable as it is, falls far short of the two thousand or more turned out by Reynolds. But then Sir Henry was a slower and more conscientious worker than Sir Joshua. He did more of his work himself; he elaborated his pictures more, so far at least as design was concerned, than Reynolds; and, judging from their state, he must have been vastly more careful about the methods and materials he used. His most active time was about the year 1810. He had then been settled for about twelve years in the new house he had built for himself in York Place, with studios on the ground-floor and a gallery above. His sitters had reached the limit of his powers; and tempted partly by the ease with which he added to his wealth, partly by the opportunity given by the building of the New Town of Edinburgh, he had entered upon a building speculation on his land at Stockbridge. From this, more fortunate than most, he took no harm but a love for law; and even from the charms of a 'ganging plea' his natural acuteness brought him off scatheless.

In 1814 Raeburn was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and twelve months later a full R.A. A few years before he had it apparently in mind to migrate to London; from which intention he was perhaps dissuaded by the counsels of Sir Thomas Lawrence. In 1822 George IV. paid his famous visit to Scotland, and Mr. Raeburn became 'Sir Henry,' being appointed soon afterwards the King's 'Limner and Painter in Scotland.' But this preferment came almost too late for his knowledge; for on the very day it was announced he took to his bed, and a week later, on the 8th of July, 1823, he died.

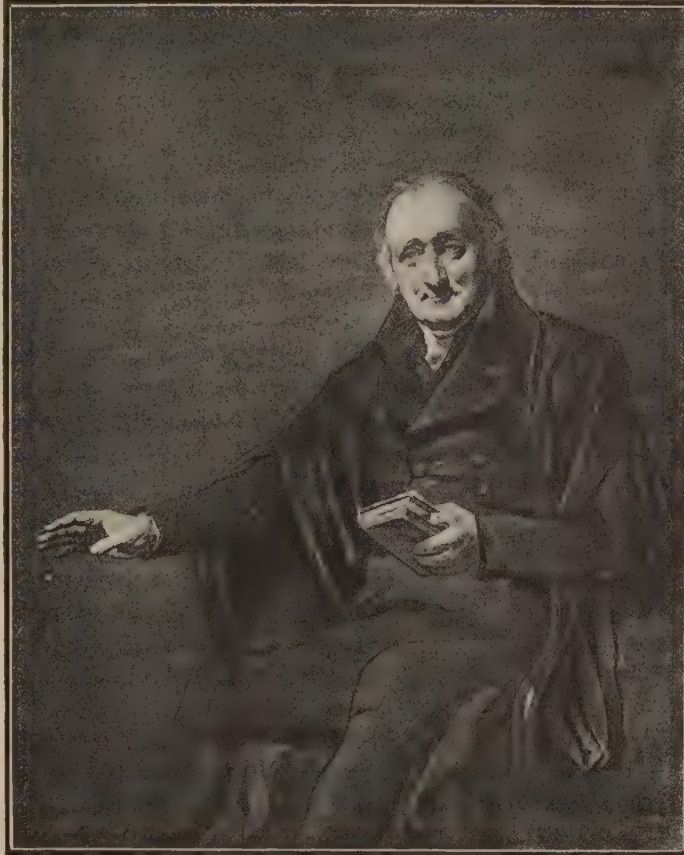
It is not unlikely that Raeburn would have risen into the first rank of artists had the conditions been more favourable. His best portraits show a unity and coherence of conception, combined with a free certainty of handling, that is only to be excelled in the work of two or three very famous men. His colour is of the negative kind. It gives neither pain nor pleasure. Now and then it shows a tendency to heat, but as a rule it is simply quiescent. His skill as a harmonist is shown, however, when he had something trying to do. The portrait of Nathaniel Spens, in the Archers' Hall at Edinburgh, is an instance of this. To paint tartan at all is difficult; but when the tartan is a *criant* green, and spread smoothly over the whole stature of an athletic archer of six feet or more, the task becomes stupendous. And yet Raeburn triumphed. The picture was at Burlington House a few years ago, and excited enthusiasm among English painters. The secret of its success lies in its sim-

plicity,—a simplicity won by careful thought, by freedom from discord in colour, and by breadth and finality in execution. Raeburn's notion of colour was that of a modern Frenchman. *Quality* of tint he did not feel for; harmony and truth of value he aimed at. In his letters from Madrid, Wilkie continually mentions the handling of Velasquez as reminding him of Raeburn; and those who have lately been admiring the Duke of Wellington's magnificent *Innocent X.* at the Old Masters will understand what he meant. The Velasquez has a force and completeness far beyond that of Raeburn's work at its best. It was painted by a man who had grown up among the great Schools; who had lived with Titians and Tintoretos, and had about him crowds of painters, who, slight as their talents may seem in comparison, must at the time have sufficed to drive him to perfect his powers. Raeburn, on the other hand, when his short visit to Italy had faded in his memory, had no person or thing to 'make a pace' for him. His fine taste compelled him to do work that was good; but its stimulus was not enough to make a man without ambition develop his natural resources to the full. His pictures never give an opening for positive criticism. So far as they go, they come near perfection. But the range of his chiaroscuro is too short; his shadows and his high lights are too near each other, which leads to a want of depth and roundness in his modelling, and generally to a want of force. This comes partly, no doubt, from his habit of painting without a rest for his hand. That would lead him to simplify handling as far as possible and to adopt that system of large, square brush-strokes which is more conspicuous with him than with any other painter. With Raeburn these strokes are apt to be too large, so that his breadth occasionally degenerates almost into emptiness, or at least into what would be emptiness but for the consummate knowledge shown in what *is* given. An instance of this is to be seen in the portrait of Francis Horner, now at Bethnal Green. Splendid work up to a certain point, it wants to be carried farther. I do not say this because I have any hankering after the amateur's 'finish,' but because I can see that here the painter's own conception would profit by more force and definition.

The *Lord Newton* which we reproduce from Charles Turner's mezzotint, is one of the finest heads Raeburn ever painted. The original picture is now in the Scottish National Gallery, where it has for companion the half-length of Dr. Alexander Adam. Newton was a Lord of Session from 1806 to 1811. He was alike famous as a *bon-vivant* and mighty drinker and as a 'strong judge.' Stories, too, are told of the skill with which he killed time on the bench. On one occasion a long-winded



advocate, seeing him buried in slumber, sat down, saying to his neighbour, 'I may as well save my breath: my lord is asleep.' 'Asleep, am I? Ah, ye'll find that out presently,' growled out Newton, and proceeded to deliver a trenchant judgment against the complaining counsel. His portrait suffers from the ugly line made by the Scottish substitute for bands. The gown is red, a colour Raeburn never managed very well; he got it, as a rule, too grey, chalky, and neutral. But the dominance of the head, with its combination of judgment and fine humour, makes up for more than such a fault as that. Dr. Adam's portrait is also in the National Gallery of Scotland. It was originally painted for the High School of Edinburgh, of which Adam was Rector from 1768 to 1809. No better example could be named, perhaps, of the painter's treatment of the tenderness of age. Raeburn's own head shows more alertness than his life suggests; like most autograph portraits, it is aggressively candid.



PORTRAIT OF DR. ALEXANDER ADAM. BY RAE BURN.

Alexander Nasmyth was two years younger than Raeburn. He was born in Edinburgh in 1758. After working for a time under Runciman, he betook himself to London, to the studio of Allan Ramsay. Next he went to Italy, where he stayed for some years, finally establishing himself in Edinburgh as a portrait-painter. His portrait of Burns has already been alluded to. It was painted in 1787, from sittings given by the poet, and is now in the Scottish National Gallery. Two replicas of it were made by Nasmyth. One of these is at Bethnal Green. It was originally painted for George Thomson, the friend for whom so many of Burns's finest songs were written. The second copy belongs to Mr. Cathcart, of Auchendrane. On the back of the Edinburgh picture Burns's son wrote a sort of certificate of originality, which still

remains there. On Mr. Cathcart's replica Nasmyth himself wrote this:

ROBERT BURNS,

Painted by Alexr. Nasmyth, being one of three pictures painted by him.

The original Picture,

Painted in Edinr. in 1787, is now in the possession of Mrs. Burns, Dumfries.

The second is in the possession of Mr. G. Thomson, Edinr.

And this picture in the possession of E. Cathcart, Esq., Edinr., 1824.

A. N. 1824.

The original picture was engraved in stipple by John Beugo, for the Edinburgh edition of the poems, in 1787. Burns sat to Beugo, and the plate had the reputation of being even a better likeness than Nasmyth's picture. Nasmyth also painted a small full-length of Burns for his own pleasure, which is now on loan in the gallery at Edinburgh. A note attached to it records Mr. James Nasmyth's recollection that it was painted about 1827 or 1828.

Long before this, however, Alexander Nasmyth

had more or less abandoned portrait-painting for landscape. His landscapes, which are very numerous in Scotland, have all more or less of the topographical character. They betray familiarity with the Dutch school, especially with Hobbema, Ruysdael, and Wynants. Their weakness lies in a want of sympathy with colour and an almost total absence of the faculty for composition. When the painter has happened to choose a good subject, and set up his easel on the right spot, he has produced a picture. But as a rule his work has none of the coherence, significance, and balance, in which real art consists. No canvas of his, numerous as they are, has yet found its way into a public gallery; his pictures are mostly in Scottish private collections; but a picture by his son Patrick, which has lately been hung in the

National Gallery, is so like the elder man's work that it may be used as an example. Alexander had less crispness of handling than we see here ; his chiaroscuro had less force, and his colour even more monotony. But this waterfall by his son (No. 1177 in the catalogue) will give a better idea of his character as an artist than any words of mine. In the last half of his life Nasmyth was much engaged in landscape-gardening, and also on scenery for the Glasgow Theatre. He died at York Place, Edinburgh, on April 10th, 1840, at the age of eighty-two. Besides the painter, Patrick, to whom we shall have to refer later, he had another son, James, the distinguished engineer, who still lives.

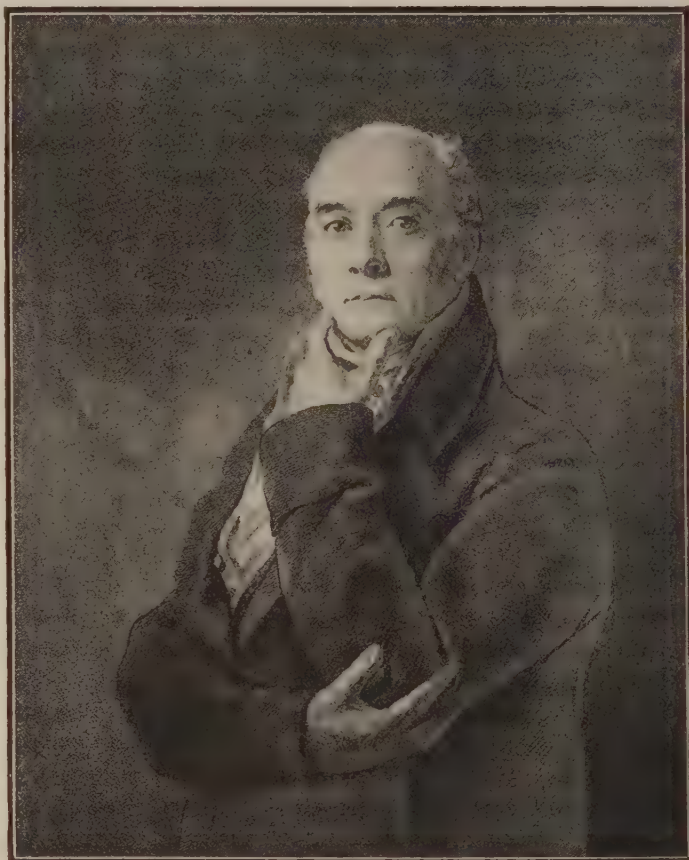
The most distinguished of Nasmyth's many pupils was his son ; but among the rest, George Watson, who became the first President of the Royal Scottish Academy, must not be forgotten. His teaching by Nasmyth did not last long, for at the age of eighteen he entered Sir Joshua's studio in London, where he worked

for two years. About 1790 he settled in Edinburgh, where he played second fiddle to Raeburn. For some years he presided over the associated artists of Scotland, and then on the foundation of the Academy in 1830, he was elected to be the first P.R.S.A. In the Edinburgh Gallery there is a portrait of the above-mentioned Skirving by him, and another of himself. Watson died in 1837. Of his son, W. Smellie Watson, who died in 1874, and enjoyed some repute as a painter of portraits, I shall have to speak later.

So far Scottish art had been mainly portrait-painting. David Allan, no doubt, had taken the life about him for his subject, and Nasmyth had turned to landscape ; but excellence had only been reached

by those whose theme had been the human visage. Towards the end of the century, however, several men were born, who were to add the praise of landscape to their national art. None of these were to rise, indeed, into the first rank, or near it ; but a few among them were at least to display a real love for nature, and a real artistic individuality. Chief among these was the Rev. John Thomson, the well-known minister of Duddingston. Thomson was born in the manse of Dailly, Ayrshire, on the 1st of September, 1778.

He succeeded his father at Dailly ; but in 1805 migrated to Edinburgh, on his presentation to the parish of Duddingston, at the foot of Arthur's Seat. There he made congenial friends ; and for thirty-five years was the centre of a society which he charmed by many talents. He was a fine musician, and in his painting gave evidence of a truer gift for landscape than any other Scotsman of his time. His fame has suffered here through the presence in the National Gallery of an atrocious ex-



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF. BY RAEburn.

ample of his work. Like all amateurs he was very uncertain. Now he would paint a landscape almost worthy of Richard Wilson, and this he would follow up with a performance feeble enough for a school-girl. His model seems to have been Gaspar Poussin, tempered by Claude and Wilson. As a colourist he was conventional ; but he often achieved a silvery harmony which is very agreeable. Unlike most amateurs, he succeeded best when he tried least. Some of his more sketchy pictures, in which the colour is put on freely, with a dexterity and sympathy almost equal to Morland's, hint at a mastery which is to be found in none of his more ambitious pictures. A good instance of this was to be seen last year in a small picture lent to the Old Masters by Lord Wemyss. Of his more elaborate pieces there is

a good example in the Edinburgh Gallery. It is an *Aberlady Bay*. Thomson was often pressed to join artistic societies, but he steadily refused, believing it inconsistent with his cloth. When the Scottish Academy was founded, he consented, however, to his election as an Honorary Academician. He was one of Scott's wide circle of friends; and, indeed, no man of note of the time was a stranger to the manse of Duddingston. There Thomson died on the 20th of October, 1840.

John, or 'Jock,' Wilson, as he was commonly called, was another pupil of Alexander Nasmyth. He was born at Ayr on the 13th August, 1774. He was apprenticed when a boy to a house-painter at Edinburgh, but entered Nasmyth's studio on the completion of his term. He afterwards settled for a time at Montrose, where he painted and taught drawing. In 1798 he came to London, and was engaged as scene-painter at Astley's. In 1807 he exhibited for the first time at the Academy, and in 1810 he married. In 1826 he won a prize of 100 guineas from the British Institution for a sketch of the *Battle of Trafalgar*. In 1824 he had become a

foundation member of the Society of British Artists, and for the rest of his life he was a constant contributor to its shows. He also exhibited regularly with the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he was elected an honorary member. He died on the 29th of April, 1855. At the present moment his very name seems to be forgotten, but there is much in his art to give it renewed vitality when the day comes for his pictures to be better known. The South Kensington Museum has lately acquired a fair example, which seems to have suffered, however, from some change of pigment in the sky. It is a shore piece; horses and carts are unloading a beached vessel under a lowering sky. The scene appears to be the coast between Folkestone and Shornecliffe, with an old martello tower, which has, I fancy, been lately demolished. It is a well-conceived and vigorously painted picture, a little red and lurid in colour, but capitally composed. 'Jock' Wilson had gifts beyond his art. Endowed with a keen observation and a wonderful memory, he had great conversational powers, and in his last years at Folkestone he was never without a circle of delighted listeners.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE SKIRTS OF LONDON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

II.

IT is to the buildings north of Oxford Street that our stranger will direct his chief attention if he wishes to observe the growth of London. The property in this quarter, with the exception of a small portion on the site of which Stratford Place now stands, was divided between two families, whose estates were separated by Marylebone Lane, the windings of which mark the ancient course of the Tyburn rivulet. About 270 acres to the west of this boundary belonged to the ancient stock of the Portmans, of Orchard Portman in Somerset, and Bryanstone in Dorset, whose estates, after passing in the female line to a Seymour and a Berkeley, became vested again, by change of name, in owners bearing the old appellation of the family. All the land to the east, as far as Tottenham Court Road, had been the inheritance of Henrietta, daughter of John Holles, duke of Newcastle, by his wife, a Cavendish of Welbeck. Henrietta had married Edward Harley, earl of Oxford and Mortimer, from whose first title Oxford Street derives its name, and her estate descended to their only daughter, Margaret, who carried it into the Portland family by marrying William Bentinck, duke of Portland and marquis of Titchfield.

The eastern estate, as might have been expected, was the first to be built upon. Cavendish Square, or, as it was first called, Oxford Square, was begun early

in the eighteenth century. But for many years the builders made slow progress, and when George III. came to the throne, the space they had covered with houses behind Oxford Street does not seem to have extended further east from Marylebone Lane than Wells Street, or further back than Queen Anne Street at most. Berners Street and Newman Street* sprang up soon afterwards. The earlier streets in this quarter were named after the ground-landlords, their titles, or their country-seats: thus, besides the streets called after the peerages, there were Holles, Harley, Bentinck, Henrietta, Margaret, John, and Edward Streets; and besides Welbeck Street, we find Wigmore Street, named from Wigmore Castle, the original seat of the Harleys; Wimpole Street, from Wimpole, which belonged to the same family until it was purchased by Lord Hardwicke; and Bolsover Street, from Bolsover in Derbyshire, where the Cavendishes had a mortuary chapel. Edward Street and Bolsover Street were effaced when Regent Street was laid out. Meanwhile the speculators had set to work on the Portman property, and had built a group of streets, among which we find some family designations, and two other names, each of which was twice repeated in

* Rathbone Place had been built by one Rathbone, a lessee, as early as 1718.

this district, viz., Quebec Street and Adam Street. It has been remarked by a writer of authority that these names furnish us at once with the general date of the buildings (1759) and the name of the architects. Portman Square was commenced about 1764, when the north side was built, but nearly twenty years elapsed before it was finished. Walpole, in 1782, falls into raptures over the new palace which had just been erected in this square for Mrs. Montagu. There was the room with the hangings of peacock-feathers which so enchanted the contemporaries of the Blue-stockings Queen. Manchester Square, nearer the Portland domain, was begun in 1776 by the building of Manchester House, now called Hertford House, but was not completed till twelve years afterwards. On the Portland side, the continuation of Harley Street had been undertaken in 1770, and Mansfield Street (another peerage name), on ground where had been formerly a basin of water. But the great achievement of this time was the building of Portland Place, with the streets adjoining. This was the work of the brothers Adam, who were employed on it in the period about 1778.

In that year, a place of amusement once as fashionable as Ranelagh or Vauxhall was finally closed, and its site given over to the builders. Marylebone Gardens had been found a nuisance in a growing neighbourhood; on the ground which they had occupied were speedily erected Beaumont Street, part of Devonshire Street, and part of Devonshire Place. In front of these Gardens, near the top of High Street, stood the old Manor House of the Marylebone Estate. This mansion, the site of which is now occupied by Devonshire Mews, was pulled down in 1791. It had been let for a school from the beginning of the century, and seems never to have been inhabited by the Harley family, who erected a separate building near it in High Street for the reception of their famous library of books and manuscripts. The former home of the Harleian Collection is now used as a furniture repository.

We have before referred to a small property, not belonging to either of the great estates, on which Stratford Place is built. This was land which from an early date was owned by the City of London, and whence water from the Tyburn had been conveyed to the City in leaden pipes. The Lord Mayor had formerly a banquetting-house on the spot. It is well known that a depression in Oxford Street, near Stratford Place, marks the channel where the road was once crossed by the Tyburn. The old water-works north of the road were arched over in 1737; and Stratford Place, which stands partly athwart the brook, was presently begun, but it was not finished till about 1775; and soon after the latter date another portion of the old City Estate, which lay on the western side of the brook, and had long caused

inconvenience by interrupting the communications between the Portland and Portman Estates, was traversed by a line of streets, continuing Wigmore Street, under various names, as far as the Edgware Road. This avenue, ending with Upper Seymour Street, is stated to have been completed about 1780. Cumberland Place had arisen four or five years before.

The foregoing sketch will show the extent to which our supposed stranger would have to diverge from his straight course during a walk down Oxford Street, in order to view the spread of London northward. The further end of Portland Place, not including the last four houses on either side, which were added at a later date, would seem to be the utmost limit of his excursion. Thence, turning to the left, he would find no avenue of buildings from east to west more remote from Oxford Street than that commencing with Devonshire Street, and continued, after crossing the High Street of Marylebone, by Paddington Street, which dates from 1772, or thereabouts. And this thoroughfare would soon bring the Rambler to vacant ground, driving him southward in quest of new buildings; for Baker Street and York Place were yet unplanned, while Bryanstone Square and Montagu Square belong to a still more recent period. Houses there were skirting the Edgware Road on the right for some distance northward, but no continuous street of any length appears to have existed along it till some years after 1780.

It will be borne in mind that Portland Place, when first built, did not lead into a park like the Regent's Park, nor stand at the head of an important street-like Regent Street. It was not till the second decade of this century that the present Park, with its trim lawns, broad gravel-walks, artificial lake, and surrounding girdle of terraces, replaced the old Marylebone Park, which had consisted partly of common land, partly of enclosures held under Crown leases: the former, rough, neglected, ill-used; the latter, sublet to various tenants, some of whom lived in villas, while others cultivated their holdings, or carried on trades, not always the most agreeable or wholesome. At the hither extremity of the new Place was Foley House, straddling well-nigh across the entire breadth of the way. It had been built for the ancestor of Lord Foley, under an agreement with the Duke of Portland that no other building should be erected on the Duke's estate to the north. It was thus necessity rather than magnificence which caused Portland Place to be laid out with the width of 126 feet. Part of the site of Foley House is now occupied by the Langham Hotel; the remainder was thrown into Langham Place when the great avenue was formed which now connects the Regent's Park with Pall Mall. The outlets of Portland Place to the south were at first on no larger scale than the other adjacent streets; and on the opposite side of Oxford

Street a maze of paltry lanes occupied much of the ground as far as Golden Square. Any one who looks at a map, showing this part of London as it

reminds us that the Regent's Palace, to which Nash's creation provided a grandiose approach, had barely attained to its splendour a hundred years ago, and was



A VIEW OF ST. MARY-LE-BONE FROM THE BASIN.

was before Nash's great improvement was executed, will see that, hard by these lanes, a street called Swallow Street, of considerable though irregular dimensions, followed with slight variation of site the

destroyed in George the Fourth's lifetime. Carlton House, where Frederick, Prince of Wales, had lived, was assigned in 1783 for the residence of his grandson and next successor in the title, and was thereupon



View of the Orchestra with the Band of Music in the Grand Walk of the Regent's Palace. *Vue de l'Orchestre avec la Musique de dans les Jardins de Mary-le-Bone.*

course of our Regent Street between the Circus and the Quadrant; but the two last are both entirely modern. The Quadrant was an ingenious device adopted by Nash when the unexpected purchase of land above Piccadilly for the County Fire Office compelled him to deviate from his original scheme, which was to have cut a straight line downwards from Langham Place. The name of Regent Street

enlarged, and decorated with an Ionic screen and a Corinthian portico. That eminent authority, Walpole, went over it in 1785, when it was just completed, and pronounced it a 'chaste palace.' But it was condemned and taken down in 1827, its colonnade transferred to the National Gallery, and its site utilised in building the houses known as Carlton House Terrace and Gardens.

Arrived at the Edgware Road, we have reached the end of London, and the end of all things—the gallows. A century back, Tyburn Turnpike marked the transition from town to country. It was not pulled down for many years after it had ceased to serve this purpose. On an iron tablet in the park railing opposite Edgware Road we read:—‘Here stood Tyburn Gate, 1829.’ The gibbet had once stood on the course of the Tyburn rivulet, but as London grew it moved westward, carrying the name Tyburn with it, until it came to a halt on a site near the Turnpike, where the place of execution remained until it was shifted to Newgate in 1783. The exact position of Tyburn Tree is not known; public feeling in the last few years of its existence

eastern end of Connaught Place is now built on the very plot of ground then occupied by a cow-lair and dust and cinder heaps, as shown in our illustration. The gallery is one of three, from which the curious in such matters used to witness the execution of criminals. These galleries were still standing when the original sketch was drawn. The modern Tyburnia is in Paddington, then a rural parish, which, as late as 1795, could muster only about 340 houses. Kensington, the next parish, was at least as distinct from London as Hanwell now is. During the Gordon riots the Duchess of Beaufort was advised to remove to Notting Hill, if she wished to be in perfect retirement. Even in Marylebone, just on the north side of the New



TYBURN IN 1785. FROM A DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

would not have tolerated a permanent gibbet; and we may fairly assume that the gallows on which Mrs. Brownrigg died in 1767, Dr. Dodd in 1777, Hackman in 1779, and John Austin, the last executed, on November 7, 1783, were not all erected on precisely the same spot.

‘It is difficult,’ says Mr. Loftie, ‘to form an idea of the aspect of this corner a hundred years ago. But, instead of the great street of Edgware Road, with its double row of large shops, instead of the tall houses of Connaught Place, instead of the seemingly endless vista of terraces and gardens facing the Park, there were no houses on the left hand, looking along Edgware Road, and none on the right, looking along the Uxbridge Road.’ The accompanying sketch, copied from a drawing made in 1785, may to some extent assist the imagination of our readers. It is a view looking across Hyde Park, taken from a window on the first floor of the last house at the end of Upper Seymour Street, Edgware Road, facing where ‘Tyburn’ formerly was. The

Road, Lisson Grove was still untouched by the advancing tide of bricks and mortar. It was not until 1792 that the manor of Lisson Green underwent its inevitable fate of being sold in lots to the building speculators. The site of Dorset Square was used for Lord’s Cricket Ground from about 1782 to 1811.

The mention of the New Road will remind middle-aged Londoners of their youth. The New Road from Paddington to Islington, as this thoroughfare was styled in days of more leisure than the present, was cut in the year 1757 from the Edgware Road to Tottenham Court Road, and thence to the Angel. The proposals for making it were strenuously opposed by the Duke of Bedford of that time, who objected to the dust it would raise behind Bedford House. We have already spoken of the Adam and Eve on the site of Tottenham Court as an old house of entertainment much frequented on this road; the Yorkshire Stingo at Lisson Green was another well-known place of the same description.

The formation of a new road also led to the erection of some new houses—*e.g.*, Winchester Row, built in 1766—along the western, as well as along the eastern and more populous portion of the route. Yet the slow increase of the traffic on this suburban highway may be judged of from the fact that, at the close of last century 'only one coach ran from Paddington to London, and the proprietor could scarcely obtain a

subsistence by his speculation.' The Paddington Drag was driven by its owner, and performed its morning journey up to town in about two hours and a half, 'quick time.' It returned to Paddington in the evening within three hours from its leaving the City. This was deemed 'fair time,' considering the necessity for precaution against the accidents of 'night travelling.'

LAWRENCE SERLE.

VITALITY IN PORTRAITS.

THE Fine Arts are not, in any general sense, progressive, and yet in every age it happens that some one virtue or quality is more directly aimed at, and more frequently attained, than it had been in any preceding age. In this sense there may be progress.

In portraiture it is useless to hope for a degree of perfection superior to that attained by the great Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists in the representation of a human being who simply exists and does not either act or think. The condition of mental and bodily repose in which the sitter usually presented himself was at the same time the most convenient to him, and by far the easiest for the painter. It was also the most dignified, and was therefore considered to be better suited than any other for personages of rank and importance who were the usual patrons of artists and the only patrons of great artists.

The typical 'family portrait' represents, as every reader will remember, a personage in a state of serene self-possession, not in any way visibly 'attitudinising,' yet careful to stand or sit in such a manner as to lend a certain grace and nobility to his person. An officer may have his hand on the hilt of his sword, and that in apparent negligence, but it will not be real negligence; the artist will have taken care that the hand shall be displayed to advantage, that the cuff shall fall well, and that the hand shall be that of a gentleman. A great use was made of gloves in the same manner, because the wearing of gloves was one of the distinctive habits of the upper classes. For a like reason, sporting weapons were frequently introduced and sporting costumes often preferred. A gentleman was represented in a hunting dress or with his gun upon his arm, yet although field-sports are an active occupation he was very rarely represented in action. He had been out shooting and had just returned, or was standing somewhere in the woods, apparently without a thought of shooting.

As a general rule, the background of an old portrait was little more than a dark surface of paint intended to act as a *repoussoir* for the face. The dark paint meant nothing in itself, or it might

represent a curtain which, as every reader knows, was very often combined with a column and a sort of rope with tassels. It is wonderful how long the custom of a dark, unmeaning background has survived; indeed, it has come down quite to the present day, as we find it in the portraits of Darwin and Cardinal Newman by Mr. Oulless, and in the well-known portrait of Thiers by Bonnat, as well as in many other pictures of less distinguished personages.

There was another very remarkable peculiarity about the systematic business of portrait-painting, namely, the conventional way of throwing a light upon the personage. The face was usually in light, almost as strong as it could be without sunshine, but the clothes were not at all in the same light. On the contrary, they were represented as being in the deepest twilight, and scarcely distinguishable from the utter darkness of the background. The same principle was sometimes boldly carried out in pictures of family groups, where everything was dark except the faces and hands, which produced technically the same effect as pieces of light-coloured wood inlaid in a large surface of dark wood, and with no more real reference to natural illumination than is to be found in the work of a cabinet-maker. These conventionalisms, and the steady preference of dignity in *pose* to every other quality, however interesting, made portrait-painting quite a peculiar branch of art, with its own customs, that took it almost outside the pale of rational criticism. In some cases the real man and the dignified man in the portrait might be almost identical. If Louis XIV. was represented in a pompous costume and attitude such a presentation of him was true to nature, because he was an excessively pompous man. Thackeray amused himself by sketching Louis (whom he neither loved nor admired) simply as a human being, when the lack of natural grandeur made him ridiculous in comparison with the imposing personage we know. A little reflection, however, will convince us that in the case of the Roi Soleil, as in that of many minor personages, the natural man, being pompous, required pomp as a necessity of expression. The portraits of our own King George IV. would be quite untrue to nature

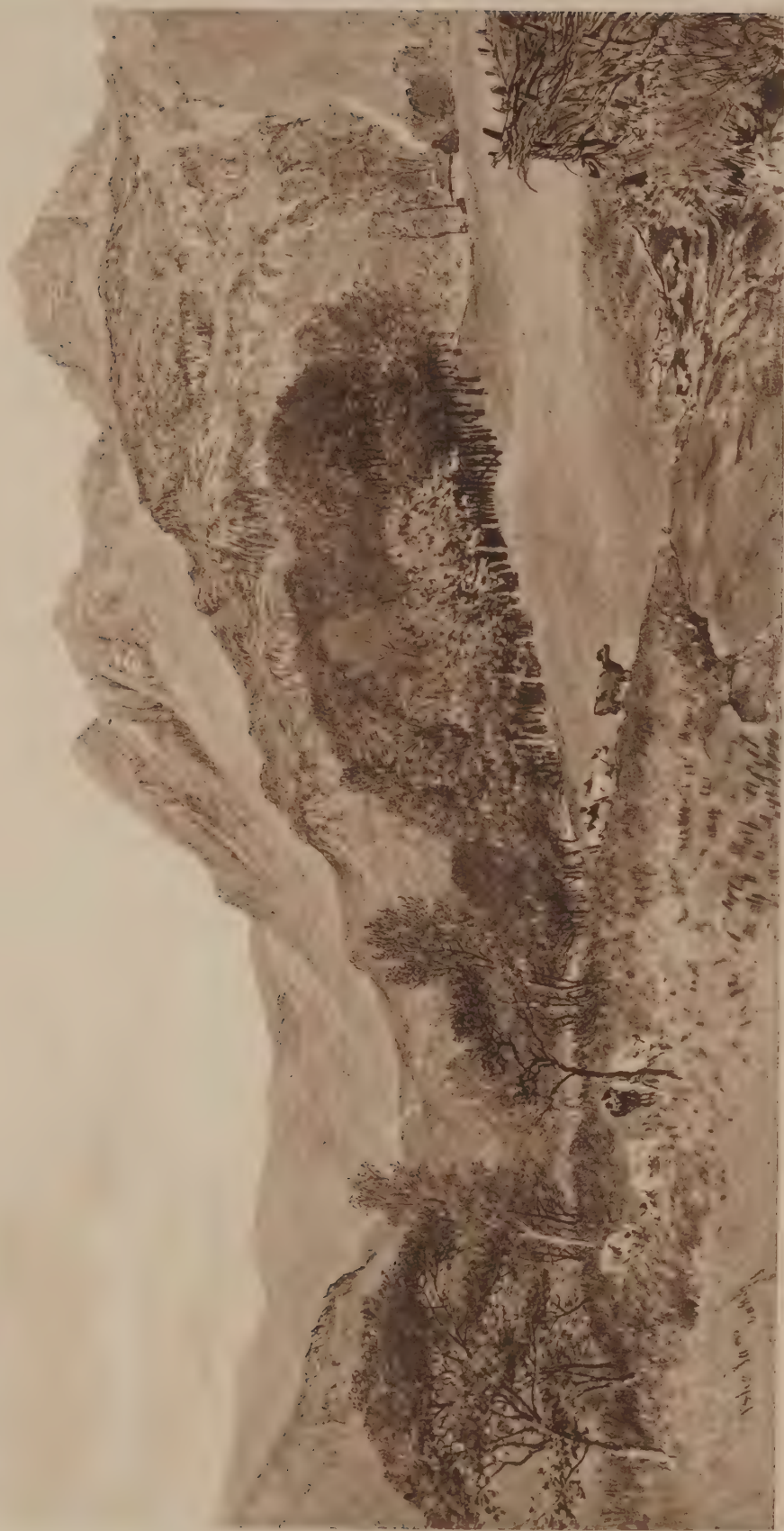
if they did not distinctly convey the idea that he considered himself, and was looked upon by others, as a model of style and manner, not exactly as a solar splendour, like the French monarch, but the first gentleman in Europe. Passing from these to Waltner's portrait of the present Prince of Wales we find a distinct intention on the part of the artist to convey the idea of princely rank and dignity. There is nothing in the least offensive or overbearing in the air and attitude of the Prince, there is nothing either pompous or proud, yet we feel at once that we are in the presence of a great personage, who may be kind and affable, but with whom no liberties are to be taken. In all these cases, and in many others, not only of royal sitters, but of people far inferior to them in rank, the dignified portrait may be both appropriate and true, but when we come to the representation of men of work and action the case is very different. Here we shall scarcely see the true man unless we see him at his work. Rembrandt made a great step in this direction when, instead of merely painting an ordinary formal portrait of Professor Tulp, he represented him as giving an anatomical lecture* in the presence of his pupils and with the dead body before him. That picture is one of the most attractive, and one of the best known, through engraving, in all the *œuvre* of Rembrandt. Everybody who cares about the master has had his attention powerfully arrested by the *Anatomical Lesson*, in recent years made better known than ever by Flameng's admirable etching. If we inquire into the causes which give this picture its extraordinary attractiveness we find them to be partly, no doubt, in the contrast between death and life, but chiefly, in the relation between the master and the intelligent-looking, observant men who are so willing to learn from him. We ourselves are admitted to the lecture, although we do not hear the Professor's voice. We know by the close attention of the pupils that his exposition must be masterly and clear. As for dignity, Professor Tulp has more real dignity in the lecture-room, where his knowledge gives him a position of rightful supremacy, than could have been attributed to him by any devices of curtain or column, or throne-like easy chair.

Since Rembrandt's day the purely conventional portrait has held its ground wonderfully, in spite of many successful innovations. Reynolds often contrived to escape from it by representing his sitters as engaged in some occupation, were it only in feeding chickens, like Mrs. Pelham, or in playing with their children. In more recent times the sitter has often been associated either with his own professional work or with some favourite pursuit, as when Mr. Watts painted the professional violinist in Joachim and the skilful amateur in Lady Lindsay of Balcarres. Her

ladyship is just going to attack the strings with the heel of the bow, which she holds in a masterly style. The left hand, too (in the third position), is placed as if the painter really understood the instrument, which so few painters have ever done. Mr. Oules painted a chemist in his laboratory, surrounded by his retorts and bottles, and, if we remember rightly, watching the result of an experiment. In the way of popular illustration the 'Graphic' issues portraits of 'Celebrities of the Day,' each in his own room, with his own surroundings, and most of them busily at work without anything to indicate their rank, and without any other dignity than that of labour.

But the most resolute effort ever made by one artist in this direction has been a series of portraits sketched from life, and afterwards etched by Mr. William Hole, A.R.S.A. The Tercentenary Festival of the Edinburgh University suggested to him the idea that it might be well to preserve, in a series of etchings,* a lively representation of the High Officers and Professors of the University as they appeared in the exercise of their functions. The High Officers, of course, could hardly be represented otherwise than in the old style of dignified portraiture, seeing that, in fact, they had little work to do of a kind that could be represented in graphic art except occasionally sitting together in council. The Lord Provost, robed, sits in an armchair with a table before him, on which he has unrolled the plan of an estate. The Lord Justice General sits also in his robes, but with folded hands and in an attitude of placid meditation. Sir Alexander Grant, the Principal, is robed, but standing, and apparently delivering an address. Sir Stafford Northcote, the Rector, is robed, and standing silent with his hands crossed before him. But when we come to the Professors we see them exactly as their pupils must have seen them at their lectures. They have the most varied attitudes and expressions, but one quality is common to all of them—that of complete self-forgetfulness in their work. Not one of them *poses* to be drawn; each of them is thinking of his own subject, and how to make it most clearly intelligible. Many of the Professors wear an academic robe; not one of them seems to know that he has it on. But they are not all actually engaged in teaching. We meet Professor Fraser in the courtyard of the University building, and if he were not laden with books we might take him, with his soft hat and ample beard, for an artist of the old Bohemian times. Masson is seated at home in his armchair and slippers smoking a short pipe and absorbed in thought, with the sheets of his edition of *Milton* scattered on the floor and the

* Under the title, '*Quasi Cursores*,' in allusion to the well-known line, '*Quasi Cursores vitæ lampada tradunt*.' The work was superbly printed at the University Press by T. and A. Constable, and published by David Douglas.



busts of our two greatest poets on the well-stocked bookcase behind him. Many a pipe has accompanied his profound studies in English literature. Another smoking professor is Mr. James Geikie, the geologist, who sits on a boulder with a hammer in one hand and a specimen of stone in the other. He is equipped for a pedestrian excursion, wearing knee-breeches and strong laced boots. Behind him, in tempting proximity, are some Scottish mountains, such as he has so often explored, as well as a stretch of lake, whose origin he is quite ready to explain to us. Mr. Donald Mackinnon, the Professor of Celtic literature, has just taken down a book from a shelf, and stands with one knee on a chair whilst he makes his reference. The Professor of Botany, Mr. Dickson, is absorbed in the use of the microscope whilst he suspends the smoking of a cigar, and in the background we read,—

‘A primrose by the river’s brim
No simple primrose was to him;
It was a great deal more:’

which does not seem to be a very accurate quotation.

A great merit in this collection of portraits is the remarkable individuality of the attitudes. Each professor has his own personal way of holding himself whilst he expounds his ideas, and Mr. Hole was careful to observe every peculiarity of gesture. Dr. Brown, the Professor of Chemistry, has just effected a union between the contents of two glass bottles by means of a siphon, and the consequence is a disengagement of gas, very trying to the audience, though for Dr. Brown himself the physical inconvenience is lost in the intellectual interest of the experiment. Meanwhile, the learned lecturer puts one hand to his breast and opens the palm of the other with the fingers downwards whilst he is making his demonstration. Dr. Simpson, the Professor of Midwifery, leans both hands on the table, well apart, and bends forward a little towards the audience. Dr. Chiene, the Professor of Midwifery, rests one hand on his side whilst demonstrating with the other, and the expression of the face is that of the liveliest personal interest in his subject. So far from being satisfied with the old-fashioned, unmeaning background of dark shade, Mr. Hole continually avails himself of

the background for the explanation of the professor’s work. Sketches of surgical appliances are fastened to the wainscot behind Dr. Chiene; the Professor of Chemistry is amongst his retorts and phials; the Professor of Anatomy is in a place of skulls. The more pleasing surroundings of the Professor of Fine Art include a reduced copy of the *Venus of Milo* and a portfolio containing the etchings of Rembrandt. Nor are these different objects introduced merely in a conventional spirit; they are really the surroundings of each professor in his own class-room, sketched lightly, so as not to give them undue prominence, yet with scrupulous regard for truth.

The vitality in this series of portraits is felt in the variety of character. All the professors look intelligent, as may be expected in such a picked body of men; but the variety of manner betrays differences of temper and feeling. One or two are rather hard and positive; others are persuasive, or gently insinuating. The mere presence of one bright countenance seems like a lamp of intellectual light. Again, some patient professor may seem to be rather a seeker than a leader, and to help his pupils less by what is commonly considered teaching than by diligently seeking along with them.

It seems to us that in this notable set of portraits Mr. Hole showed the path that modern portraiture ought to follow if it is to contend effectually, by another and more interesting quality, against the unrivalled material accuracy of the photograph. These portraits are interesting because they are alive and in centuries yet to come they will be living still when the originals shall have long since gone to that bourne whither so many generations of eminent and able men have preceded them. The technical quality of Mr. Hole’s work is a part of its vitality. It is completely without false pretension, and though it has not the seductive charm of the most consummate etching, it has none of the heaviness attendant upon mere industry. It is thoroughly sound and expressive work in a simple kind, and a just critic could find nothing to say against it. An unjust one might compare it disadvantageously with etching of greater technical resources, but that would be comparing it with another art.

EDITOR.

LETTERS FROM THE ENGLISH LAKES.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HULL.

Greta Bridge, Keswick, September 11th, 1854.

I HAVE again visited the Vale of Legberthwaite, and very willingly fill up this sheet to add another mite to your evening’s entertainment, for I know that any memoranda of this district cannot fail to interest you all. I availed myself last Wednesday of an offer, made by some neighbours, of a ride to Amble-

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side, to pay another visit to my favourite spot, Thirlmere.

The day was cloudless, and the mountains stood in clear severity against the deep blue sky, mellowed by a peculiar madder-like tint, on which the crags and projections cast their beautifully defined shadows. I was much struck with the massive bulk and grand

outline of Helvellyn, seen under this aspect from the road descending Castlerigg. Another fine view is



Wythburn's modest house of prayer,
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling.

from the moss at the foot of the wood in the valley. The flatness and rich colour of the moss giving great



HELVELLYN.

bulk to the mountain. I can scarcely hope to convey an accurate idea of it in the sketch above; but as the scene is no doubt familiar to you, you must call on your imaginative powers to aid you in its realisation. Still less can I hope to convey to you in a few scratchy outlines the magnificent effect of the afternoon sun streaming over the steep crags on the right of the road, continuing, with rich variations, over Raven Crag, Armboth Fells, Eagle Crag, and so on as far as Steel Fell, which terminates the view up the valley.



LEATHESWATER.

But I will attempt to give what may be considered better than nothing.

Picture to yourselves the intense dark of the crag behind, contrasted with the vivid greens and purples beneath in brightest sunshine, and you may form some idea of the brilliancy of the effect.

I must now try to make room for a few smaller sketches made when returning from Wythburn. The sun was setting behind the fells in a clear, refulgent sky, tinging here and there a few of the points of the highest cliffs. But the crowning enjoyment of the day's journey was after the sun had gone down, and the full moon rose majestically over the huge back of Helvellyn. My walk home was a continued succession of fine pictures, the fulness of the moon, and the clearness of the atmosphere, rendering the objects so clear as to give the effect of subdued daylight.

Greta Bridge, October 2nd, 1854.

The usual symptoms of the dying year begin daily to manifest themselves. The sharp, frosty mornings, the gradual curtailment of the blessed daylight, the sudden rise of tempestuous blasts, would be harsh symptoms indeed if they were not, in a manner, almost shut out of view by the unrivalled gorgeousness, the majestic beauty, the calm breathing of decaying nature. This is a season which makes us love Nature as we love a friend with whom we know we are soon to part, and so intensifies our admiration and worship of her divine beauty. As the sun sometimes takes his leave of us surrounded by all the magnificence he can command, so the seasons, all divinely beautiful, concentrate their charms in the termination of their career, and take their farewell among scenes of resplendent beauty and loveliness. Can the darkest fog-days of November, even in the depths of a smoky city,—can the dreariness of wintry skies, the most dismal associations connected with old winter we can call up, ever efface, though they may slightly dim, the transcendent glory of those closing scenes which

‘Flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss
of solitude?’

These considerations remind me that this is the last opportunity I shall have

of writing to you collectively, for next month I hope to have the great pleasure of meeting you, and giving some account of myself. Meanwhile you will expect

beforehand some report of my proceedings, that you may form an idea of what you may expect on my return.

In the first place, then, do not run the risk of disappointment by forming too large expectations; for though three months may seem a long time, you must bear in mind that not all of it has been my own, and, the country being new to me, a good deal of my time has been occupied in reconnoitring and exploring. A few downright studies I shall have, and about half-a-dozen complete sketches of scenery. The four most important are—

1, *A Near View of Keswick*; smoke rising from the town and sunlit houses, with Skiddaw rising majestically in the background, produce a brilliant combination early in the morning. No. 2, *From Portinscale*, is most gorgeous about an hour before sunset, the light striking on that part of Skiddaw which is richest in purples and greens, and casting deep opposing shadows in the ravines. These two are pretty forward; but they progress slowly, as I never work on them more than two hours at a time, that is, the time I have chosen for the effect. No. 3, *Derwentwater*, is also near completion; but No. 4, *Skiddaw from above Barrow*, is only just begun. The rest of my labours will be, for the most part, fragmentary, such as, indeed, call up every scene vividly to my own mind, but will scarcely, from their imperfections, have the same effect upon you; but many of them are such as I rely on chiefly for truthful and characteristic representations of this scenery. My excursions, since your last meeting, have not been many, nor such as call for any lengthened description; in fact, as the season advances and time presses, I feel jealous of any other places taking up a share of my interest than my well-beloved Derwentwater. Sty Head Pass stands next on my list of places to be visited. One day at Ulleswater was a treat I enjoyed exceedingly. The journey thither was over a dull and dreary country, and the morning was in keeping with it, being cloudy and leaden. However, as we left Saddleback behind us, and crossed the moors on the right hand, the sun began to shoot forth sudden gleams of light, and finally struggled through the thick and heavy wrappings which, a little before, had seemed almost impenetrable. Still our first glimpse of the lake was not under a favourable aspect, a thick haze rendered the mountains of one monotonous hue, and had

we returned immediately, I should have taken away with me but an unfavourable impression of Ulleswater.

Arriving at a small inn at Dockwray, in Matterdale (the Cross Keys, a capital station for a stream-loving artist), we decided on not pushing on to Patterdale, but agreed to spend the day in Gowbarrow Park and the neighbourhood, which we did to our great satisfaction and delight; one of the great pleasures of the day being following the



THIRLMERE.

course of the delightful stream running past our inn down to Airey Force, full of the most lovely cascades and gambolling waters. I made only one dashing sketch of this dashing brook, and then bade farewell to its murmurs till I can take up my abode at the Cross Keys.

My other rambles have been confined to my own neighbourhood, up the Vale of Newlands, full of fine mountain form, and among the woods on the western side of the lake, whence there are fine autumnal scenes, and lovely peeps of the lake. The sketch accompanying will convey some idea of its character. One more sketch of my favourite Cat Bell group of mountains, now in their pride of colour, must close this very imperfect report. In Barrow House is a very extensive collection of sketches by the German masters Retzsch, Bendemann, Steinle, &c., which are really great, and many landscapes which are not great. There are also two family portraits by Linnell, and a small landscape by the same—a fine sketch.

Greta Bridge, Keswick, October 9th, 1854.

The greater part of yesterday was spent in rambling along the shores of the lake, and a most brilliant and health-inspiring day it was. A brisk wind from Borrowdale seemed to have chased away every cloud from the sky, which, from its deep blue zenith, melted away into a delicate and steam-like haze about the precise but fine outlines of the distant mountains. Scawfell and the Pike, Great End, Bowfell, Glara Mara, and the Borrowdale Crag, were all clearly defined, and yet all bound together in one incomparable whole by the most subtle and exquisite lines. By their unique symmetry the eye seemed to be led away to an interminable distance even from the elegant windings of the lake margin and the mountain slopes sweeping down to the

luxuriant woods which give their images to the crystal waters. Then, again, was another delightful peep across the lake up the Vale of Newlands, guarded at its entrance by the double fortress of Cat Bells, succeeded by those impregnable-looking heights of Hindscarth and Great Robinson on one side and Cawsey Pike on the other, ending with Red Pike and High Stile in the extreme distance, of which the accompanying sketch may faintly remind you. Then, again, as I continue along



SKIDDAW.

the shore, from Friar's Crag I have a romantic line of wood, mountain, and crag, commencing with Wal-low Crag, and terminating in the jaws of Borrowdale. Turning round occasionally, I obtain a glimpse of the old mountain monarch, Skiddaw, who overlooks his region of multitudinous peaks and ridges in calm and cloudless majesty. One thing strikes me in my walk, which is, that though we are near the equinox, and are on the verge of winter, the greater part of the woods are still of a deep green, and only show signs, here and there, of their approaching sad but glorious decay. If I were disposed to lunacy, now, I think, would be the time for showing it, for, whenever I have been down at the lake on an evening for the last week, there sits the eternal goddess of which the earliest and the latest poets have sung, and will continue to sing, either sinking, in crescent form, among the mystic and shadowy crags of Borrowdale, or sailing through the clear blue ether, or shimmering rays of light through shattered clouds on the trembling wavelets of the lake, or rising with full and resplendent orb over some dark cliff among burnished clouds.



CAT BELLS AND VALE OF NEWLANDS.

Swan Inn, Grasmere, July 31st, 1855.

At last I am located, but not settled, in the lake land. I find Grasmere quite full, and, consequently, must 'take mine ease at mine inn' till room is made, which will not be till next Saturday, when I settle for

a time in the house which Wordsworth once occupied, and to which he brought his bride. With my present quarters I am not ill satisfied, as I have just the sort of material I want close at hand; for at the back of the house runs a brawling stream which

will well occupy me a week in the transfer of its rocks and stones to my books. There is, besides, a picturesque clump of old houses close by, which might well represent a Westmorland village, and among which is an old porch that would send a

figure-painter into raptures. I know not what the interiors of these old houses may be, but I am quite sure that even if they are fine, they could not exceed in artistic capabilities the old grey walls, the quaint gables and doorways, the sprinkling of blossom and greenery, and the manifold picture-helping accessories which crowd around these old dwellings. Why don't interior painters turn out-of-doors sometimes? There is, at least, a healthy air, and a sweet smell about the exterior which are not always to be found inside. As I have had only two days to look about me, you can hardly expect me to communicate

much that can interest you, and yet, even in this short space, I feel as if a crowd of new thoughts had come upon me. In fact, I believe we are never so powerfully affected by scenery as at the first glance. We may afterwards study it, examine it, learn to appreciate its vari-sided beauty, make it minister to the cravings of our intellect, and satisfy to some extent our aspirations for the beautiful; but to witness some new and imposing phase of nature for the first time, or some sudden sublimity of aspect, is to feel one's whole soul filled with its utmost desires, with the rapidity and force of an electric shock. Never did these hills appear to me under a more charming aspect than on rising a little before eight on Sunday morning.

Overhead was a bright sky, streaked with blue and white, against which the craggy summits of the hills stood in clear, sharp, aerial tones, while the

greater part of the objectionable green on the mountain-sides was concealed by silvery clouds rolling up in magnificent forms from the valley, while the green below, basking in sunlight, was doubly enriched by this charming arrangement.

I have never yet seen Grasmere, as a whole, under a paintable aspect except this. At times there are, doubtless, others equally fine, but on ordinary days, and without aid from the clouds, the Grasmere mountains are decidedly heavy and clumsy, especially at this time of the year.

One afternoon I made a reconnoissance in the direction of Easedale, and I need not say how charmed I was at almost every step. I hope I shall not return without bringing something fine from that quarter; indeed, I have marked out one scene which I think well adapted for a picture on a grand scale. This has been the extent of my rambling, consequently I must plead want of opportunity for the absence of sketches, and make amends next month, by which time I hope to have ready a good account of myself.

Rydal Water,

Aug. 7th, 1855.

The weather has made a dead set against the whole tribe of tourists, artists, anglers, botanists, loungers, gentlemen-travellers, and other nondescripts, who come down here under various pretences to abandon themselves to the luxuries of fine weather and free roaming. I confess that I am beginning to weary of this continual dropping of the rain, which, I think, Solomon compares to the tongue of a contentious woman. There really is but little pleasure in the spectacle of these huge hills sodden with dreary mists thicker than the blanket of the night; or in looking across the leaden waters of the lake at that bare island with its grey barn and mournful clump of fir-trees; or in watching the coach as it flits across the foreground with its freight of drenched passengers and luggage; or in looking down from your window at the passers-by, habited in oil-skins, mackintoshes, cloaks, dreadnoughts, and all the imaginable weather-defying garments that have been contrived within the century. This was the state of things the greater part of last week, all day yesterday, and promises to be the same, without intermission, to-day. Impatient lodgers are pacing to and fro

their confined rooms, uttering, if not curses, something very like them, loud and deep; pulling their bell-wires with angry snatches, ordering fires to be lighted, and surrounding themselves with what winter luxuries they can command. Our next-room neighbour, one of the cloth, sends me a *Times* as a feeler, which I return, with an invitation to extend his rambles into our room, of which, however, he is rather shy, but evidently seeks opportunities of exchanging a few words whenever he can.

This, I think, is a sufficiently dismal picture to set before you; and had I come here for only a short stay I should not have looked upon it with the same equanimity as I do at present. But, to the artist, such intervals of dulness are not entirely unredeemed by prospective enjoyment. When does he feel a thrill of delight surpassed by that which he experiences when the first gleam of light breaks

through the gloom, and the silvery mists begin to play in fantastic forms about the sun-lit summits of the mountains? How sensitive now he is to every budding gem of beauty as it comes out from the drawn-up curtain with freshened lustre! and with what keen relish does he inhale the purified air, which seems to



RYDAL WATER, FROM WHITE MOSS.

crystallise by its magic transparency those huge 'circumambient walls!' Some such effect as this we had on Saturday, when the dull mists broke up into a multitude of brilliant flying showers, settling, at last, into a calm, sunny evening.

The following Sunday was a magnificent day, and I took advantage of it to make a long ramble. Starting from our new lodging, I ascended the hill behind, and found myself on the fells between Rydal and Grasmere, known by the name of White Moss. From this point of view my impressions of the beauty of Rydal Water were considerably improved, for a sweeter little gem than that calm surface, reflecting the deep tones of the woods and mountains that surround it, can scarcely be found. I made a note of it, which I have transferred to the head of this letter.

After gaining the highest point of the Moss, from which you can look down on Rydal and Grasmere, I descended past the quarries to the old foot-bridge over the Rothay, and, wending through a wood,

found my way to the terrace-walk along the side of Loughrigg, from which such fine views of Grasmere are obtained. But the peeps and views I met with descending thence by Red Bank crowded so fast upon me that any attempt to describe them would end in unutterable confusion. In my future

rambles thither I may transfer some to my book, from which I will send you some extracts. Speaking of my book, I may as well tell you that, taking advantage of the few intervals of fair weather, I have arrived at the seventeenth page. I have also started a coloured drawing on the spot.

(*To be continued.*)

LEONARDO'S ANGEL.*

PIERO DA VINCI (LEONARDO'S FATHER).

YOU see this boy,—a spoiled and restless lad,
Who needs must fret his father—(eh, my boy?)
With projects changeful as the hours, nor yet
In any find content. From chosen sports
Among the Alban hills, with horses, hounds,
And *contadini*,—here he flurries back
To Florence, and once more is at his tricks
Of carving, daubing panels, and the like—
And nothing now will serve, but that he watch
You at your work, which he will find just needs
A hint from him to help its perfectness,
For the young arrogant has never owned
Distrust of self, since he was tall enough
To draw my poignard forth, and scare his nurse
With passes.

LEONARDO.

Nay, but, father, grant me now
The skill for what I *can* do;—curb the colt
That's wildest in your stalls;—lead on the hounds,
And fly the hawks; or, from an ilex-knot,
Carve out a shrine, my sister praises more
Than Donatello's cuttings; or frame flutes
You own make music to your mind; or paint
A saint's face for some teasing servant-maid
To say her prayers to; or —

VERROCCHIO.

O, modest youth!
I dare be sworn you know distemper-work?

LEONARDO.

Just since I've watched your way, my fingers itch
To snatch a brush and try.

PIERO.

That shall he not!
Forthwith he'll want to drag our hangings down,
And splash us round with hunting-scenes, and make
Our dining-hall tumultuous.

LEONARDO.

Father, pray—
Just once!—The cunning little angel there,
Half outlined in the corner;—let me flood
Him into rosiness; I can—I can!

PIERO.

You always have your way. Verrocchio, chide
The varlet's insolence.

VERROCCHIO.

I'll blot his work
Easy enough, my lord; so let him daub:
'Twill do him good to fail.

[LEONARDO *seizes a brush and paints vehemently.*]

PIERO.

Why, boy! eh, boy!
I did not dream you could—Verrocchio, see,
That angel has this moment dropped from heaven!

VERROCCHIO.

San Luca! What a touch he has! and look!
His straying clouds *my* angels out of sight.

PIERO.

So, so! he mars your picture thus—confess!
But here's a purse: how shall I make amends?

VERROCCHIO.

You never can. Why, that one vision there
Cheapens my work beyond my own contempt,
And turns my saints to purgatorial souls,
Whom I begin to hate.

PIERO.

I'm loth—and yet—
Wipe out the interloper: I'd not have
Him stay to vex you.

VERROCCHIO.

Nay, but he *shall* stay,
To prove that fifty years of skill must yield
Before the genius of a child. I wish
The boy were mine to teach.

* Art visitors to Florence will recall the *Angel*, painted by Leonardo in his boyhood, in a corner of one of Verrocchio's frescoes, whose brightness seems to light up the whole dark picture.

LEONARDO.

Now, father, grant
This very hungriest of my desires :
My angel—see !—entreats. Let me become
Verrocchio's pupil. How I'll make the walls
Of our grim chapel in the Apennines

Alive with flowery wreaths of angels, till
You'll dream you walk with Dante, whom you love,
In Paradise.

PIERO.

Well—well—what whim comes next ?
You wheedle still, to have your way,—eh, boy ?

MARGARET J. PRESTON,
Virginia, U. S. A.

ART CHRONICLE.

AT the Hanover Gallery in Bond Street, among a miscellaneous collection of not very important pictures by Continental artists—Meissonier, G. Duran, Ch. Moreau, Fichel, Messin, &c.—have been shown some interesting Venetian studies by A. Brandeis, curiously photographic in detail, but fresh and attractive in colour. The upper gallery has been filled by a collection of landscape studies in France by the clever American, Gilbert Munger. The large subjects from the Forest of Fontainebleau, though, like the rest of the artist's work, somewhat black in tone and heavy in handling, are poetic in feeling and impressive. American art, as we know it here in Europe, has been the product of Parisian, or Belgian, or Roman *ateliers*; and Mr. Munger's work has no stamp of nationality about it. If there is any reality in what Mr. Blackburn, Hon. Sec. to the exhibitions of English water-colours held at Cincinnati, and to be held by invitation at Chicago and St. Louis, calls 'the art movement in the West,' home art produce, warranted genuine from America, may yet be an imported variety in our over-supplied London market of picture exhibitions. Professor Herkomer, on the other hand, has been telling the students at Toynbee Hall that there is no real love of art in America of the kind to foster and develop national talent.

MR. LUKE FILDES, A.R.A., was admitted full Academician at the election in March.

THE Committee of Council on Education have instituted a limited number of industrial studentships in the Science and Art Department at South Kensington for the benefit of designers and workmen employed at industries with which art is more or less concerned. The student will be admitted without fee for periods of from two to nine months, to study in the Schools, Library, and Museum at South Kensington, and will receive guidance in the course suited to his special branch of work. The conditions under which the studentships are available consist in the applicant being possessed of sufficient aptitude to make the training practically useful, that he should be actually engaged in the work of some art industry, and that his employers should maintain him during his term of scholarship.

ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, Oxford, has elected the Slade Professor, Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A., to an Honorary Fellowship.

AT Messrs. Christie's will be dispersed, the first week of this month, Mr. Hilditch Rickard's collection of studies and pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A. These are chiefly replicas or original designs for the painter's best-known works, acquired direct from the painter, and include *Love and Death*; *Paolo and Francesca*; *Time, Death, and Judgment*; *The Angel of Death*; *Orpheus and Eurydice*; *Ariadne in Naxos*, &c.; also a number of portrait studies of personages in modern society notable for distinction, talent, or beauty.

A COMMITTEE is to be appointed to reconsider the question of new Admiralty and War Offices, and no building is to be undertaken until a report has been issued. Possibly, therefore, the much-attacked design of Messrs. Leeming may be set aside, and new opportunity given for a building practically and architecturally fitting the position.

A VALUABLE and special library came to the hammer at Messrs. Sotheby's in March, namely, the collection of old French literature, tales of chivalry, and manuscripts, belonging to the late Baron Seillière, and known as the Mello Library. The books were in choice condition and finely bound. Among the most valuable may be noted the old French romance of 'King Arthur,' folio, printed in Gothic letter, with woodcuts, at Rouen, 1488; 'Les Quatre fils Aymon,' the first edition, folio, 1480; 'Bertrand du Guesclin,' in Gothic letter, first edition, with woodcuts, folio, Lyons, 1485; a black-letter copy of 'Amadis de Gaula,' 1508; a two-volume MS. folio Bible transcribed on vellum, with three hundred miniatures, of the fifteenth century; 'De Civitate Dei,' of Augustine, printed on vellum, with illuminated borders and capitals, Venetian, folio, 1470; an 'Office of the Blessed Virgin,' MS. on vellum, by a Spanish scribe, with thirteen miniatures; and a 'Graduale et Sacramentarium,' a twelfth-century MS. on vellum, with miniatures, which fetched 910*l.* at the sale. An interesting volume for association was a presentation copy from Marie Antoinette to a child, Charlotte de Villelle, of 'La Fontaine's Fables,' with Oudry's plates. The whole collection of 1147 volumes sold for 14,944*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

MR. DAVID MURRAY has found in the gentle valley of the Somme, between Abbeville and Amiens, among the cornfields and water-meadows, the orchards, and files of tall poplars, artistic material enough for over a hundred and twenty oil pictures and drawings, shown at the Fine Art Society's. The soft grey-greens of the landscape, irradiated by sunshine or dappled by fleeting shadow, flushed by the delicious bloom of the spring fruit blossom, or the sudden glory of the wild flowers, or touched with lustre by autumnal change, have drawn the Scotch artist into a sensitive reproduction of their quiet, pastoral charm for which his somewhat hot palette and rather aggressive manner had not prepared us. The work of the peasants about the land, the incidents of their peat-cutting industry and their pious rites and picturesque superstitions, have been made the ostensible *motif* of many among these pictures and studies, and the artist proves no little command over the figure. Still, one feels that with him the human interest is not paramount, but serves only as an accident to give a special significance to the scene, and draw out its characteristic charm.

MR. GEORGE SCHARF, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, will collect and publish from the 'Archaeologia' and other serials some of his essays on the archaeology of art.

UNDER the artificial arrangements for illusive effect which now usually accompany the exhibition of big pictures, the last important essay in religious art by Mr. Goodall, R.A., has been shown at Messrs. Maclean's. This is a life-scale figure of the Saviour holding a little child on His knees, and looking out of the picture with an appealing and mournful expression as He utters the words, 'Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' The general verdict seems to place this more ambitious picture than Mr. Goodall is wont to paint, below its humbler predecessors. The suave manner of the painter has failed to give sufficient dignity to the Christ; and, strange to say, for once in his life he has failed to paint an attractive child, which is quite a curious lapse on the part of an artist who has

held, as it were, a tacitly awarded diploma for the painting of beautiful babyhood.

THE third and last part of the facsimile issue of Sandro Botticelli's illustrations of the 'Divina Commedia,' The Florentine edition, 1481, has been published at Berlin under the editorship of Dr. Lippmann, who writes the context. Eight plates discovered among the Vatican manuscripts have supplemented the Hamilton Palace codex, and these have been produced in facsimile by Dr. Strzowski. Hence the delay in issue of Dr. Lippmann's edition. The illustrations to only seven of the cantos now remain to be accounted for, the Vatican find having supplied eight out of the missing fifteen.

MUNICH sends us 'Die Kunst für Alle,' a popular art magazine, published fortnightly, and now entering on its second year. It is devoted to German art, and the design being to show the best works of the time themselves, and not only to talk about them, the editor has made use of the various processes of photographic engraving recently discovered. Of these he affirms that, although still capable of much improvement, and indeed needing it, they will prove to be almost of as great importance for the multiplication of works of art as the discovery of printing was for literature.

THE Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland has published twelve drawings of the Clyde by Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., reproduced in facsimile by Amand-Durand, with an introduction by the Rev. Walter Chalmers Smith, D.D. The drawings, being few in number, are naturally of well-known subjects, such as *The Fall of Stoneybyres*, *Glasgow Cathedral*, *Broomielaw*, *Dumbarton Castle*, *Arran*, and *Ailsa Crag*. The execution is exactly that to which Mr. Reid has accustomed us in preceding works. Mr. Reid's style as a pen-draughtsman is most accomplished, and it is all the more remarkable that he does not avail himself of the facility for reduction that photography offers. His drawings are made on the same scale that we see, and therefore the copy by Amand-Durand is not more delicate in appearance or more concentrated than the original. This being so, we know Mr. Reid's work much better than that of most draughtsmen. Its extreme manual certainty may be best appreciated in a severe architectural subject, such as *Glasgow Cathedral*, equal in workmanship to the *Melrose Abbey* of a former publication. The bridge at Glasgow and the great lamp-post at Greenock, with the clock upon it, are also conspicuous examples of truthful representation of objects that require very strict drawing. Mr. Reid goes farther than most pen-draughtsmen in the attempt to render effects of sky and water—for example, in the view of the Isle of Arran, where the sun is just going to rest behind the island, and there is a grand sunset sky with some reflection in the calm sea. In this plate Mr. Reid has gone as far in the discrimination of delicate tones as pen-drawing can ever go with safety, and the work is not heavy or overcharged. The distant view of *Ailsa Crag* is very original. We have a level line of dark sea, with the crag as a dark mass set upon the horizon. The sea is tumbling on the sands in white breakers, and the sky is that of a sunny day with light clouds. This drawing is extremely truthful, and quite recalls to us that and similar scenes. *The Fall of Stoneybyres* is admirable for its drawing of rocks and water, though here, as elsewhere, Mr. Reid is not so successful with his foliage. He draws a separate trunk beautifully, and whenever leaves are near enough to be counted they are sure to be put in with skill and taste, as in the foreground to *Bothwell Castle*, but foliage in the mass is always insufficiently expressed by Mr. Reid. It is flat, angular, and cut out into light and dark patches that seem fitted together like puzzle-maps. Although there is very little that is new to be said of Mr. Reid's drawings, they are always interesting and truthful. The text to this publication is well written. It is to be regretted that the names of the subjects are not printed on

the fly-leaves. No pages are mentioned on the table of contents, so when the reader who does not know Scotland comes upon the view of Greenock, for example, he may count the plates—one, two, three, &c.—till he finally settles its position amongst the twelve. It is not every one who would take the trouble.

'ENGLISH Caricaturists and Graphic Humourists of the Nineteenth Century: how they illustrated and interpreted their Times' (Swan, Sonnenschein, Le Bas, and Lowrey), is the lengthy title of Mr. Graham Everitt's bulky volume, wherein he describes the decline of caricature and the rise of graphic humour—the descent from Rowlandson and Gillray, and the ascent through Leech and 'Phiz' to Du Maurier and Tenniel. Three interesting chapters are given to George Cruikshank. The writer of a volume of this kind has to wade through a great deal of pictorial mud, and Mr. Everitt has done his best to spare the reader of his letterpress and illustrations what is most revolting to taste in the caricature, political or social, of a past day. The book is evidently painstaking, and gives form to a curious chapter in the history of graphic delineation. But of the fulness and accuracy of such a volume only the expert in this abnormal phase of art can judge,—a qualification we do not profess to possess.

THAT industrious medium for friendly controversy, the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' has been inviting certain people, whose opinion is generally held to be worth hearing, to utter themselves on the subject of the proposed railway in the Lake Country from Windermere to Ambleside, the Bill for which has been rejected by the Committee; and the result is quite an amusing kaleidoscopic series of views of the question. No one ventures to be so eloquently damnatory as Mr. Ruskin; but a group of distinguished writers, painters, and poetically and humanely inclined people do venture to object to the proposed invasion of the silent beauty of the Cumberland hills and valleys, a beauty intimately linked with 'the silences of Nature.' The bustle of wayside stations, the accommodation of the refreshment-demanding cheap tripper, the possible development of speculation in building schemes, abortive mining enterprise, and what else, do not present the railroad in an advantageous point of view to many nature-loving but neither hysterical or even sentimental persons. Even if the scars on the hillsides made by levelling for the iron road are to some extent, as one poet and one railway contractor point out, healed by the pathetic, restoring care of Nature, yet no one can deny that the opening up of swift and easy access to centres of beautiful scenery does, in nine cases out of ten, end in spoiling the scenery itself, and, as one writer to the 'Pall Mall' applies the proverbial saying, does kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. There are points in the Lake Country to which the rail already runs, from which driving, boating, and walking, will take any tourist who really cares for natural beauty cheaply enough into the heart of the country now threatened. We hold the theory that the British operative or clerk pines to convey his wife and babies with him wherever he goes, as a fond fiction, and that any educational advantage the artisan's family is to obtain from being shot from point to point in a railroad car amid beautiful scenery is a sad delusion. If the sedentary clerk or mill-worker can be induced to do a little climbing, or to club with his fellows for a pedestrian tour, he is likely to return to his family a wiser and a better man; if he will forego some personal enjoyment in the way of tobacco and spirits, to give them a round on the lakeside coaches or a row on the water, they will all see what may refresh them body and soul. But to preach the sacred right of the people to enjoy their appanage of natural beauty in proportion to their capacity for defacing it by railways, steam-launches, drinking-bars, rotten lodging-houses, and such-like abominations, seems a mask of mock philanthropy, behind which one of the most advanced Socialists among us rightly detects the grin of the profit-monger and utilitarian speculator.

WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

I.

IT is a sign of the health and sincerity of current love for art that, after a temporary eclipse of neglect, not unattended with contumely, public judgment of our day is returning to honour Mulready for his many sterling qualities. Among these qualities are, taste unvitiated by sentimentality, not enervated by luscious and prurient motives, technical and immoral; thorough honesty, industry unflinching, and sincerity without a flaw; fine sense of beauty in a healthy condition, and aversion from and contempt for that puling voluptuousness which is the extreme of an unhealthy state of mind and heart. There exist among us 'schools of artistic motives,' all of which agree in sensuality of one sort or another, and are due to the 'hot-house' condition of a very large number of art-lovers, so called, the inner law of whose being and efforts is more or less sensuous, and frequently sensual. We have had (1) the school of the man-milliner, as illustrated by the late Messrs. J. Absolon and A. Bouvier; (2) the sham-romantic school, of which M. Gallait was in his youth the chief prophet; (3) the sentimental school, as exhibited in the works of Ary Schefer, certain Germans, and numerous Englishmen, who have affected the twaddle and whine of Longfellow and such-like falsities; (4) the 'penny-dreadful' school, to which, in the bathos of his once grand and vigorous genius, Gustave Doré descended; (5) the school of false chivalry, of whom G. Cattermole and E. W. Corbould were the upholders in theatrical and gaudy delineation; (6) the sham classic school, which is very well represented by works of the late Mr. E. W. Frost and many sculptors; (7) the sham pastoral and bucolic school which was once well known by means of the above-named J. Absolon, R. Westall, F. Wheatley, and the Misses Corbaux. In Gustave Doré, Corbould, and Schefer, not one only, but more than one, of these unwholesome developments of an unhealthy age were displayed. Altogether they are the rank out-growth of an overheated time, that evinced itself in mock pathos, mock romance, mock beauty, mock strength, mock learning, and mock religious sentiment, and was only sincere in being sentimental. These are only the leaders and eminent persons amid crowds who have followed the laws, or no laws, which these chose to live under. Among them the only 'man' was Doré, a son of the morning, who, misled by greed of praise, took his later meed from the ignorant, succumbed to the grossest flattery, and was spoilt by success, self-indulgence, and eagerness to grasp pleasure, and money for the sake of pleasure. Vanity, most of all, betrayed him.

Utterly opposed to the 'schools' in question, and

a sturdy rejector of all their motives, which had been developed in his day, was the fine draughtsman, painter, and designer, whose name is at the head of this paper, and some of whose works are reproduced on these pages. It is fortunate for Mulready that all, or nearly all, his best works are in the South Kensington Museum. From *The Cottages; Cottage—St. Albans* (both due to 1806); *Returning from the Ale-house* (1808); *The Fight Interrupted* (1815); *The Convalescent from Waterloo* (1822); *Giving a Bite* (1834); *The Last in* (1835); *Bob-Cherry* (1838); *The Sonnet* (1839); *Crossing the Ford* (1842); *Choosing the Wedding Gown* (1845); and *The Butt—Shooting a Cherry* (1847); to *Just as the Twig is Bent*, a very late picture of 1858,—the national collection contains ample means for seeing Mulready at his starting, at his best, and in that decadence which betokened the end of all his studies and the approach of 'the terminator of delights and separator of companions.' In addition to these paintings, Mulready's masterpieces, the Museum comprises a considerable number of those studies from the 'life,' academical examples which were at one time over-estimated, and are now as unwisely depreciated by a considerable number of artistic voices. A more numerous body of sketches in ink, pencil, and water-colours, exist at South Kensington. Some of these have been facsimiled for this essay, and are before the reader.

It is to these works and studies we can appeal as witnesses against the unfair verdict pronounced by over-fastidious amateurs and painters saturated with traditions of Italian art, upon Mulready's life's record. The most outspoken of his assailants are those who do not hesitate to condemn British art of all kinds, from that of Hogarth to that of many living men, and have no sympathy with *genre* painting of any description, from Teniers' to Wilkie's. In looking at a body of the works of any painter of *genre*, it is necessary for the spectator to separate the mere accidents, such as the costume and other idiosyncratic elements of the pictures, from their permanent features, such as the designs and the energy employed in their production, the veracity of the execution, the draughtsmanship, coloration, expression, finish, and what not else, which go to the making of fine works of art. Tried in this manner we need not fear for Mulready's fame and honours. Their perfect 'healthiness' and many masculine qualities will justify these instances in every judgment but those which are perverted by the conventions of peculiar phases of design—it is wonderful how powerful and unmerciful these conventions are—or intolerant of English art merely because it is English pure and simple.

Mulready is here spoken of as an English painter, because, although thoroughly Irish of a fine type and born in Ireland, he was an artist whose paintings exhibit not the slightest trace of his birth in the



A SKETCH IN THE MINIATURE ROOM, ROYAL ACADEMY.

sister island, or of his descent from a leather-breeches-maker—a 'leather-tailor,' as his fellow-craftsmen were sometimes called—who lived in Ennis, married an Irishwoman, and did not cross the narrow sea until his famous son was nearly six years of age. It was frequently possible to detect in Mulready's speech more or less of the Milesian *timbre*. There was a good deal of Irishness, except that perversity which is commonly ascribed to two-legged as well as to some four-legged natives of the Emerald Isle, in his conduct in life. But a warm temper, a kindly heart, a generous hand, an unflinching regard for truth, manhood at once robust and jocund, much physical courage and strength, much liking for his own way, ample tolerance for the wills of others, patience, fidelity to his friends, fondness for boxing and open-air diversions, a certain indifference to small matters of costume and comfort, accompanied by rigid personal neatness of dress and a genial grace of manner, were not more decidedly Irish elements in Mulready's character than English qualities. Leaving home before anything like schooling was administered to him, our painter really owed next to nothing but his descent and birth to the sister country. The 'bur' in his speech, slight as it was, was rather provincial than anything else, and due, no doubt, to the fact that, apart from a certain group of Hibernian friends and 'hangers-on,' such as Thackeray waxed eloquent in describing as perennially Irish and never desirable, Mulready's father lived

with him long years after the family migrated to London. In one respect Mulready was decidedly an Irishman. He, by way of putting himself out of the way of temptation, married a pretty girl when he was but eighteen years of age, and she, the elder of John Varley's two sisters, was only a year older, and thus he became a father in his nineteenth year. This union was very unhappy; it caused the young lovers unutterable pains, which endured through their dissensions of many years, and culminated in a life-long separation. I believe their wounds were never healed, and that Mrs. Mulready, after a separation of nearly fifty years, died unreconciled with one who had been the husband of her youth and was the father of her children. She survived him but a short time. She was an artist who, between 1811 and 1819, frequently contributed to the exhibitions.

It is not wonderful that Mulready must needs be reckoned with the English painters; all he knew of Art was learned in England, and as the pupil of an Englishman. It was otherwise with F. Danby, and his compatriot, Daniel Maclise, the latter of whom owed most to Ireland, and was one of the noblest, most knight-like sons of Hibernia. In the manner of the English artists of his time, Mulready, unlike Maclise, who travelled fairly well, and knew Paris, Naples, Rome, and Berlin, never revisited Ireland; indeed, he never went out of England, except so far as the old-fashioned

St. J. Cornwall. L. P. Penhlope Took Louis d'Orléans.
1642. Oude 1145 © del. and some at Regent



STUDY OF ANCIENT COSTUME.

sailing packets took him to Calais and back to London. This he was fond of for the benefit of his health. So much for the birth, education, and art of the painter, whose many sterling qualities are again bringing him into the light of popularity

after an ungrateful obscurity of a few years. We may now consider what was the course of his life, and thus find occasion for describing some of the motives of his art, and the true qualities of his pictures.

Many of the following details of Mulready's career are borrowed from the under-mentioned sources:—1. A little book entitled 'The Looking-Glass; a True History of the Early Years of an Artist,' by 'Theophilus Marcliffe,' which was written by, or for, William Godwin, author of 'Caleb Williams,' and certain admired political discourses, such as 'Political Justice.' This little book was published in 1805, and sold in thousands of copies for a shilling each. The objects of the writer, or compiler, are best expounded by his own words in continuation of the above-quoted title. It is thus said to be 'Calculated to awaken the Emulation of YOUNG PERSONS of both Sexes in the pursuit of every laudable attainment: particularly in the Cultivation of the Fine Arts.' '*Emulation has a thousand Sons*' is the sententious and somewhat oracular motto on the title-page. This book, although widely disseminated in the first decade of this century, has become so scarce that not ten copies are now known to exist. From one of these Messrs. Bemrose and Sons produced a fac-simile reprint (including the illustrations admittedly drawn by Mulready himself), an appendix of notes, and an essay by the present writer. 2. The second source of comments on our painter is 'Memorials of Mulready,' also by the present writer, and published in 1867. 3. The third source is entirely new, and consists of memoranda gathered since 1867, including some characteristic details furnished by the late John Linnell, Mulready's best pupil and warmest friend, and Samuel Palmer, who, overflowing with kindness for the author of this essay, took pains to write a body of details about his quondam intimate. Linnell and Palmer were, in differing degrees, pupils of Mulready; they knew him intimately, and loved him well.

With regard to the authorship of 'The Looking-Glass,' it is right to say that a few months ago Mr. R. H. Soden Smith, of the South Kensington Museum, called the present writer's attention to a copy of this book in the original edition, then recently acquired for the Art Library of that institution, and inscribed on the title-page as the work of Mrs. Andrews, 'eldest Miss Varley,' i.e., a sister of Mrs. Mulready, and, as such, likely to be well informed about the very curious little book. Mr. J. Smith, with perspicacity, remarked that certain tinges of 'goodness' in the text of the 'Looking-Glass,' the existence of which cannot be denied, not unfairly indicated the probability of the inscription's correctness, and, at any rate, are dis-

similar in taste and character to Godwin's nervous and crisp English, his anything but 'goody' tastes, and his very masculine style of thought. There is no direct authority for the ascription of the book to Godwin, but for many years it was reputed to be his, and the present writer, when mentioning 'The Looking-Glass' to Mulready himself as the work of Godwin, received no denial that it was his. The book having been published under a *nom de plume*, Mulready was, of course, under no obligation to reveal its authorship, but it is apparent to all who knew that sterling advocate for nothing but the truth, that, had he known Godwin had not produced this biography he would have said so without hesitation. This is the more probable, as Mulready admitted to his intimates that the text in question was in the main a true history of his early life, and, in conversation with one of these intimates, he ex-



SKETCH OF AN INTERIOR.

pressly stated that the illustrations were his own. No doubt they were intentionally adapted for the edification of children; there is considerable likeness between them and the cuts published with other members of the Juvenile Library issued about the same time, and undoubtedly Mulready's, such as *Nong Tong Paw*, *The Sullen Woman and the Pedlar*, *The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast*, *Think Before You Speak*, and *Fables: Ancient and Modern*, which last work carried the name of Baldwin, its publisher, to the ends of the earth. Godwin was deft penman enough to adapt himself with ease to the 'goody' and juvenile style required for 'The Looking-Glass.' Finally, whether Godwin was or not the author of this *brochure*, it is certain that the inscription awarding it in an unexpected manner to 'Mrs. Andrews' as the 'eldest Miss Varley' errs in one respect at least. She, as her nephew, the late Mr. Albert Varley, eldest son of John Varley, assured the present writer, was not the 'eldest' but the younger of the two sisters of John Varley, the elder of whom was Mrs. Mulready.

Be this as it may, we learn from the admittedly

authentic narrative that 'Marcliffe's' subject and our own was born at Ennis, County Clare, just one hundred and one years ago—*i.e.*, April 1, 1786. No mention is made of his mother; of his father, the Roman Catholic leather-breeches-maker, let it be added to what is stated above that he was one of those Armed Volunteers of Ireland whose potential achievements have been much talked about of late.



STUDY OF 'LENDING A BITE.'

The family removed to Dublin when the future R.A. was about eighteen months old. It was probably in the 'beautiful city' that Mulready's first artistic feat was performed, and his father discovered the nascent taste of the youngster for art. The family then lived in one room, which was not so splendid as if it had belonged to a palace of one of those magnificent Hibernian heroes who flourished when the people were so far advanced in civilisation that one only of some fifty 'kings' was allowed to die in his bed.

He secured that unique privilege by murdering, with knife, poison, or axe—dynamite was then unknown in the Isle of the Saints—all his immediate relations except a son, who was baffled in attempting to assassinate his father. Entering the family room one day, Mulready *père* discovered a pair of very sturdy legs protruding from beneath the bed. These limbs belonged to the painter to be, and on being pulled, so that the young owner was induced to back out of his place of study, the boy revealed that with a piece of chalk he had drawn on the floor extending beneath the couch a tolerable copy from a print of St. Paul's, London, which hung on a wall of the

room. Another very early set of subjects for draughtsmanship by the child were teapots, dogs, and such small deer as were delineated by one Cornelius Gormon, a friend of the elder Mulready and much admired by him. Mulready was very ready to tell stories of his own early passion for drawing—his ever-favoured study: he was very often found drawing on the floor—his only field for art—with white chalk, and his mother's broom each morning marred the labours of the day before. 'The Looking-Glass' contains some illustrations presumably like those in view here, but undoubtedly drawn from memory and all more or less accurate. After four unprosperous years spent in Dublin the family came to London, and settled near Leicester Square, and the father, who always asserted that in Ennis and Dublin he had been a master craftsman, was fain to take service as a journeyman tailor.

In Westminster Mulready was sent to school, and, as with a good deal of pleasant glee he used to relate, one of his masters was so much of an artist that he had been to school with Heath the engraver, 'and seemed to think that this piece of good fortune qualified him to be a critic as well as an artist.' 'Marcliffe' averred that young Mulready's first success in oil-painting was writing the initials of the owner of a set of stable buckets on the fronts of those vessels. He seems to have continued his practice of chalk-drawing all through this time, and he exercised himself by writing at large on street walls and instructing his comrades in caligraphy. By this means he got his first sight of fortune. One day, while holding forth on this subject to a knot of urchins, he attracted the notice of John Graham, an artist who was then painting a large picture of *Solomon instructed by David*, and was much in need of a model for the face of the young Hebrew prince. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Graham that the sturdy, -rosy, and jocund little son of Ireland was not exactly of the type prevailing in Jerusalem in the time of the greatest of Jewish rulers. It appears that Mulready *jeune* had bright eyes and an earnest air, and these were quite enough for his art's demands.* Engaged to represent the

* John Graham was a real personage of note. Born in Edinburgh in 1754, he came to London as a coach-painter, entered the Royal Academy as a student, went to Italy, exhibited in Somerset House in 1780 a picture of *Daniel in the Lions' Den*, and frequently contributed to other galleries. It is interesting to notice in connexion with 'Marcliffe's' narrative that in 1797 Graham sent to the Academy No. 146, *King David Instructing Solomon*, the very picture Mulready sat for; his address in the catalogue is 'Leicester Square,' the region in which Mulready was living! In 1798, Graham was appointed Joint-Master in the Trustees' School in Edinburgh; after this date his works appeared no more in London. He was one of the most able masters in the famous northern school of art, and numbered among his pupils Wilkie, David Allan, Watson Gordon, and John Burnet. He died in Edinburgh, November, 1817. Two pictures of his are in the National Gallery of Scotland.

youthful Solomon, Mulready went to Graham's painting-room. From his account of the visit we get a curious glimpse of the interior of such a place in 1797. 'The painting-room of an artist was a new scene to him,' wrote 'Marcliffe,' 'and was perhaps the scene in all the world to afford him the highest gratification. He admired the green baize with which the room was hung, and the magnitude of several of the pictures which were placed against it.' A room with hangings of green baize recalls to us rather a scene in a play of Elizabeth's and James's times than a painter's studio just before the beginning of the nineteenth century. Mulready at eleven years of age might well be astonished by the splendour of such an apartment as Graham's. This was before the days of paper-hangings, and we see in several pictures of the date hangings of this nature; otherwise rooms were wainscoted and painted: green baize was affected by artists. Mulready sat to Graham with a piece of yellow satin thrown over his shoulder, to reflect warm light upon his features and suggest the attire of the Prince of Israel.

Mulready, thus advanced to the dignity of a model, was fairly entering upon an art-career. He came in contact with more than one painter whose name it is possible to recognise in the exhibition catalogues of that day. Urged by one Mr. Corbet, he called on Thomas Banks, R.A., a sculptor of high renown, who, taking an interest in the bright and intelligent boy of thirteen years, who went to him with a drawing of the *Apollo*, helped him to become a student in the Royal Academy, previously teaching him for a year in Newman Street. This was in 1800. In the schools of the Academy Mulready found opportunities for study. Mr. Redgrave told us that Mulready in later life said he had been a drawing-master all his life long, with intervals for painting pictures. 'I have drawn all my life as if I were drawing for a prize,' said he when an old man. His plan was essentially intelligent and based on the necessity he felt to *understand* all he had to do. This is the key to the soundness and completeness of his works and to much of his character. He regarded drawing as the fundamental means of artistic expression and studied zealously to the last week of his life to sustain his power therein, which many years of practice had made as facile and swift in execution as it was felicitous. Trees, such as we see in his backgrounds, and other accessories, he drew in all their details, and in separate studies, such as Dürer and Da Vinci have left for us. Some of the pen-and-ink sketches now put before the reader attest the rare firmness, spontaneity, and tact of Mulready as a draughtsman. We recognise in the memoranda of interiors the admirable dexterity of his touch, and the vigorous way he had of expressing much with small means. The charming sketch of the girl with

a child will bear examination by critical eyes from the deft modelling of the bare necks and shoulders to the beautiful, almost Raphaelesque delineation of the pinafore of the elder figure: in this we see how the string was rove along the top of the garment, and how each fold was studied and its course accounted for. How charming is the draughtsmanship of that wonderful bonnet! What tact appears in the treatment of its front, which is seen foreshortened, but not in the least confused! We are at liberty to study the contour of the girl's cheek;



STUDY OF CHILDREN.

the structure of her neck is distinct, and if we follow any of the major folds of her gown and apron, it will convince us that Mulready practised art on almost Greek conditions and nowhere made confusion and uncertainty; every fold tells its own story as plainly as the folds in the drapery of Phidian sculpture explain themselves. Nor is this otherwise commonplace figure of an English girl wanting in classic grace; her attitude of leaning against a wall is as flexible as it is natural and free. Though trivial, plain, and merely domestic, the figure has no vulgarity. And yet it has lost nothing of naturalness or vivacity, and though hidden, the proportions of the limbs and the articulation of the skeletons of both the children are as easily to be understood as if they were unclothed. It is the same in Mulready's masterpiece, *Choosing the Wedding Gown*, which illustrates the crown and

acme of his powers. Every element is understood and expressed with the ease of long and loyal practice. Veracity has endowed every line, nay, every touch with grace and excluded affectation.

Having brought my subject to the outset of his studies—*i.e.*, shown how he became a pupil in the

Royal Academy, of which he lived to be the most beloved master; having illustrated his technical aims; indicated points in which he succeeded, and called attention to the unvarying veracity of his art, I hope, in another paper, to show more of Mulready's ways and aims than is at present possible.

F. G. STEPHENS.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

III.—*Alexander Carse, William Home Lizars, Walter Geikie, Sir David Wilkie.*

ALL the four men whose names I have set at the head of the present chapter were, in a broad sense, disciples of David Allan. Alexander Carse, called 'Old Carse,' was born about 1780, rather sooner, perhaps, than later, for he had already won a reputation by 1806, when the first exhibition of modern pictures was held in Edinburgh. His work is full of humour and character. In those respects he might be called the Scottish Brouwer, were such comparisons desirable. As a practical artist, however, he was coarse and heavy-handed. He exhibited with the Scottish Academy down to 1836, and is supposed to have died soon after. Redgrave, in his Dictionary, gives the initial of his Christian name as W., which seems to be a mistake. There is a fair example of Carse in the National Gallery at Edinburgh.

William Home Lizars was born at Edinburgh in 1788. He was the eldest son of the engraver, Daniel Lizars, to whom he was apprenticed in 1802. His father, however, placed him as a student with the famous John Graham, Master of the Trustees' Academy, where for a time he was a fellow-pupil with Wilkie. In 1812 Lizars sent to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy a *Reading of the Will* and a *Scotch Wedding*. These were hung on the line, and roused much interest in the young artist, for whom a brilliant career was foretold. Unfortunately Daniel Lizars died in the course of the same year, and his son was compelled to transfer his attention to the business of engraving and copper-plate printing. Being a man of great energy and force of character, his assistance was sought at the foundation of the Scottish Academy in 1826, although he had then long given up the practice of his art. From 1826 to 1830, when he resigned, he was an Associate engraver. Lizars died at Jedburgh in 1859. His two chief works—those mentioned above—were given to the National Gallery of Scotland by his widow.

Walter Geikie, too, was a native of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1795. He received his training at the Trustees' Academy, under Graham, and commenced to exhibit in 1815. In 1831 he was elected an Associate, and, in 1834, a full Member, of the Scottish Academy. In 1833 he published a

series of etchings, the subjects taken from Scottish life and scenery. Geikie was a deaf-mute, and weakly in health withal; but he was cheerful, and fond of society. His death took place in 1837.

In strict chronology, Wilkie should have come before either Lizars or Geikie, for he was born in 1785. But his work has closer attachments to our time than theirs, and for other reasons it was better to take him out of his order. And as one thing leads to another, I must here say a word upon the above-mentioned John Graham, whose chief distinction it was to have been Wilkie's master. Born as early as 1754, Graham had, in 1798, been named director of the Trustees' Academy, and had been content to carry on the work begun so well by David Allan. Himself a mediocre painter, he will be remembered mainly by the success which attended the school under his supervision. Besides Wilkie, he numbered among his pupils Sir William Allan, the Burnets, and Sir John Watson Gordon. Of Graham's own work, the Scottish National Gallery possesses a fair example. His death took place in 1817.

Graham's great pupil was born at Cults, in Fifeshire, in 1785. His father, also a David Wilkie and minister of the parish, was the son of one John Wilkie, of Ratho-Byres, in Midlothian. The painter, who had the real Scottish love of pedigree, used to be fond in after-life of discussing the family ramifications. At his death he left a fragment of autobiography, and there we find him lamenting that he cannot 'count kindred' with one John Wilkie of Uphall, a minister, who, when desired by the Presbytery to preach against the sin of witchcraft, let off instead a sermon against the folly of believing in it, and that thirty years before the last witch was burnt in Scotland! No wonder, as Mrs. Heaton exclaims, Sir David wished to establish some connexion between himself and such a brave old Puritan!

It may here be as well to quote part of the autobiographical fragment I have alluded to:—

'I am,' says the painter, 'the third son of the Rev. David Wilkie and of Isabella Lister, his wife, a native of the district. My father came from the county of Midlothian, and from a neighbourhood often mentioned, which, like the ancient Hebron, had a halo and interest about it

which no other place could possess. He was a native of Ratho-Byres, a small property which had been in possession of our family for 400 years, until, as he used to tell us, by the imprudence of his ancestors, it had passed to a younger branch of the same family . . . and was held by his father, John Wilkie, only as its tenant and cultivator. Of the singular worth and good qualities of that excellent person, my grandfather, I have heard much and from many persons. After his death, the family mansion, an humble structure, was allowed to sink to decay; but from a feeling of respect to his own ancestry, the proprietor, James Wilkie of Gilchristown, permitted a gable-end, containing the chimney-corner, where my grandfather loved to entertain his friends, to remain, which I remember a grey ruin, a venerable landmark of other years. . . . In the neighbourhood of Ratho reside other families of my name: Matthew Wilkie, of Bonnington, and William Wilkie, of Ormiston Hill, extensive proprietors of land, are counted our relations, and claim descent from the same stock. . . . The Rev. William Wilkie, minister of Ratho, (was) author of the "Epigoniad," a poem on the Theban war, which in language though reminding us too much of Pope, almost his contemporary, exhibits such facility of composition, such readiness of imagery, and such power of expression, as induced Hume . . . to call him the Scottish Homer.'

Here the memoir closes. It may be supplemented with the two following extracts from the Journal of David père:—

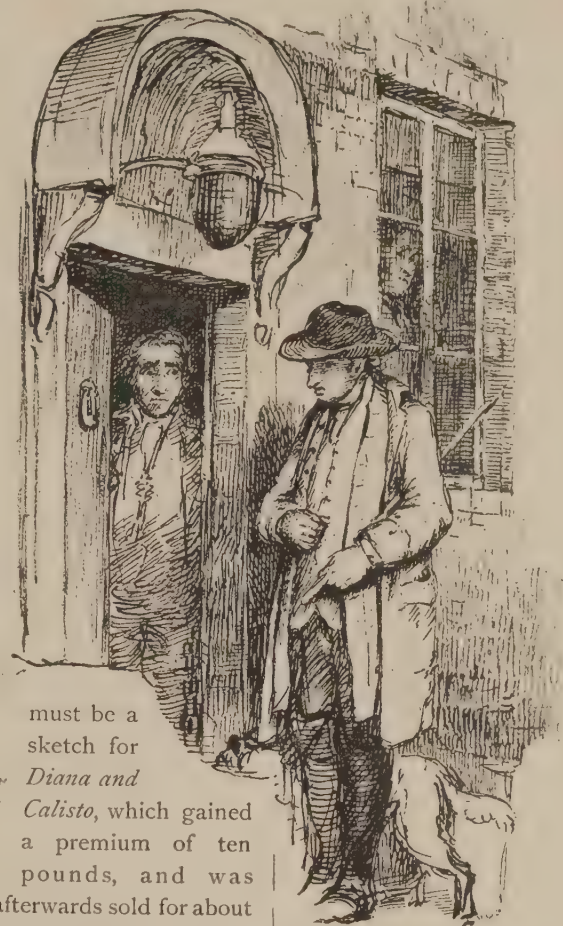
'1781. October 4.—Was this day married to Miss Isabella Lister, daughter to Mr. James Lister, farmer, of Pitlessie Mill.

'1785. November 18.—This day, about five in the evening, Bell was delivered of a son, who, on December 4th, was baptized by the name of David after myself.'

Bell was the minister's third wife, and David her third son. As soon as he could crawl, the boy commenced to draw. This feat he could perform before he could read, or even talk properly. Once, while still a 'wee bit bairn,' his mother asked him what he was after with a bit of chalk on the floor, to which he answered, 'Making bonnie Lady Gonie;,' and we are told that his scribble really gave some hint of a certain Lady Balgonie, whose charms had made an impression on his baby heart. At Pitlessie school the same fever for drawing possessed him, and, canny Scot as he was, it is said that when he grew to the mature age of ten or so, he used to make his school-fellows pay with marbles, pencils, bits of string, and other mysterious treasures of boyhood, for the libels he made on their features.

With such a lad there was clearly but one thing to do, and his father deserves credit for the promptness with which he bowed to the inevitable. At the age of fourteen young David was sent to Edinburgh to try for the Trustees' Academy. He carried with him an introduction from Lord Leven to Mr. George Thomson, the secretary, but in spite of that admission was for a time refused. Thereupon Lord

Leven was called in to smooth obstacles away, and before long his young *protégé* was winning prizes from the Trustees. Judging, however, from the life-size studies Wilkie produced in later years, his work as a student must have been notable for character rather than precision. Somewhere in the world there



must be a sketch for "*Diana and Calisto*," which gained a premium of ten pounds, and was afterwards sold for about fifty. The theme was a strange one for Wilkie.

In 1804 Wilkie returned to Cults, and set to work to compose his *Pitlessie Fair*. Here he had a subject entirely to his taste, and, what is more, to his powers. A crowd of country folk are come together partly for business, partly for enjoyment; most, if not all, are portraits, and every incident is just what might occur at such a time and place. Technically the work reminds one strangely of such Dutchmen as Jan Molenaer. The characterisation is a little rude and broad; the handling free, wonderfully so for a boy; the colour a little hot and red. On the whole, it is an extraordinary production for a lad of eighteen.* During this year, 1804, Wilkie painted a

STUDY FOR 'NOT AT HOME.' BY
SIR DAVID WILKIE.

* *Pitlessie Fair* still belongs to the family of Mr. Kinnear, of Kinloch, who bought it from the painter. Two years ago it was lent for a time to the Scottish National Gallery where I saw it.

number of portraits besides the *Fair*, and it was no doubt on the strength of what they added to the price of the latter that he determined to set out for London. In May, 1805, he made the journey, and a few months afterwards we find Jackson writing to Haydon, who, like himself, was a student at Somerset House, that a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman had come, 'an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie.' Haydon's wrong-headed jealousy bestirred itself against the new importation even before he was seen, but ere long we find that he and Jackson were the young Scot's chief friends.

On his arrival Wilkie took lodgings at 8 Norton Street, Portland Road, breakfasting at home but dining at a 'thirteen-penny ordinary,' where he had



SKETCH FOR A GROUP OF 'READING THE WILL.'
BY SIR DAVID WILKIE.

the chance of talking every tongue but his own. The funds saved at Cults did not last him long, but he soon contrived to sell a few studies and a small picture called *The Village Recruit*, which he had painted in Scotland. Anent this, Cunningham tells a significant story of its attracting the eye of a rich but timid connoisseur, who passed the shop where it was exposed for sale. Asking the price, he was told six guineas; but, fearful perhaps for his reputation, he determined to consult Cunningham before he risked his money. 'Buy it by all means,' said the critic; 'stake that much on your taste.' But meanwhile a bolder 'patron' had looked into the same window, and when Cunningham's friend returned the picture was gone. The poverty which attended Wilkie's early years in London seems to have been his own fault. The prices he named for his pictures were absurdly small. Again and again the cheques he received were larger than he asked, marking at least the buyers' sense that they had obtained too much for their money. This diffidence was mainly constitutional, but it may have been partly due to an unfortunate hitch in the selling of his *Village Politicians*. The study was shown to Lord Mansfield, who asked what would be the price for the finished work. Wilkie replied, 'Fifteen guineas,' to which the Earl made no answer. Wilkie proceeded, however, to paint the subject, trusting to find a buyer even if it

did not please him who had admired the sketch. The picture went to the Academy of 1806, and its maker, like Byron, woke to find himself famous. Thereupon Lord Mansfield claimed it, at the price of fifteen guineas. To this, of course, Wilkie demurred; the patron had not committed himself, and so the picture had been finished at the painter's risk, who therefore had the right to ask what he chose. In the end Mansfield gave him thirty guineas.

The Village Politicians was succeeded by *The Blind Fiddler*, and that by *Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage*, *The Card Players*, and *The Rent Day*. The *Alfred* is classed, perhaps with justice, among Wilkie's failures. It is clear, of course, why such a scene was chosen by Wilkie, but nevertheless it was an error of judgment. A king in any efficient disguise is not a king at all, and for aught we can tell the old woman may be rating her own son; the motive then becomes pitifully thin and poor. So far as painting goes the picture is quite on a level with other things produced at the same time. *The Card Players* is a little too like the *Village Politicians* in arrangement, while *The Rent Day* has the weakness inseparable from a scene in two parts. From these defects, slight as they are, *The Blind Fiddler* is free, and in some ways it may be called Wilkie's masterpiece. But its colour is cold and slaty, a shortcoming which is now all the more conspicuous through the presence close by, in the National Gallery, of such a brilliant bit of tone and colour as the study for *Blind Man's Buff*, which we engrave.

In the summer of 1809 Wilkie paid his first visit to Sir George Beaumont, at Coleorton. Haydon went with him, and what between host and fellow-guest, Wilkie must have had a lively time of it. Sir George deserves all the credit he has won for his services to art, and especially for what he did towards getting a national collection begun in England. But he seems to have been a stupendous prig. He talked studio all day and read aloud half the night with that exasperating zeal which so often attends mediocrity. In all this he was aided and abetted by Haydon, the vainest, frankest, most jealous and tactless of men, and one of the worst artists that ever mistook his vocation. Whatever else he turned to, he did it better than he painted. He quarrelled, journalised, and talked politics with a genius of which his pictures give no hint. Such an ill-assorted pair as he and Wilkie surely never came together before. The one keenly observant, just to his neighbours, prudent for himself, free from illusions, warm-hearted, cold-mannered, and tolerant. The other self-conscious, impulsively affectionate, incapable of art or of seeing his own incapacity, indefatigably pugnacious, and torn with jealousy. That Haydon should understand Wilkie was impossible, and the worst of it is that his misapprehensions have been



too often accepted by later writers. In 1809 *The Rent Day* and a smaller picture, *The Cut Finger*, were at the Academy, well hung and attracting crowds. Haydon's *Dentatus*, on the other hand, was neglected in the outer room. At this Haydon raised a tremendous dust, taking for granted that the ill-placing and not the poverty of his picture was to blame for its want of success. Wilkie refused to join in the outcry, for the sufficient reason, no doubt, that his friend's work had received its deserts. To suppose that the painter of *The Blind Fiddler* and *Village Politicians* could champion *Dentatus* on its merits, was absurd. But what is Haydon's comment? 'Wilkie, Wilkie, whom I loved so dearly, the friend and companion of all my early days and thoughts, he shrank from my defence! How my heart ached at his coldness! But it was the timid man.' It was the fair man, who shrank from attacking the Academy for doing what he could not in his heart condemn.

All through Haydon's journal we find this blowing of hot and cold in alternate breaths on the character of his friend, and it may be accounted for without believing that Wilkie was either lukewarm in his affection or grasping in his dealings with money. Haydon was always in difficulties, and it is more than likely that on some of these occasions Wilkie may have withheld his purse. But that such a refusal, if it occurred, was not due to meanness is proved, in the first place, by Wilkie's conduct to those who had real claims upon him, and to whom assistance would be of real use; secondly, by the extreme moderation of his demands when he sold a picture; and, thirdly, by his persistent refusal, from first to last, of financial help from wealthy friends, even from the Regent himself.

In November, 1809, Wilkie was elected an Associate, and eighteen months later a full member of the Academy. Just before his promotion an incident occurred that, to one of his sensitive temperament, must have been among the most painful of his life. He had finished for the Exhibition of 1810 a small picture which has been variously called *The Wardrobe Ransacked*, *No Fool like an Old Fool*, and *The Man with the Girl's Cap*. This was duly sent in, but afterwards withdrawn in deference to the suggestion of some Academicians, who either thought or pretended to think it would be killed by the work of Edward Bird, which was then beginning to attract attention. One of the actors in this cabal seems to have been an outsider, Robert Hartley Cromek, the engraver. 'Gad, sir!' said he to Cunningham, 'he [Bird] is predestined to humble your tall, thin countryman, who is as silent as the grave and as proud as Lucifer.' It was probably by this action of the Academy—which he must have deeply resented when he saw his supposed rival's work—that

Wilkie was induced to have a separate exhibition of his own pictures. He took a room in Pall Mall, on the site now occupied by the Eagle Fire Office, and there he displayed eighteen finished pictures and eleven sketches. Financially, the venture is understood to have failed, but it brought him increased prestige. It gave him, too, a hint for one of his finest works, the *Distraining for Rent*. While the exhibition was open, a distress warrant was put in, not against Wilkie himself, but against the lessee from whom he had hired the room. The *Village Festival* was seized by the bailiff, and thirty-two of the painter's hardly-earned sovereigns had to go in its redemption.

In 1814, Wilkie and Haydon made a pilgrimage to France, then just thrown open by the first fall of Napoleon. They went by way of Dieppe and Rouen—where Wilkie was horrified to see the people playing games on Sunday!—to Paris. There they stayed for a month. Like most painters, Wilkie was a good critic of plays and players, and his journal deals much with their doings, but his heart, of course, was in the Louvre, then crowded with the treasures of the Continent. The French school had no charms for him; he found, too, that his beloved Teniers paled when seen beside the finer works of Ostade and Rembrandt. But 'Wilkie in Paris' has been drawn by Haydon, and I must reproduce his picture:—

'Notwithstanding Paris was filled with all the nations of the earth, the greatest oddity in it was unquestionably David Wilkie. His horrible French; his strange, tottering, feeble, pale look; his carrying about his prints to make bargains with print-sellers; his resolute determination never to leave the restaurants till he got his change right to a centime; his long disputes about *sous* and *demi-sous* with the *dame du comptoir*, whilst madame tried to cheat him, and as she pressed her pretty, ringed fingers on his arm without making the least impression, her 'Mais, monsieur!' and his Scotch 'Mais, madame!' were worthy of Molière.

'But there is a simplicity in his manners, a soundness and originality in his thinking, which make him an instructive companion. His remarks on the French School were capital. He said it was the consequence, and not the cause, of encouragement. There was hardly a day but we had a dispute, and yet we were always better pleased with each other's society than with the society of others. One great point of dispute was how much to give to the postillions. He said I always gave them more than they deserved, and I said he always gave them less.'

This journey was succeeded two years later by one in Holland, where Wilkie found the home of his beloved Dutch masters still answering with curious exactness to the pictures they had made of it. He says, in a letter to Sir George Beaumont:—

'On leaving Ostend, not only the people, the houses, and trees, but whole tracts of country, reminded one of

the landscapes of Teniers; and on getting further into the country this was only relieved by the pictures of Rubens, Wouvermans, and some other masters, taking his place. I thought I could trace the particular districts in Holland where Ostade, Jan Steen, Cuyp, and Rembrandt had studied.'

In 1817 his holiday was taken in Scotland, where he enjoyed the hospitality of Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, and paid that visit to the Ettrick Shepherd, of which we have a delightful account. At first Hogg, who was used to lion-hunting guests, did not realise who the Mr. Wilkie was his friend Laidlaw had brought him, but at last some word let in light on his mind. 'Laidlaw,' he exclaimed, 'this is no' the

and led at last to a complete change in his work.

Wilkie's career down to the year 1825 was one of constant progress on the line struck out by his *Pitlessie Fair*. It is impossible now to discover what gave him that early bias, though the probability is that it came from some Dutch picture seen in Edinburgh while he was still at the Trustees' Academy. I have already compared *Pitlessie Fair* to the work of Jan Molenaer, and indeed there is nothing improbable in the notion that some picture of that second-rate but strongly individual master may have met the young painter's eyes. But of course this is mere conjecture. It only deserves to be referred to at all



THE HUSTINGS: SKETCH FOR A PICTURE. BY SIR DAVID WILKIE.

great Mr. Wilkie?' 'It's just the great Mr. Wilkie,' replied the other. 'Mr. Wilkie,' cried the Shepherd, seizing his hand, 'I cannot tell how proud I am to see you in my house, nor how glad I am that you are so young a man!' 'The fellow!' said Scott, when he heard the story, 'it was the finest compliment ever paid to man.' It was during this visit that Wilkie painted his well-known picture of Scott and his family in the guise of peasants and that he collected much of the material used in his *Penny Wedding*. On his return he painted the latter picture for the Regent, the *Reading of the Will* for the King of Bavaria, and the *Chelsea Pensioners* for the Duke of Wellington. In August, 1822, he returned to Scotland, to be present at the famous visit of George IV., whose entry into Holyrood he afterwards painted. Two years later he was again in Edinburgh, making studies for his *John Knox Preaching*; and then, in the summer of 1825, came that breakdown in health which drove him abroad

because, throughout his life, Wilkie was so surely affected by any kindred spirit that came in his way, that the peculiarities of his first picture are pretty sure to have had their origin outside himself. In *Village Politicians* the influence of Teniers is in full swing. The composition, though richer than any Teniers, is entirely based upon that master's practice. So, too, are the technical methods and the choice of tints. But it is not only in composition that Wilkie here beats his teacher. His linear arabesque is more completely rhythmical, his heads more studied and with stronger individuality. *En revanche*, his handling is far less crisp and assured, his colour less pure, and his shadows less clear and transparent. In these latter respects Wilkie improved as he went on, but, as a creation, he never surpassed the *Village Politicians*. His Teniers period lasted down to 1811, when he painted that sketch for *Blind Man's Buff* which betrays the growing influence of another master. Up till now a cool silveriness had been the

quality he aimed at, but about this time a fine Ostade* was shown to him, when he immediately went home, and, rubbing a coat of asphaltum over his *Duncan Gray*,† turned that from a silver picture into a gold one. The operation was disastrous to the picture, which was nothing but a network of white cracks a few years ago. It has now been carefully repaired, and the same treatment, in a slighter degree, has been applied to the *Blind Fiddler*. In his 'Ostade' manner Wilkie never did anything finer than the sketch for *Blind Man's Buff*. A little brown, and even a little mannered, it is finely 'composed, abounding in humour, rich in colour, deep and clear in atmosphere, brimming over with movement and vitality. It is, in fact,

ing to the Academy Catalogue, it was painted in illustration of the following words from Burns' 'Justice of the Peace':—'And an officer giveth sufficient notice who he is, when he saith to the party, "I arrest you in the King's name;" and in such case the party, at their peril, ought to obey him.' It was not often that Wilkie failed dramatically, and he certainly succeeded here. If all record of our social system were lost but this picture, it would still tell its story. So much could scarcely be said of what must, I suppose, be called the chief work of this phase in his art, *The Preaching of Knox before the Lords of the Congregation on June 10, 1559*. This was begun before his visit to Italy, but not finished until 1832. Wilkie worked upon it at the



SKETCH FOR THE 'CHELSEA PENSIONERS.' BY SIR DAVID WILKIE.

bien dit. There is not a superfluous syllable, but all is told. This sketch was purchased from Wilkie by Lord Mulgrave. At his sale, in 1832, it was bought by Mr. C. L. Bredel, whose sister bequeathed it to the nation twelve years ago.

After Ostade came Rembrandt to affect Wilkie's practice. The first picture, in which he adopted a looser handling and a more forcible chiaroscuro, was *The Parish Beadle*, now in the National Gallery. Here the influence of the great Leydener is manifest. Colour is almost entirely banished from the shadows, which are deep, brown, and transparent, but is used with a bolder purity in the high lights than Wilkie had ever shown before. At present the shadows are undeniably too obscure, but this may be partly the result of time. The picture was painted in 1822, and exhibited the following year. Accord-

same time as upon *The Entry of George IV. into Holyrood*, and in each both his early and his later styles are to be traced. 'The mixture,' said Haydon, 'is like oil and water.' *Knox Preaching* is full of portraits, and even the furniture, such as the pulpit out of which the reformer threatens to plunge headforemost, gave the painter an infinity of pains, for he went to Scotland to study it from the actual relic. The picture fails, not as a conception, but from technical defects. In colour it is hot and cold, in chiaroscuro restless and incoherent, in impasto painty and capricious.

Over Wilkie's Spanish period better haste must be made. It was in 1825, as I have said, that he began the prolonged sojourn abroad that was to have such an effect upon his work and his rank as an artist. During the first years of his absence he spent most of his time in Italy and Southern Germany, but towards the end of 1827 he made his way to Spain, where he stayed for rather more than seven months—the best employed time of his pro-

* Said to have been *The Alchemist*, afterwards in the Peel Collection, and now in the National Gallery.

† Now at South Kensington.

fessional life,' in his own opinion. Here posterity, from whose judgment there is no appeal, has failed to agree with him. During his stay he painted four pictures, the two best the *Maid of Saragossa*, and the *Guerilla Council of War*. Wilkie's own pathetic comments upon what he had seen and done in the Peninsula were these: 'Spain is the unpoached game-preserve of Europe, in which I have had six months' freedom to myself alone.' And again, 'For what I have seen, I may almost be the envy of every British artist; and from what I have been doing, weak as I am, I have again the happiness to say, with the great Correggio, though on a far humbler occasion, "Anch' io sono pittore."' What would have been his feelings could he have foreseen that, before half a century had passed, the pictures on which he based his right to be named with the great Spaniards and Italians, would only be looked at twice because they were painted by the same man as *Village Politicians*, *Distraint for Rent*, and *Pitlessie Fair*!

Wilkie is an almost unique example of a great artist without an obstinate individuality. Mr. Ruskin somewhere laments Constable's unteachableness; I wonder whether he has ever cared to realise what the opposite quality did for Wilkie? It is safe to say that if Wilkie had never travelled, if he had seen nothing more in the way of pictures than a dozen good examples of Teniers, Adrian Ostade, Metsu, Jan Steen, and Brouwer, he would have stood on a far higher pedestal than he does now. With works, so sympathetic to himself as nature made him, to hold up a standard, and with the peasantry of his own country to provide subjects, he would have been a pictorial Burns. As it is, his career is a beacon to warn us of the danger we run in our modern craze for cosmopolitanism in art. His delight in the South was of course genuine, and his admiration for its art was, no doubt, as real as he believed it. But it was founded neither on sufficient knowledge, nor on sufficient community between his own inner self and the life he found there. To us, with the critical eyes of to-day, it is easy to see that his *Maid of Saragossa*, his *Columbus*, his *Spanish Guerillas*, are Scots in disguise, and that in the way they are set on canvas the handling of a painter in small has simply been expanded, as by a magnifying glass, to cover the wider surface. There is none of the broad brushing, of the skill in carrying colour without loss of quality over considerable spaces, of the faculty for contriving schemes of light and shade that shall be at once simple, rightly graduated and well centred, in which lay the mastery of such men as Correggio and Velazquez.

Wilkie left Madrid in May, 1828, and next month was back in London. There he met Haydon, who found him 'thinner, and more nervous than ever:

his keen and bushy brow looked irritable, eager, nervous, and full of genius.' A few days later the old friends had a great discussion about painting. 'Now,' says Haydon, 'it is all Spanish and Italian art. He thinks nothing of his early and beautiful efforts—his *Rent Day*, his *Fiddler*, his *Politicians*. They are not carried far enough! as if anything on earth in point of expression and story was ever carried farther.' The fame Wilkie had gathered in Spain had found an echo in England, and people were eager to see the eight pictures he sent to the Exhibition of 1829. Two of these were Italian subjects, three Spanish, and one the full-length portrait of Lord Kellie, which was at the 'Old Masters' in 1881. On the whole his new departure seems to have been even then deplored. From the critics it provoked an onslaught which, as Cunningham tells us, 'Wilkie endured . . . with astonishing composure; he had made up his mind in the matter, for he felt that if he continued to work in his usual laborious style of detail and finish, he would never achieve independence nor add another sprig of laurel to his wreath.'

On the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1830, Wilkie was appointed to the office of Painter in Ordinary to the King, and his name was brought forward for the P.R.A.-ship. For this, however, he only received two votes, those of Collins and Leslie; and it is pretty certain that for the peculiar duties of their President the Academicians did well to prefer Mr. Martin Archer Shee. But the successful candidate had perpetrated poetry in his time, and the public feeling at his elevation was fairly expressed in an epigram which has been often quoted:—

'See Painting crowns her sister Poesy!

The world is all astonished—so is *Shee*.'

Between 1830 and 1840 Wilkie painted a great number of pictures, but not many upon which his biographers care to dwell. Among the best are *The First Earring*, in the National Gallery, and *Napoleon and Pius VII.*, which changed hands a few years ago at Christie's. In 1840 began that pilgrimage through Europe to the East from which he was never to return. Leaving London on August the 15th with his friend, Mr. W. Woodburn, he made his way by the Rhine and the Danube to Constantinople, where nothing excited his wonder so much as the contrast between the splendid dress of the Turks and the wretched hovels in which they lived. At Stamboul Wilkie painted the Sultan's portrait. There, too, he was entertained by Sir Moses Montefiore, who, though he died but the other day, was the same age as his guest; and then made his way, by Smyrna, Rhodes, and Beyrout, to Jerusalem. From the Holy City he sent that letter to Sir Robert Peel which contains the first expression of our



modern ideas as to how Scripture scenes should be painted :—

‘It is a fancy or belief that the art of our time and of our British people may reap some benefit that has induced me to undertake this journey. It is to see, to inquire, and to judge, not whether I can, but whether those who are younger, or with far higher attainments and powers, may not in future be required, in the advance and spread of our knowledge, to refer at once to the localities of Scripture events, when the great work is to be essayed of representing Scripture history. Great as the assistance, I might say the inspiration, which the art of painting has derived from the illustration of Christianity, and great as the talent and genius have been which this high walk of art has called into being, yet it is remarkable that none of the great painters to whom the world has hitherto looked for the visible appearance of Scripture scenes and feelings have ever visited the Holy Land.’

It is a touching aspiration, and since Wilkie’s time it has been realised. But how much the richer do we

feel for it? Is our religious art greater than that of Angelico, Raphael, or even Rembrandt, because the facts of the East have been brought on to the canvas?

There is something in Wilkie’s disappearance from the world that has a great effect upon the imagination. It was in June, 1841, that he left Alexandria, a passenger in the steamship *Oriental* bound for Malta, Gibraltar, and England. A few days later he went ashore at Valetta, where he was attacked by some slight disorder, and returned to the ship. But on the morning of June the first, he was found to be sinking, and before noon he died. Gibraltar was in sight and the steamer endeavoured to land the body. This, however, quarantine regulations prevented. So the ship’s carpenter made a rough coffin, and at half-past eight in the evening the engines were stopped, and as the red gleam of lanterns struggled with the last rays of day, the sea closed over all that was left of Sir David Wilkie.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

OXFORD FROM HEADINGTON HILL.

IT is probable that there are diverse opinions as to the best place for a view of the ‘City of Spires.’ There are some still among us whose first acquaintance with Oxford dates from pre-railway days, and who think nothing can equal the first impression made on the traveller who approached it by Magdalen Bridge. He saw, it is true, but little of the city, but all that he saw was perfect—Magdalen, the most beautiful college of the world, and the ‘High,’ the finest, if Dr. Waagen is to be believed, of its streets. Most of us, belonging as we do to later times, have caught our first view of the place from the railway, in some respects not an impressive view, and certainly not complete, but still from the very depression of the spot from which it is taken, bringing the greater spires and towers into effective relief. Then there is another view, with something of the same character about it, and with a tender charm of its own in its lovely foreground, to be got from the Upper River. There are ‘panoramic’ views, also, which must not be forgotten—that from the Radcliffe, for instance, or that from the tower of Magdalen. It must be allowed that these prospects from heights of man’s devising are not altogether pleasing. Some of us never quite get over the uneasy feeling of the sheer descent, and prefer the more gradual elevations that Nature commonly provides. Such views, too, must always want the relief and charm of foreground. Still any one who has ascended Magdalen Tower at sunrise on a May morning,* and seen the city lying beneath him, with

all its roofs and pinnacles sharply defined in the smokeless air, will not easily forget the sight. On the whole, however, the view from Headington Hill, given in our illustration, cannot be surpassed. The approach to it through the region now known as ‘Mesopotamia,’ is singularly charming. In old days one had to reach it through the somewhat unlovely suburb which lies on the further side of Magdalen Bridge. Now the pedestrian makes his way from the ‘Parks’ (how different from the dismal ploughed fields known by that name a generation ago!), by the delightful region that lies about the Cherwell, and so climbs to what may be called the Janiculum of Oxford. ‘Climbs,’ we say, but that is a figure of speech, for the ascent is not more than enough gently to open the lungs. But were it many degrees steeper the labour would be amply repaid by the beauty of the scene which lies before him when the top is reached. Slightly to the left rises the graceful tower whose beautiful proportions have never been matched, and which Oxford owes to the genius and enterprise of Wolsey.*

To the right of the tower are the fine elms of the Deer Park, with the line of the ‘New Buildings’ showing among them (the *old* ‘New Buildings,’ it should be explained, not those which have been recently added, and which are, by common consent, the most successful specimen of recent domestic architecture in the University). Behind the foliage of the Park are the buildings of Queen’s and New

* It is an immemorial custom at Magdalen for the choir to ascend the tower in the early morning of the first of May and sing hymns and carols.

* Wolsey built the tower of Magdalen when he was bursar of that College, not a little to the disgust, we are told, of some of the foundationers, whose dividends were diminished by the expenditure.

(how one realises the modern growth of Oxford by remembering that the gardens of the latter College are bounded by the old city wall!), and behind these again rise the noble spire of St. Mary's and the bastard classic erection which Dean Aldrich, greater surely in logic than in architecture, added to All Saints. Between these, but a little to the right, is the dome of the 'Radcliffe,' now turned into that sumptuous reading-room, not easily to be matched elsewhere, known as the *Camera Bodleiana*. Behind the Radcliffe, again, and curiously contrasting with its solid proportions, is the thin spire of Exeter

Chapel, irreverently called the 'Lead-pencil,' and to the right the 'opera-glasses' of All Souls. To the left of the landscape are the tower of Merton, looking here a little dwarfed, but very pleasing to a nearer view, the spire of the Cathedral, 'Tom' tower, and the spire of St. Ebbe's. But it is needless to prolong the catalogue. These are but names to a stranger, though their number and variety cannot fail to be impressive; but to a child of *Alma Mater* how full of memories and associations the spires that, in the words of one of the most eloquent of her sons 'whisper enchantments in the moonlight!'

THE SKIRTS OF LONDON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FROM Tyburn Turnpike, let us bend our steps towards Westminster, turning down Park Lane, once called Tyburn Lane. We may pause a moment to note that the earlier designation of the Lane is derived from the Gate or the Gallows rather than the Brook. For the latter, crossing Oxford Street, as we have seen, near Stratford Place, pursued its way to the Thames by a wandering course at some distance to the east of Park Lane. This course may be traced in part, even on a modern map of London, in the irregular zig-zag line formed by South Molton Lane, Avery Row, Bruton Mews, and Bolton Row, along which the stream ran, passing what was once Hay Hill Farm, until it declined down what is now Half Moon Street and over Piccadilly into the Green Park. Here its waters were collected in a large pool, known as the Reservoir, whence escaping, they flowed by Buckingham House in three branches to the Thames, which the main branch entered a little below Chelsea. Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park, a once noted resort of suicides, was partly replenished from the Tyburn. This Pond was filled up little more than a century ago, and the Reservoir in the Green Park existed down to the year 1842. On our walk down Park Lane, one of the first important avenues we come to is Brook Street, which plainly received its name from the Tyburn. We next pass Grosvenor Street, so called from the family owning this part of London, and near the south-west corner we observe a house somewhat larger and more lofty than the rest. This mansion, a hundred years ago, was occupied by the Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of George III., and was then known as Gloucester House. On the night of Black Wednesday, during the Gordon Riots, Horace Walpole, whose niece the Duke had married, mounted to its roof, 'and thence beheld the King's Bench, which was a little town, and at a distance the New Prison, in flames.' When the Duke died, in 1805, his house fell into the possession of the

ground landlord, then Earl Grosvenor, whose London residence had previously been the house at Millbank to be mentioned hereafter. Gloucester House presently became Grosvenor House, received large additions and improvements, and was secluded from the street by a screen. So far, however, a visitor to Park Lane a century back would have met with streets and houses not greatly differing from those which exist there at this day. We need scarcely stop to mention that Dorchester House was not yet to be found. But as he approached Piccadilly, the stranger would have come upon an area still imperfectly built upon, and about which some singular associations were yet clinging.

The old scene of riot and license, from which May Fair obtains its appellation, had been suppressed in the time of Queen Anne, but it subsequently revived, and was not finally abolished till George III. had been some years at least on the throne. The ingenious draughtsman and architect, John Carter, writing from personal recollection in March 1816, speaks of the Fair having been at its height of attraction fifty years before that date. According to his account, the head-quarters of the revel were at Shepherd's Market and some contiguous houses, but it was also carried on in other adjoining places. The writer specifies: 'Westwards an open space, extending to Tyburn (now Park) Lane, since built upon in Chapel Street, Shepherd's Street, Market Street, Hertford Street,' &c.; and 'Southwards the noted Ducking Pond, house and gardens, since built upon in a large Riding School, Carrington Street,' &c. At what precise periods the several streets here enumerated were erected, it is not easy to determine with accuracy; but they certainly were not all completed a hundred years ago. The extinction of May Fair was eventually brought about by the exertions of the Earl of Coventry, who in 1765, that is, just about the date indicated by Carter, became a resident in the neighbourhood, having purchased a house, now the St. James's Club, facing

the Green Park, and who was so much annoyed by the nuisance, which continued day and night through the whole month of May, that he used the influence at his command to get it put down. The mention of this Earl of Coventry, who in 1752 had married, and had afterwards lost, the eldest of the three beautiful Gunnings, cannot fail to remind us of that lady's more fortunate sister, whose matrimonial career began with a May Fair wedding. The Chaplains of the Fleet enjoyed no monopoly in their trade. They had rivals at the Mint, and other places, notably May Fair. A certain Dr. Keith, minister of the proprietary chapel in Curzon Street, made what Walpole calls 'a very bishopric of revenue,' by advertising marriages on easy terms. Being at length excommunicated for these practices,

but was defeated through the good sense of the House of Lords. Gradually Dr. Keith and his little chapel were forgotten; and as the vacant ground at the corner of Park Lane, together with the site of 'the noted Ducking Pond,' was built over, the memory of the Fair and its orgies passed away, until Ducking Pond Mews, which still exists—or did exist quite recently—ceased to have any significance, and the name of May Fair came to sound like the invention of a sentimental novelist.

The western portion of Piccadilly was once called Portugal Street, and retained that name down to the time of George I. During most of the next reign, this part of the great west road was bordered by detached houses of insignificant character. Many of them were inns or baiting-houses, the names of



BUCKINGHAM HOUSE AND ROSAMOND'S POND.

he retorted by pretending to excommunicate his bishop, his judge, and his prosecutor. He was then imprisoned for contumacy, whereupon he fitted up a room within ten yards of the building from which he had been ousted, named it 'the little chapel,' and continued his business at this new shop by the agency of curates. The Register Books of marriages celebrated by Dr. Keith and his assistants have been preserved, and contain the following entry: '1752, February 14, James, Duke of Hamilton and Elizabeth Gunning.' Walpole relates that the impatient Duke wedded his bride with a ring from a bed-curtain half an hour after twelve at night. The scandal of these precipitate and generally clandestine marriages was terminated by Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act some years before the Fair came to an end. Of course there was a rush to anticipate the new law: on the day before it came into operation (Lady Day, 1754) no fewer than sixty-one couples took advantage of the facilities offered by Keith's chapel. In 1781, Fox made a strange attempt to undo the effect of Lord Hardwicke's legis-

two of which are preserved in Halfmoon Street and White Horse Street. We find mention also of a statuary's premises, known as the Figure Yard, which gave occasion to jokes about squabby cupids and clumsy graces; and of the Peartree Livery Stables, so called from one Peartree, who kept them for forty or fifty years. In 1759, Walpole writes: 'I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses. At first I concluded that all the grooms that used to live there had got estates and built palaces.' But hardly one of those palaces satisfied the wants of the next age. The present mansions are of subsequent date. As late as 1790, Pennant, describing this part of Piccadilly, says: 'The north side only consists of houses, most of them mean buildings; but it finishes handsomely with the magnificent new house of Lord Bathurst at Hyde Park Corner. On the south side is the Green Park, bounded by a wall; but in many places are rows of benevolent railings, which afford a most elegant view of that Park, the trees in that of St. James's, the majestic, venerable Abbey soaring far

above, and the more remote rural view of the Surrey hills.' The new house referred to by Pennant is no other than Apsley House, which was erected by Lord Bathurst during his Chancellorship, that is, between the years 1771 and 1778. Lord Campbell regards the building of the house afterwards owned by Wellington as the most memorable act in the life of the least efficient Chancellor of the eighteenth century. Apsley House, so called from the title by which Lord Bathurst was raised to the peerage, stands on the site of the 'Hercules Pillars,' the road-side inn immortalised by Fielding in 'Tom Jones.' Three houses contiguous to Apsley House appear to have been the next erected in the space between Park Lane and Hyde Park Corner. When the French

of 1825. The Ranger's Lodge in the Green Park, which a century ago was regarded as a veritable *rus in urbe*, remained there till the Reservoir was filled up in 1842; and two stone stags which surmounted the gate-posts may still be seen on the Albert Gate at Knightsbridge. If we halt at the turnpike, we see beyond it St. George's Hospital, not the present building, but Lanesborough House, once the abode of the dancing nobleman celebrated by Pope, which in 1733 was enlarged by the addition of wings, and fitted for the purposes of an infirmary. Perhaps, as we look, the great John Hunter is engaged there with his patients and pupils; he died within its walls in October, 1793. Glancing down the road towards Knightsbridge, we observe on our left some



HYDE PARK CORNER AND TURNPIKE.

statesman Calonne in 1787 took refuge in England, he occupied two of these houses, and threw them into one; of the pair remaining, the westernmost now belongs to Lord Rothschild. On part of the ground to the east of these houses some petty tenements continued standing as late as 1808. Further on, in the same direction, came Hamilton Street, which, in the first years of the present century, was rebuilt and called Hamilton Place, some of the new mansions having gardens allotted to them out of the Park, which formerly extended nearly as far as Park Lane. The corner house fronting Piccadilly was built by Lord Chancellor Eldon. The present front of Apsley House, with the long gallery to the west of it, was added after 1820; and there is scarcely another of the larger houses facing the Green Park which has not during the same period undergone great alterations.

When Apsley House was built, the highroad was narrowed and interrupted a few yards below it by a toll-gate, which was not removed till about the end

of detached houses, mostly of small size, belonging to that hamlet, which a century ago was still infested by footpads;* the view on our right is bounded by the dead wall of Hyde Park, then bricked in on every side but the west. It needs scarcely be mentioned that the modern entrance to the great Park by Apsley House was not yet constructed. The three graceful arches adorned with sculptures copied from the Elgin Marbles were designed by Decimus Burton, and erected in 1828. At the date of our supposed visit, little pains had been bestowed on Hyde Park. In the upper part of the Park, as we may know without being told, were some fine trees; but Malcolm, writing in 1807, describes the 'surface of this vast plain' as 'rough, dirty, and disagreeable,' though he states that recent attempts had been

* The French Ambassador and a large party, returning from a visit to Strawberry Hill in June 1783, were stopped at Knightsbridge by two of these gentry.—WALPOLE to Lady Ossory, June 20, 1783.

made to improve its appearance by sowing grass seed, and replacing the elms which had been uprooted or broken by storms.

It would detain us much too long to attempt a full description of the Parks as they existed a hundred years ago. One or two circumstances only can be added. It will be remembered that, at the time of the Gordon Riot, troops were encamped both in St. James's and in Hyde Park. George Colman the Younger has recorded

his recollection of the picturesque view which St. James's Park presented when the encampment was breaking up, and of the gay effect produced by

chased for Queen Charlotte in lieu of Somerset House, till then the dower house of the Queens of England. The old red brick mansion of the Sheldons was thenceforward known as the 'Queen's

House,' and became the favourite and constant London residence of the King and his consort. Here Queen Charlotte gave birth to all her numerous children, except George IV.; here George III. collected his truly royal library; and here he had his famous in-

terview with Dr. Johnson. It was one of the King's principal grievances against George Grenville, that when the fields on the opposite side



SOLDIERS' TOILET IN HYDE PARK.



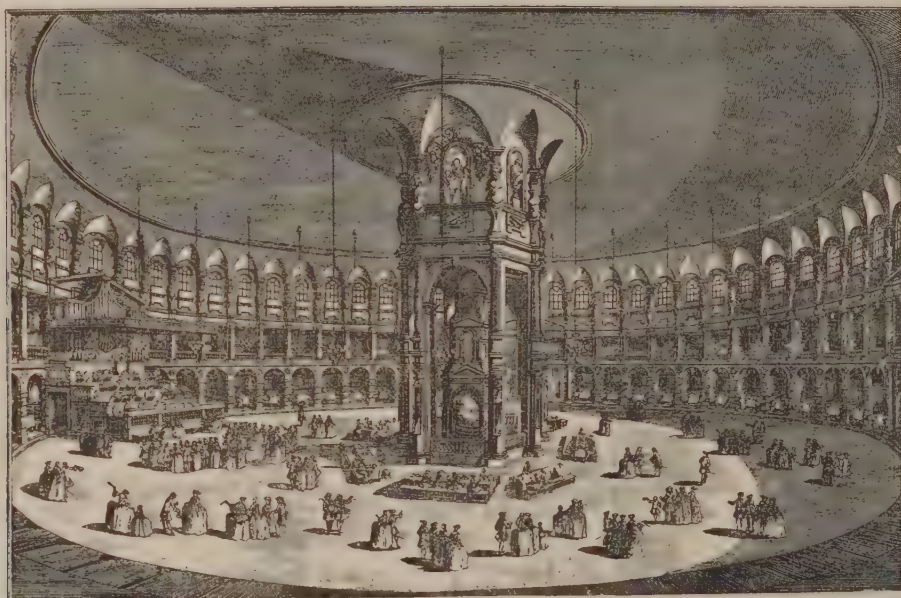
JENNY WHIM'S BRIDGE, PIMLICO.

the scattered tents 'under the trees and near the canal.' The canal here referred to was formed by the waters of the Tyburn: in 1709, when Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, wrote his well-known account of Buckingham House, then his property, it had been six hundred yards long and seventeen broad, but it was shortened in 1770, when Rosamond's Pond was filled up. Buckingham House became a royal palace in 1761, having been pur-

of the road behind the gardens of Buckingham House were to be purchased for the moderate price of £20,000, that awkward man of ways and means, as Walpole calls him, refused to issue the required sum from the Treasury. The result was that the ground was sold to builders, and a new row of houses, overlooking the King and Queen in their private walks, was erected to their great annoyance. This occurred about 1767.

The houses so erected form part of Grosvenor Place, and with the addition of Lower Grosvenor Place, and three or four adjacent streets, continued to be the only buildings between the Queen's Gardens and Chelsea Common down to the time of which we write. A new quarter, called Hans Town, was begun about 1780, but was still incomplete in 1795. At the latter date, Sloane Street had been built; Sloane Square was in progress; Hans Place, Cadogan Place, and other ranges of houses had risen, or were rising around. But the whole marshy region, known as the 'Five Fields,' intervening between Sloane Street and Grosvenor Place, was still covered with heath and furze, and bare of buildings, except where a few taverns of doubtful repute offered entertainment

deed, was still on the outskirts of London when it was replaced by Buckingham Palace. It is surprising how slowly the Town spread in this direction even when the present century was in its teens. Belgrave Place and other lines of buildings had been erected along the Chelsea Road, which ran between the Five Fields and the Chelsea Water-works, but not a brick was laid in the Fields themselves. The great alterations in Pimlico began about the date when George IV. set about rebuilding the Queen's House. His architect, Nash, was also employed to rearrange St. James's Park, by transforming it from a mere meadow intersected by a formal canal to pretty much the appearance which it now presents. The royal improvements helped to turn the tide of



RANELAGH. INTERIOR OF THE ROTUNDA.

to visitors from neighbouring Westminster. Noted in the days of the *Tatler* as a place 'where robbers lie in wait,' the Five Fields preserved their evil character as long as Ranelagh continued in fashion, and the road bordering them from Pimlico to Chelsea was nightly secured by a guard of Pensioners. Ranelagh was in its zenith of splendour about 1782 and the few following years, when the young Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Devonshire made those famous Gardens the chief resort of fashion; but we read of great festivities there down to 1803, only a year or two before the imposing Rotunda was demolished.* Buckingham House, in-

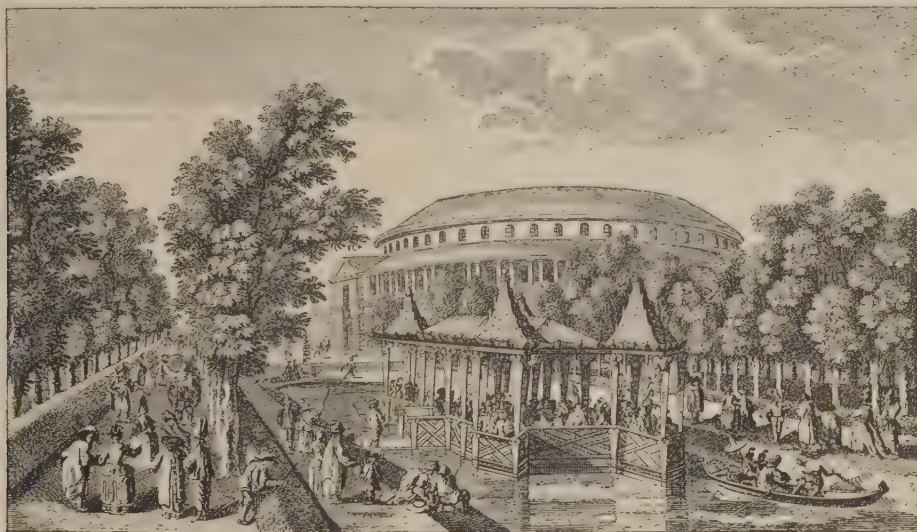
fashion back from the north to the south side of Oxford Street. Meanwhile Belgrave Square had been designed by George Basevi, Eaton Square by Thomas Cubitt, and the new district of Belgravia speedily became as distinguished as the Five Fields had been ill-reputed.

From what has been stated, it will be seen that no part of the lands referred to had, a century ago, emerged from the squalid condition in which the whole had lain since the memory of man began. The unhealthy character of the low-lying meadows was aggravated by numerous adjacent 'cuts,' or reservoirs, belonging to the Chelsea Water-works Company. These ponds lay to the south-west of the Five Fields, and were not drained till about 1830, when the ground was raised by transferring to it the soil which had been excavated from St. Katherine's Docks. At the end of a wooden bridge over one of the cuts, stood the house once known as 'Jenny's Whim,' or Jenny Whim's. This celebrated

* Not a vestige now remains of Ranelagh, which the author of the 'Rambler' declared presented the finest *coup d'œil* he had ever seen. Its site to-day forms part of the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. Vauxhall Gardens, on the other side of the river, had a longer term of existence than their great rival of the eighteenth century; as the former began to be known in the reign of Charles II., and lasted down to a few years ago.

tavern, about 1750, was a favourite haunt of the jovial Marquis of Granby and other men of rank; some years later, it became a Ranelagh or Vauxhall for the lower classes, where an inimitable grotto and the royal diversion of duck-hunting were to be enjoyed, together with the delights of beer, for sixpence. Remains of Jenny's Whim existed down to 1865, when its site was taken for the enlargement of the railway from Victoria Station across the Thames. Until the Water Works were filled up, a footpath on their outer margin called the Willow Walk ran down to Tothill Fields in Westminster. 'It seems but yesterday,' says Cunningham's Hand-book, 'since the writer played at cricket in the Five Fields, or pulled bulrushes in the cuts of the Willow Walk.' 'A respectable builder near Sloane Street,' wrote

Saint John's, Westminster, was still open field. The eastern portion of the modern Victoria Street runs through ground once covered by a network of miserable courts and alleys; the western portion traverses a site which, at the date we mention, had never been visited by a designing builder, though its future fate was not doubtful. The entire space above indicated includes, besides the Five Fields, the wide tract of Tothill Fields, and a large extent of garden-ground known as the Neat-houses Gardens. Some part of Tothill Fields had been cultivated by market-gardeners, who produced there excellent melons and the finest parsley; more generally these Fields are spoken of as a place of public exercise and resort: they had their maze, their fair, their reviews, races, duels; and as late as 1793 there was



RANELAGH GARDENS. CANAL AND CHINESE BUILDING.

some one else in 1843, 'has spoken to us of the nightingales which used to serenade him from his own garden; and a venerable septuagenarian remembers the time when from Norwood he could see with a spy-glass his children sporting in the garden behind his house in Grosvenor Place. The same remarkable ancient has enjoyed "an easy shave" in a one-storeyed shed occupied by a barber, which looked upon what is now the entry into Hamilton Place, Piccadilly.'

The whole of South Pimlico was, of course, outside the range of urban habitation a hundred years ago. At that date the few houses on it were isolated tenements. James Street, Artillery Row, Old Rochester Row, and Horseferry Road, may be roughly said to have then formed the boundary of London to the south of Buckingham House, as Grosvenor Place did on the western side of the Queen's Garden. All that lay beyond these limits, whether belonging to the Parish of Saint George's, Hanover Square, or to the Parishes of Saint Margaret's and

a bear-garden there. Tothill Fields, and a section of the Neat-houses Gardens, are now occupied by the Millbank Prison or Penitentiary; by Vincent Square, the ample inclosure of which furnishes the playground of the Westminster Scholars; and by various streets adjacent to these. The prison, the square, and nearly all the streets, have arisen since 1800. The remainder of the Neat-houses Gardens supplied room for most of the recently erected streets and squares which to-day engross the name of Pimlico.

The Millbank Penitentiary stands on the site of Peterborough House, which a century back was the last dwelling in Westminster. It is said to have been at one time inhabited by that eccentric genius, Charles Earl of Peterborough, and may have derived its name from him. After his death it became the property and residence of the Grosvenor family, who are stated to have rebuilt it. It was pulled down in 1809, when Lord Grosvenor removed to Gloucester House in Upper Grosvenor Street, as before mentioned. The house at Millbank was described by

Malcolm, in 1806, as a 'neat brick mansion with a pretty garden.'

A little to the north of Millbank (the river here runs north and south), was the ancient Horse-ferry, between Westminster and Lambeth, which was suppressed on the opening of Westminster Bridge. The writer just quoted gives some particulars from which we may form a tolerable idea what the aspect of the Westminster shore between Millbank and the Bridge must have been like a hundred years ago. From Peterborough House, he tells us, northward, 'a row of respectable houses front the river, lined with rubbish, boats, and old vessels; whence to the House of Commons are many timber and coal yards . . . A narrow street, still

proceeding, grants a glimpse of the irregular square which contains the Church of St. John.' This, of course, is the wonderful edifice which Peter Cunningham has compared to a parlour table upset, with its legs in the air. 'After passing that the way expands, and introduces the spectator to a spacious street, well built, and ornamented not only with respectable houses, but the east end of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, the portico of the House of Lords, the unfinished handsome stone building for various offices of Government, and the Ordnance Office, erected *circa* 1767 . . . Such in the middle of the year 1806 were Old and New Palace Yards, exclusive of the very neat range of houses facing Westminster Hall, and the remarkable old ones near the river.'

LAWRENCE SERLE.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE public who will crowd this month into the summer exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery have been pretty well prepared, by their own studio visits or through the gossip of the weekly press, for the main features of the picture show. They know that portraiture has claimed the remunerative energies, not only of specialists like Mr. Holt, who sends his contingent of seven strong effigies of public men to Burlington House, headed by Lord Stalbridge, and a lesser group to the Grosvenor, including Mr. W. S. Gilbert, free and easy in riding dress, but also of the Academicians, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Long, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Fildes, and outside the forty, the Hon. John Collier and Mr. W. B. Richmond, though not in any case to the exclusion of subject pictures. Mr. Collier's *Lilith in Eden's Bower*, indeed, may be expected to create a sensation,—of a kind. Mr. Millais, great in portraiture, shows little of his spirited work in that form in these exhibitions, but we have the picture of an incident in the drama of St. Bartholomew's Eve, which he designed in the old days as pendant to *The Huguenots*, and was discouraged by the ill-advised critics of the pre-Raphaelite movement from carrying out at the time. Mr. Millais sends also a beautiful child picture. Clever Mr. John Sargent will draw the applause of the few and the wonder of the many to his portrait of Mrs. William Playfair, and to the garden scene wherein children, flowers, Chinese lanterns, and the fading glow of sunset, tax the artistic idiosyncrasies of the painter. One of the phases in which English and French artists differ is that on this side the Channel the unexpected is not often demanded and still less often furnished by our painters. Mr. Orchardson, R.A., follows up his successes of previous years by another incident in fashionable *mariages de convenance*. Mr. Albert Moore plays with effects of orange, and green, and white, against a background of soft darkness, using the graceful figures of women, as usual, for the display of draperies and the lines of a decorative scheme. We do not want the unexpected from an artist who dotes upon changes in colour transposition subtle as the reflections of a summer sea. Mr. Leslie refreshes us again with the old garden scenes of pretty girls and roses. Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Andrew Gow keep to their line of historic incident, but one is glad to note that Mr. Gow returns to a more ambitious scale and powerful manner in his canvas of *The Surrender of Lille to Marlborough*. The coast and sea painters, Mr. Hook and Mr. H. Moore, are at their best, the first veteran artist on the Cornish coast, Mr. Moore mid-channel on a glorious dark blue sea after summer storms and off Lowestoft. Mr. Brett has been studying about Skye. Thus one might carry a running comment on accustomed subject-matter through a list of honoured names, but comment on a few special pictures of the year, the President's *Hero*, Mr. Tadema's important Greek subject, pictures of Mr.

Waterhouse, and others within and without the Academy, including work of young men who push strongly to the front, we must reserve for a later Chronicle.

THE Grosvenor Gallery claims position still as the open ground on which the 'free-lances' of art display their powers, and Academic dignitaries venture on erratic departures. The central interest of the Exhibition focuses in the landscape with figures, *When Pan was Young*, the *Andromeda* from the Perseus series, a portrait of the artist's daughter, and a piece of artistic work in *gesso* by Mr. Burne Jones, A.R.A. Mr. Richmond's *Icarus* and portraits, perhaps, come next, although Millais and Alma-Tadema are present. Mr. Mitchell sends again, and people who cared intelligently for his *Hypatia* will welcome his work. Altogether the Grosvenor Exhibition once again justifies its existence by certain distinctive features otherwise wanting in the art programme of the season.

THE Royal Water Colour Society holds a good exhibition this season, marked by variety both of matter and manner. Many of the elder members are at their best, and the general level is high. Among the more recently elected Associates, Mr. Colin Bent Phillip justifies admission by his bold and impressive mountain landscapes, all marked by a certain large purpose in conception and treatment. Mr. R. Allan, elected in April, has defects of the Scotch school, a tendency to inky tone and scratchy touch; but his work in coast villages with incidental figures is deft and individual. The most important figure subject in the Gallery is a design in colour by Mr. Holman Hunt, *The Child Jesus among the Doctors*, to be executed in mosaic for Clifton College Chapel. The attitude and type of the youthful Christ are not pleasing, the impression produced being that of an overgrown child with a huge head. The doctors are after the models used in the well-known engraved picture by the painter of a later episode in the same subject, and the faces of the young boys are very fine. The whole design has that strange combination of attractive earnestness and knowledge with a defiant and even repulsive mannerism which has, especially of late, characterised the work of Mr. Hunt. The re-elected members, Sir F. Burton and Mr. Burne Jones, do not contribute. An absentee from the Gallery, the marine painter, Sir Oswald Brierly, showed a collection apart in April, which testified to his skill in more various contributions than usual.

AMONG the numerous minor exhibitions of the spring months, one of the most interesting was the gathering of water-colour drawings at the Goupil Gallery in Bond Street, being, in fact, the ninth Paris exhibition of the Société d'Aquarellistes transported to London. One is struck by the

frank method of the French workers in water-colour in contrast to the stippling or fine fidgety touch and excessive use of opaque which prevail in our school. The incisive draughtsmanship of the well-trained Parisian is also markedly in evidence. At the same time this assemblage is extremely mixed, and a wide gulf lies between the cool, masterly studies of M. Detaille for his work, *L'Armée Française*, or his *Salon d'un Ministre*, and the erratic experiments of M. Besnard. The last-named artist is presumably an 'impressionist' of a peculiarly unsatisfactory type; nevertheless in the portraiture of M. Le Gros he shows an almost sturdy power of rough representation. Some studies by M. L'Hermitte, the artistic landscape sketches of MM. Gaston Bethune, H. Zuber, and Henri Harpignies, Max Claude's sporting groups, the motley morsels of sentiment by M. Lami, the covetable charm of which it is difficult to English tastes to discover, and M. Maurice de Mauvel's charmingly ingenious and droll arrangement of childish figures and incidents on the Japanese principle in decoration of opaque surfaces, helped to make up an interesting exhibition.

AN exhibition of photographic and other reproductions of the works of Raphael is now on view at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The collection is arranged chronologically, and includes all the drawings, easel-pictures, and frescoes of the master which have as yet been reproduced. Thus all the studies for a picture are grouped with the picture itself, and a rare opportunity is afforded of watching the changes and developments of the artist's style. A catalogue has been issued by the Museum Committee to accompany the exhibition. It contains not merely a list of the objects exhibited, but of all known existing works by Raphael of whatever kind, with references to the publications in which they are discussed, and, in the case of every work which has been photographed, the name of the photographer. The collection has been formed and the catalogue drawn up by Professor W. M. Conway.

THE summer exhibition at Messrs. Wallis' French Gallery presents features of special interest, in the masterly interiors by Professor Holmberg, where ecclesiastics in the stately rooms of the Vatican or the Borghese Palaces meet for private conclave or social intercourse. In searching study of types and complete work it were hardly possible to surpass these pieces. M. Delug, who took the Prix de Rome last year, shows undoubted powers, tempered by Academic restraint, in a large picture of Bohemian Hussites taking refuge in the mountains. Herr Firlé has repute in Bavaria, which his studies of quiet rooms, where girlish seminarists sing or a ragged class listens to a preceptress nun, justify. Not a little of the charm and knowledge of De Hooghe is in these cool simple interiors, full of reflected light. M. F. Roubaud's *Rout of Schamyl's Forces by the Russians at Salti*, brims over with dashing draughtsmanship and effect. Great names, as usual, stand against many small canvases in this pleasant exhibition.

THE American 'Jubilee' Exhibition, opening early in the current month, will demonstrate to the insular Briton, among other facts of progress, what Brother Jonathan is doing in the fine arts. Eight 'vast walls' are devoted to the products of American artists, whether working in home or Continental ateliers.

THE collection of pictures by J. François Millet opens at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, this month.

THE Royal Academy have elected Mr. George Aitchison, R.A., to the Professorship of Architecture. Since the death of Mr. Street no regular lecturer or consecutive course of study had been instituted, and the subject of architecture depended upon incidental lectures.

THE marvellous process by which Messrs. Braun, of Paris and Dornach (whose agents in London are the Autotype Company, 74 New Oxford Street), have succeeded in overcoming the long-despaired-of intractability of certain colours when

dealt with by photography, is exceptionally well shown by a numerous body of lately published transcripts of pictures at the National Gallery, Windsor, Buckingham Palace, and elsewhere. Of yore, charm he never so wisely, the photographer was baffled by the blues, which would 'come' more or less white or grey according to their degrees of intensity and purity, but with no regard to their lightness or darkness, *i.e.*, to their tone-value. Even more disappointing were the failures of the operators who dealt with warm tints, such as yellows, reds, and browns, while as to the intermediate hues or nondescripts, such as greens, there was really no knowing how they would be pleased to 'come.' Transcribing pictures under conditions thus implied was hardly worth doing, because the art of the painter was mocked while it was travestied. Messrs. Braun have changed all this by projecting so-called 'couches' of coloured light upon the otherwise recalcitrant spaces of pictures, and thus negating their intractability and reducing the works to that which is practically a monochrome and amenable to the camera.

The result of this achievement is the most precious modern gift of science to art. Messrs. Braun have outmanœuvred the obstinate blue, taken captive the recalcitrant red, and beguiled Proteus-like green. They have secured for us unlimited opportunities of study, saved immeasurable time and money, and given to experts means for acquiring knowledge of 'hands' such as only long journeys, large outlay, and much time, could formerly have afforded to a few enthusiastic and well-to-do students. Apart from the verity of pictures, the power of making real facsimiles is precious, because, within certain limits not definable in a short notice,* it is now possible to compare the designs, technique, and other elements of works removed from each other by the width of Europe, and submit them to the standard of criticism, and reinforce as well as improve that standard itself. How precious such opportunities are let him think who examines examples like those before us. Here is Gainsborough's *Mrs. Siddons* in her prime, or only just a little past that acme. She is of the fairest, though beginning to fade, and her portrait has all the sumptuous sparkling of the original. Here is Rembrandt, by himself, when he was still young and much in love with Saskia, his flesh finished like an ivory carving, and all his jewels glittering in that ambush of darkness differentiated where only Rembrandt and Correggio reigned. Here, again, is Rembrandt thirty years later, grizzly, fat, puffed, with swollen lips and watery eyes, just as he painted himself with that marvellous brush, every trace of which is patent in its dealings with the solid impasto of his pigments. We never hoped to see such a copy as that in view of this master's *Shipbuilder and his Wife*, which is one of the wonders of the royal collection. Here is Botticelli to the life in the so-called *Venus and Three Cupids*, the long picture in the National Gallery. Being an esoteric religious allegory, and distinctly Christian, it has no more to do with Venus than with the Man in the Moon, but on the face of the autotype we detect the ivory-like flesh and equal *morbidetza*, and the animated charms of the boy geniuses who heap flowers over the recumbent woman; we follow the traces of Sandro's laborious brush when he was modelling the folds of the thin white garment that was so cunningly adapted to the contours of her limbs; we notice numerous emblems of the Trinity in the picture, from the foreground triplets of flowers to the threefold groups of trees in the distance. Ambrogio Borgognone's beautiful girl-like *Virgin*, the purest of the pure, and his handsome, lady-like *St. Catherine of Alexandria* espousing the ingenuous boy-Venetian who stands on his mother's knee, are before us in this fine version of MM. Braun. Here is Hoppner's fair, volup-

* Limits are mentioned here because a whole literature of quack criticisms, based on ignorant and untechnical use of photographs less admirable than MM. Braun's, and even with their aid, has sprung up of late, so that Italy and Germany (the very spring of that sort of 'art-criticism,' which has nothing to do with art) have been flooded with crudities, and men have left the school-room, the college, the dissecting-room, the senate-house, and the bookshop, in order to become critics of an art they know merely by books, their inner consciousness, and photographs.

tuous and buxom *Jane Elizabeth, Countess of Oxford*, from the National Gallery. Any one may see the light upon her cheek and bust; the clearness of the shadows on her throat and arms is here, with that cherry-ripe (too ripe) lip which would have delighted Herrick. It is wonderfully easy to see how the very ready brush of the Royal Academician swept round her plump contours, deftly gave the semi-transparency of her muslin robe, made her complexion more brilliant than nature, delineated her saucy *nez retroussé*, lingered in the convolutions of her black hair, and translated even her eyes' softness. The finest transcript is from Bellini's *Doge Loredano*, which gives the lustre of the ancient Venetian silk mantle on his shoulders and defies the most subtle eye to follow the multitudinous wrinkles of his shrivelled skin, the clearness of the carnations, the lucidity of the shadows. Another fine thing is Lippi's *St. John and Six Saints seated on the Marble Bench*, a charming cabinet picture of the master's, well known to every visitor to the National Gallery; the variety of character, the tenderness of the expressions, the portrait-like animation of the faces, the soft semi-transparency of the painting, especially as regards the draperies and the peculiar quality of the marble, are all here. Both's famous *Landscape—Evening*, with cattle, men, and sheep traversing a road which goes diagonally in the view; the serene sky saturated with light and amplitude of suggestions of the general glow of the work, are as well reproduced as the hard, firm handling of Paul Potter in his fine landscape known as *The Young Thief*. With these are to be commended Luini's *Christ with the Doctors*; Van Dyck's fine grave *Portrait of a Man holding a Book*, now at Buckingham Palace; Correggio's well-known and very popular *Ecce Homo*! in the National Gallery; Van Dyck's *Portrait of Himself* (Windsor), where every brush-touch is distinct; and a capital Rubens. From Florence came the beautiful study in chalks of the head of a smiling angel, by Da Vinci; a finely-drawn head of a young woman, in red chalk, by Del Sarto; and the learned sketch, in the same material, by Raphael, of the draped Virgin, made for the large picture painted for Francis I.; a Del Sarto, in the Louvre; and a Rembrandt, at Vienna.

A WORD is due to the series of water-colour drawings shown at Messrs. Dowdeswell, by Sir W. Linton and Mr. Orrock, being illustrations of the poems and tales of Sir Walter Scott. The single figure studies of the first-named artist are particularly good examples of his consummate technique and full deep palette, which has almost the sonorous value of oil colour. Mr. Orrock's not very interesting if careful drawings, deal with the Border country west of the Tweed, and form a second portion of a series.

Mr. F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A., will resign at the close of the summer season the office of Keeper to the Royal Academy, which he has held since 1874, in succession to Charles Landseer. He was among the competitors for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and his cartoons of *The Death of King Lear* gained one of the extra prizes in 1843. An oil picture of *The Burial of Harold* in 1847 was bought for the Parliament Houses, and still hangs there. He was then recipient of a 500*l.* award, Mr. Watts and Mr. Armitage being his *confrères* in reward. However at variance with the systems now in the front of modern opinion might be Mr. Pickersgill's art-creed, there is no doubt as to the gratitude due to him for his conscientious devotion to the duties of his office as Keeper, which have become greatly more responsible and onerous during the development of the Academic schools and curriculum during the last two decades.

THE sale of the first portion of Mr. Challoner Smith's famous collection of mezzotint portraits came off in March, and occupied nine days at Messrs. Sotheby's, the sum realised being 4798*l.* 16*s.* The plates illustrate the history of this process of engraving from the earliest period. The fine examples of the group of engravers who interpreted the portraiture of

Van Dyck, Lely, Reynolds, and Cosway, were much sought after, and obtained good prices. From the student's point of view it is much to be regretted that a collection so complete in historic sequence could not have been kept intact and bought for some national museum, but the very comprehensive value of the series placed it outside the reach of any museum funds available for especial purchases. Mr. Doyle bought some of the best plates for the National Gallery of Ireland, of which he is Director, and, it is said, greatly wished to secure the collection.

THE sale of pictures belonging to the late Mr. Charles H. Rickards, of Manchester, excited especial interest at Messrs. Christie's rooms in April, from the large number of pictures and designs by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., which were included in it. The rate of prices realised indicates that the appeal of the painter's imaginative work is stronger than might have been anticipated. A large number of the pictures fell to Mr. Agnew, who may be supposed to represent demand in the art market. *Love and Death*, the large replica of which is among the pictures now at the South Kensington Museum, offered to the nation by Mr. Watts, went at 1155*l.*; *Love and Life*, the companion design more recently painted, at 1207*l.*; *The Return of the Dove*, at 903*l.*; *The Angel of Death*, at 577*l.*; *Time, Death, and Judgment*, at 525*l.*; the fine portrait of *Herr Joachim* was bought for the Chicago Gallery at 441*l.*; the Manchester Corporation acquired *Prayer* at 525*l.*; Lord Tweedmouth bought the portrait of *Recorder Russell Gurney*. The other portraits passed chiefly through the hands of Mr. Agnew. Mr. Tooth bid for and obtained *Ariadne in Naxos* at 787*l.* The bust of Clytie, which is also in the South Kensington Museum, was bought by Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., at 231*l.* The fifty-seven pictures and designs by Mr. Watts included in the sale realised a total of 15,686*l.* With the grim satire of the auction-room, a picture by a contemporary Academician, who consummately embodies most opposite principles of art work to those upheld by Mr. Watts, came into the market on the same occasion, namely, Mr. Alma Tadema's *Emperor Hadrian visiting a Romano-British Pottery*, A.D. 120. This picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1884, fell to a purchaser at 750 guineas.

THE suggestion is put forward that an effort ought to be made to rescue from further damage, and to bring to safe custody in England, the famous statue of Rameses II., which lies where it fell near the Nile in the locality now being excavated by Major Bagnold. The statue, which was given to England many years ago, is accounted a fine example of Egyptian sculpture at its prime, and it would not cost many hundred pounds to float it at the rising of the Nile and bring off on a gun-ship.

A TYROLESE painter of no mean power has recently died in the person of Herr Franz Plattner. He was a follower of Peter Cornelius, much of whose imaginative energy he assimilated, while adding some portion of original vitality. His name may be unfamiliar to most English people, yet we may recall to any readers who know the beautiful open arcaded Friedhof outside Innsbrück, with its garden centre and encircling backgrounds of mountains, that mortuary chapel of the cemetery whose walls within Franz Plattner has pictured in fresco with *Death and Judgment* and the *Beatific Vision*, impressive designs, touched by a certain vivid fantasy.

WE regret to record the early death of Mr. C. W. Campbell, whose mezzotint reproductions of the pictures of Mr. Burne Jones, *The Birth of Galatea* and *Pan and Psyche*, have been especially valued by *cognoscenti* in such work. He leaves among plates finished and incomplete, some of which it must be hoped will be published, the portrait of *Cardinal Manning*, by Watts, Burne Jones's *Annunciation*, and, after old masters, the *Vierge aux Rochers* of Da Vinci, and the famous so-called *Ariosto* of Titian.



HORNBY CASTLE, LANCASHIRE.

PAINTED IN WATER COLOUR BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. ENGRAVED IN MEZZOTINT BY S. MYERS.

THE original picture in water-colour forms part of the Sheepshanks Collection, now at South Kensington.

Hornby Castle is one of the most romantically situated seats in Lancashire. The valley commanded by it is that of the river Lune, which gave its name (with a change of vowel) to Lancaster, and thence to the whole county. The river is visible in Turner's drawing. The church to the right is probably Tatham Church.

Although Turner was not very skilful in drawing figures and animals, he introduced them very freely

wherever he thought them likely to be of use. In the present instance the cattle seem rather large and obtrusive, and too near the base-line of the drawing; but Turner's object in giving the milking scene was probably to enforce the expression of pastoral tranquillity in the valley. The entire scene is full of repose; the motive is rather beauty than sublimity, though the hills and castle convey at least a suggestion of the sublime. The drawing has these qualities exactly in the degree and proportion that were usually most agreeable to Claude, and, we may add, most favourable to art. EDITOR.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

IV.—*John Burnet, James Burnet, Alexander Fraser, William Nicholson, Andrew Geddes.*

AT the end of the last century the first engraver in Scotland was one Robert Scott. Born at Lanark in 1771, he had been apprenticed to his trade sixteen years later, and at the age of thirty, or little more, was at the head of the best *atelier* in the capital. Beside his engraving, he had a title to fame in that he was the father of David Scott the painter, and of William Bell Scott, the poet and artist, who is still with us. About 1800 he received as a pupil a boy who was afterwards to become famous as 'Wilkie's engraver,' John Burnet. Burnet had been born in 1784, and, therefore, began the serious business of life at the same age as his master. Scott's studio was a busy one. Plates for books, and transcripts of Scottish scenery, were turned out in great numbers, and on these the 'prentice hand of young Burnet would be exercised. But work was light enough to allow him to combine the education of a painter with the mechanical training of a reproducer. He became a student at the Trustees' Academy, where Wilkie and Allan were his fellow-pupils, and in after-life he used to think that this over-sanguine attempt to follow two professions at once had cramped his development in both; on the other hand, his enrolment in John Graham's battalion was the origin of that friendship with Wilkie which was the root of his after success.

In 1806 Burnet paid his first visit to London. 'Wilkie preceded me,' he tells us, 'by twelve months, and the fame created by his picture of the *Village Politicians* produced such a sensation in Scotland that I hastily finished the work I had in hand, and set sail for London in a Leith smack. On my arrival at Miller's Wharf, I seemed to feel what most Scotchmen feel, "ample room and verge enough,"

and though with only a few shillings in my pocket, and a single impression from one of my plates for "Cooke's Novelists," I felt myself in the proper element, having all that confidence peculiar, I believe, to my countrymen. I went instinctively towards Somers Town, where many of my brother artists resided, and next morning to No. 10 Sol's Row, Hampstead Road, to call on Wilkie. He was delighted to see me, and exclaimed, "I am glad you are come, for London is the proper place for artists." *The Blind Fiddler* was on Wilkie's easel, and struck the man who was afterwards to make so fine a plate of it, as a wonderful work for one who had seen so few such paintings in his youth. After settling in London, Burnet worked for a time on plates for 'Cooke's Novelists,' Britton and Brayley's 'England and Wales,' and Mrs. Inchbald's 'British Theatre.' But things like these did not fill his mind, and he cast about for some important picture on which to employ his brain. Wilkie had just finished *The Jew's Harp*, and an arrangement was made to engrave it the same size as the painting. Burnet says the plate was carried out in the style of Le Bas. Philippe Le Bas was the first to use dry point in rendering the mystery of distance and the depth of sky. In this he was followed and improved upon by Woollett, whose traditions descended to William Sharp. While Burnet's plate was in progress, he made Sharp's acquaintance, and the peculiar methods used may very likely have been due to his advice. Sharp he calls 'the great founder of the English school in this department'—historical engraving—which proves that, like many others, he was more or less blind to the surpassing merit of Woollett.

The Jew's Harp was a great success, and a plate

after *The Blind Fiddler* was fixed upon to follow it. This, Burnet tells us, was executed in the manner of Cornelis Vischer. There is more graving in it than etching, and though wanting a little both in depth and finesse, it at once gained a very wide popularity. As it left Burnet's hand it won the applause of his brother engravers, but Wilkie was more fastidious, and Burnet had to retouch the plate. The original proofs were, so far as possible, destroyed. In those still extant the hat of the boy with the bellows is rendered in single line, and there are other peculiarities. The success of this plate led to the proposal of a companion in *The Village Politicians*. Over this, however, a dispute arose, and in the end Burnet threw up the work (which was undertaken by Raimbach) in dissatisfaction with the terms proposed, which were that the engraving was to be executed entirely at his own expense, and half the proceeds paid over to Wilkie. But in spite of this squabble the two men were soon again in cordial collaboration, and Burnet engraved *The Reading of the Will*, *The Chelsea Pensioners*, *The Rabbit on the Wall*, *The*



THE DRINKING PLACE. AFTER THE ETCHING BY JOHN BURNET.

Letter of Introduction, *The Death of Tippoo Sahib*, and *The Village School*. He took advantage of the peace of 1814 to visit Paris, and for five months worked constantly in the Louvre, which was still overflowing with the treasures of Europe. On his return he again took up the burin, and produced his well-known plates after Metzu and Rembrandt.

Burnet's paintings are not very numerous. The best known of them all is the *Greenwich Pensioners*, painted for the Duke of Wellington as a companion to Wilkie's *Waterloo Gazette*. In the Sheepshanks Collection, *Cows Drinking*, a panel painted in 1817, and *The Fish Market at Hastings*, do him fair justice. The *Draught Players* (1808), the *Humorous Ballad* (1818), and *The Valentine*, are also among his better works. Burnet etched a few original plates, of which the one we reproduce is an average example, and a great number of illustrations to books published by himself. Of the latter the most important are, 'A Practical Treatise on Painting,' published in 1827; 'An Essay on the Education of the Eye' (1837); 'Practical Hints on Light and Shade' (1838); 'On Colour in Painting' (1843); 'Rembrandt and his

Works' (1849); 'Turner and his Works' (1852); and 'The Progress of a Painter in the Nineteenth Century.' The reproduction here given of *Rembrandt's House at Amsterdam*, is from one of the plates to the 'Hints on Light and Shade.' In 1860 he received a pension on the Civil List, and retired to Stoke Newington, where he passed the last few years of his life. He died in April, 1868, at the age of eighty-four.

As a painter, John Burnet showed few natural gifts. He had a faculty for picking up this beauty from one man and that from another, added to which his eye for colour was at least respectable. He was thus enabled in his less ambitious works to deceive the critic into believing his powers greater than they were. The South Kensington picture of cows drinking looks like the careless sketch of a man who could do much better when he put forth his powers; but,

as a fact, when he did so, as in the above-mentioned *Greenwich Pensioners*, he failed to justify the hope.

Four years later than John, James Burnet was born at Musselburgh, of the same father and mother. He was a weakly child from his birth,

and he died of consumption before he was twenty-eight. But as an artist he showed a finer genius than his brother, and, had he lived, would have taken a higher place. Cunningham compares him to Bonington, and in some of his pictures signs of a gift that might have led to fame as wide as that of the young Anglo-Frank may be traced. In early youth James Burnet was apprenticed to one Liddel, a wood-carver; and, like his brother John, he combined his legitimate *métier* with the study of painting under John Graham. It was not long before brush and palette conquered knife and chisel, and the young craftsman set out to join his brother in London.

This was in 1810, when only six years of life were left to him. He found John busy on his plate after *The Blind Fiddler*. The picture stood beside the engraver as he worked, and James looked earnestly and long upon it. He had seen nothing like it in the north. It touched a chord in him that had hitherto been mute, and he determined to devote his powers to what he called 'the style of nature.' The study of such examples of Dutch art as were to be seen at the British Institution confirmed him in this;

and for months he wandered about the fields round London, sketching every scene that took his fancy, and 'stuffing it,' as the French say, with appropriate men and animals.

The fruit of his study in the fields is to be found not only in the pictures he has left behind him, but also in the series of notes scribbled on his sketching-boards and sheets, and quoted by Allan Cunningham. Some of these show a closer and more precise observation than was usual in the early years of the century. I may quote a specimen:—

'The sky being of a receding character, all those points which contribute to give it such character should be the study of the painter. Mere white, for example, will seldom keep its place in a sky, but ought to be used in foreground objects for the purpose of giving a retiring quality to the whites in the sky and distance. Softness of form also aids in giving the sky a retiring character, although it is necessary to give a little sharpness to prevent the sky appearing what is termed woolly; yet very little is sufficient to give firmness to the whole. Clouds are much more opaque in the north than in the south, as the light shines upon them in the one situation and through them in the other. Their form alters much, too, in accordance to the time of day: at noon they are round, and more like those of Wouverman's; in the evening they are more like those of Cuypp or Both, especially about an hour before the sun goes down.'

The best of James Burnet's pictures are *Taking Cattle to Shelter during a Storm*, in the Scottish National Gallery, *Crossing the Brook*, *Cattle by a Pool in Summer*, and *The Boy with the Cows*. Their author died at Lee, in Kent, on the 27th of July, 1816. For more intimate details of his life I may refer the reader to his brother John's 'Progress of a Painter,' into which James is introduced as the young Scottish artist, Knox. Allan Cunningham speaks, in his short biography, of the large number of drawings and studies he had seen by James Burnet. Unfortunately none of these appear to have found their way into any known collection, and I have failed to discover a single one that could be reproduced in these pages.

Alexander Fraser was another pupil of John Graham's. Born at Edinburgh in 1786, he entered the Trustees' Academy about 1804. In 1810 he sent a picture of still life to the Royal Academy. This was followed two years later by two scenes of domestic *genre*, and in 1813 he came to settle in London. For a long time his patronage came almost exclusively from members of his own profession. He was engaged by Wilkie as a sort of journeyman, and for some twenty years painted the still life and other minor details in Sir David's pictures. Although Fraser worked as a rule in Wilkie's studio, he still contrived to paint pictures of his own and to exhibit at the Academy and the British Institution. From the Directors of the latter he received, in 1842, a

bonus of fifty guineas for the general merit of his work, a benefaction which is pretty conclusive as to his want of commercial success. In 1840 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, and about ten years later was compelled by failing health to give up the practice of his

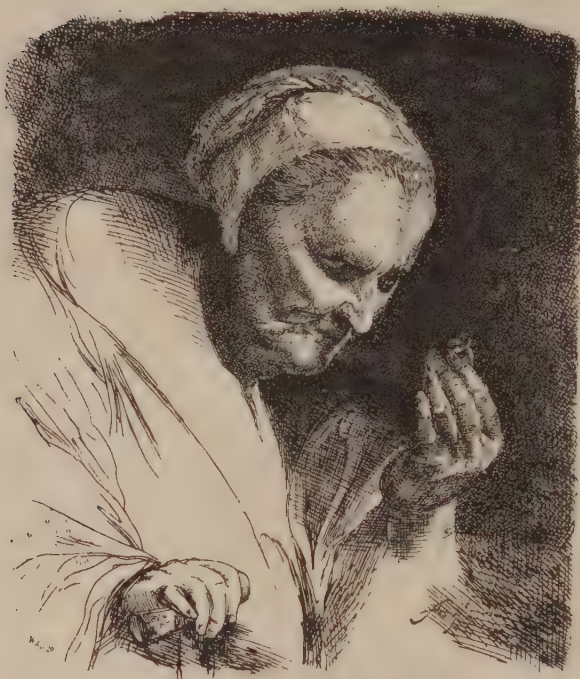


REMBRANDT'S HOUSE. AFTER A PLATE BY JOHN BURNET.

art. He died at Wood Green in February, 1865. Fraser's pictures are mostly founded on Scottish life, and, of course, display a pretty close imitation of Wilkie. But they are by no means without merit of their own. Like most of his Scottish contemporaries, Fraser helped to illustrate the *Waverley Novels*.

If 'Waverley' had many illustrators, so had its author's features. In the first quarter of the century Scott filled the post towards the painters of his own country that another famous poet does at present to those of England, or General Boulanger to those of France. To paint him was a sort of test through which they had all to pass. 'Sir Walter's' features were familiar to every man, woman, and child in the North, and no surer path to fame existed than to reproduce them with success. Among the painters who did so was William Nicholson, R.S.A. Born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, of Scottish parents, in 1784, he exhibited a portrait of William Bewick at the Academy in 1810, and in 1820 migrated to Edin-

burgh, where he settled. His best works were his water-colour portraits. These had the reputation of being excellent likenesses, while, as art, their merit was very considerable. One of the best was the portrait of Sir Walter Scott, already alluded to. This he etched and published in a series with many others, each plate being accompanied by a short biographical notice. Nicholson was one of the founders and most active promoters of the Royal Scottish Academy. He was the first secretary, and distinguished himself generally by his successful opposition to the lay directors of the Royal Institution, wherein, previous to 1829, Scottish painters had



OLD WOMAN EXAMINING A RING. FROM THE ETCHING
BY ANDREW GEDDES.

practically been compelled to exhibit their works. Nicholson died in Edinburgh in 1844.

Two years later than Nicholson, William Craig Sheriff was born near Haddington. He, again, was a pupil of John Graham, and though he died in 1805, six months short of his nineteenth birthday, he contrived to give evidence of great natural powers, and to carry well on towards completion a very clever *Escape of Queen Mary from Loch Leven*. This picture, unfinished as he left it, was engraved by William Home Lizars.

And now I must turn back a few years to the birthday of a more richly gifted artist than any of those we have just been naming. Andrew Geddes, A.R.A., was born in Edinburgh in 1783. His father, David Geddes, was a Civil Servant, an Auditor of Excise. It is said, too, that he was a man of taste, a collector of old prints and *bric-à-*

brac, and a genial companion. During his father's life Andrew was constant to the high stool in the Excise which had been provided for him by his parent's influence. But when Geddes senior departed this life in 1807, the son quitted the office for the schools of the Royal Academy, and became one of the famous set, which comprised Wilkie, Jackson, and Haydon. After a few years' study in London, he returned to Edinburgh, and commenced practice as a portrait-painter. Between 1810 and 1813 he sent several portraits to the Academy exhibition, and then, in 1814, he returned to London, which was his head-quarters for the rest of his life. Geddes, however, was always a bit of a wanderer, oscillating with some pertinacity between Edinburgh, London, Paris, and Rome; now putting down his name for the Associateship of the Academy, and anon removing it in pique or disappointment. In 1831 he put it down for the last time, and was elected in the following year. During 1839 he visited Holland, and soon after his return signs of failing health appeared. These developed into consumption, and of that disease he died on the 5th of May, 1844. There has been a good deal of confusion over the dates of Geddes's life. Redgrave says he was born about 1789; the catalogue of the Scottish National Gallery says 1783, which is confirmed by Mrs. Geddes in her short memoir of her husband. Redgrave gets into confusion, too, over later dates, for he says that in 1807 Geddes was at work at the Royal Academy; that in 1808, while resident in Edinburgh, he exhibited at the Academy; that in 1810, 'when pursuing his studies in London,' he sent *Draught Players* to the Exhibition; that in 1813, 'having commenced practice,' he sent four portraits from Edinburgh; and that in 1814 he returned to London, and thenceforward annually spent several months there. The truth of the matter seems to have been as I have stated above.

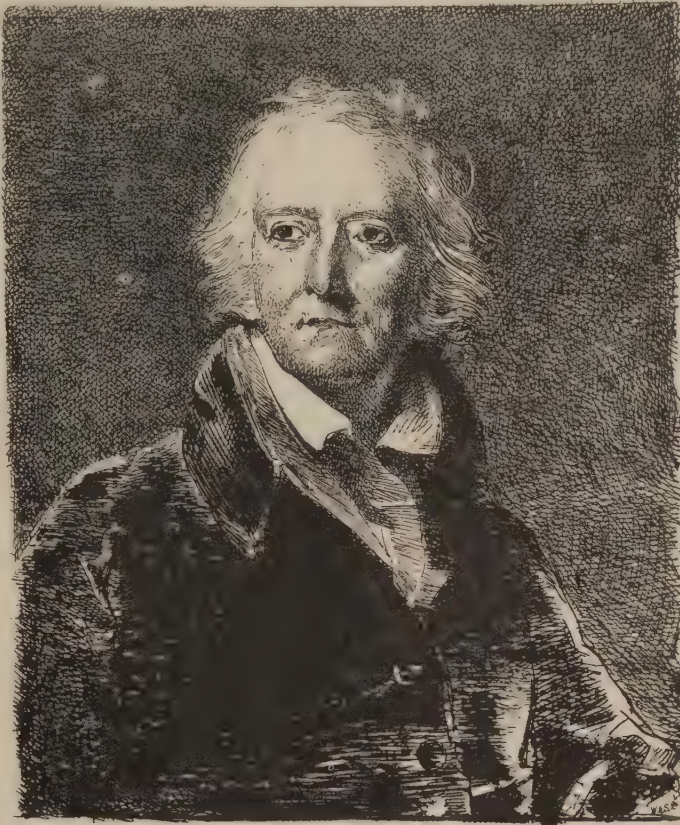
As a painter, Geddes was one of the most unequal of men. A few of his works reach a very high level indeed, while others fall below that of the second-rate amateur. In the National Gallery at Edinburgh a portrait of himself shows an extreme cleverness in the management of rather *criant* tones. The costume is scarlet, and the whole picture is painted in a bright diffused light, suggesting that its author had lately been making a study of the *Chapeau de Poil*. A portrait of Mrs. Geddes, senior, the painter's mother, on the other hand, is very low in tone and almost monochromatic in colour. As a conception it is probably the masterpiece of Geddes. The old lady—not that she is so *very* old—is represented in a coal-scuttle bonnet, with a black gauze veil hanging about her cheeks, and one of those heavy, tippeted cloaks which are now only to be seen on the women of

Belgium. To this portrait we shall have to return when we come to speak of its author's work with the point. Until a few years ago a small Geddes used to hang in the National Gallery, which may once have been a fine though 'unimportant' example of his powers. Unfortunately it had been much glazed with asphalte, and had nearly vanished from the canvas before it was taken down from the walls. It is said to have been the very picture on which hangs a funny story told of Wilkie. On one occasion, when the latter was on the Hanging Committee, at Somerset House, he carried about a little picture all the morning, trying it in this place and that. 'What on earth are you doing with that picture, Wilkie?' at last cried one of his colleagues. 'Man!' said Wilkie, 'it's a Geddes!' One version of the story goes on to say that, after all, the picture was by an Englishman! and that Wilkie threw it aside as soon as he found out his mistake. But this version is *trovato*.

The most important of those works by Geddes which still survive is the altar-piece in the church of St. James, Garlick Hill, the commission for which he is said to have obtained through the influence of some relative of the Burnets, who was curate of the parish. It is an *Ascension*. The idea seems to be taken from Titian's *Assumption*. The figure of Christ floats upwards in much the same attitude as Mary's in the Venetian picture, and the group of apostles, evangelists, and holy women below recalls that of Vecellio. In colour, tone, and *facture*, the work is excellent—so excellent, indeed, that one cannot but wish that some safer depository than this forgotten church should be found for it. I said above that the *Ascension* was the most important picture by Geddes that survived, because one on which he expended still more labour was destroyed by his own hands. This was the *Finding of the Scottish Regalia in Edin-*

burgh Castle, with portraits of the Commissioners. With these portraits the painter had infinite trouble; and although his work made a sensation when seen at the Academy of 1821, and was successful as an engraving, it found no purchaser. In the end Geddes cut it up, and sold the heads separately as portrait studies. During his stay in Rome he painted Gibson, the sculptor, Cardinal Weld, and a few more portraits. Towards the end of his life he showed a predilection for religious subjects, several of which he treated, besides the *Ascension* for the church of St. James.

But the chief claim to remembrance of Andrew Geddes lies, after all, in his etchings—of these he produced, so far as can be discovered, just forty. Some are etchings proper, some are dry-points, and in some, again, both methods are skilfully combined. Just as one man is a born painter, so was Geddes a born etcher. Even when his subject is ill-advised and his interest but half excited, we find enough to delight us in the mere freedom of his line, in the instinct with which he seizes upon right ideas for transla-



PORTRAIT OF ARCHIBALD SKIRVING. FROM THE ETCHING BY ANDREW GEDDES.

tion with the point, and the right way to set about the work. Many of his plates are portraits. For these he has evidently taken the famous *icones* of Van Dyck as his model, although in his copies and experimental plates generally he betrays the study of Rembrandt, and of Rembrandt alone. Of the latter we give an example in a reproduction of *An Old Woman Examining a Ring*, from a good impression in the British Museum. The drawing, especially of the left hand, is far from perfect, but the organization of line is very good, particularly in the old woman's cap. The second illustration is from an unfinished portrait of that Archibald Skirving of whom I spoke in my second article. The impression here reproduced shows the state in which Geddes left the plate. It will be seen how boldly the features are modelled,

and with how little of that timid turning into corners with which so many English etchers have spoilt their work. Mr. Hamerton, in speaking of the etched work of Geddes, singles out the *Child with a Pear*—it is an apple—for special praise; and, as a dry point, nothing could be freer or more spontaneous. But it seems to me that, as an artist on copper, Geddes is at his best in the plate after his mother's portrait. In its finished state—and with Geddes the finished is always the best state—this is one of the finest etchings since Rembrandt. Etching proper, dry-point and bur, and even the mezzotinter's 'rocker,' are used to elaborate the effect. Dry-point in its purity, the scraper scarcely used at all, was employed perhaps with fullest success in a small Rembrandtesque landscape with farm-buildings under the shadow of some trees. Unfortunately this, the best of several landscapes etched by Geddes, is very much spoiled by the sky. This, apparently, is an experiment in aquatint.

In my section on Wilkie, I said nothing of his etchings, because it seemed well to speak of them together with those of Geddes, by which, perhaps, they were suggested. Wilkie's etchings are fourteen

in number. Several, not to say most, are in the false style for which the English Etching Club was after-

wards to be so largely responsible. Of these the best, perhaps, is the one here reproduced. The subject is a variation upon one of the groups in the picture at Munich—*The Reading of a Will*. A much finer plate is the dry-point known as the *Lost Receipt*. In this Wilkie achieves a richness almost worthy of

Rembrandt. In spite, however, of one or two fine passages, such as the dog scratching himself in the

foreground, the plate lacks variety and delicacy. The etching sometimes known as *Benvenuto Cellini Exhibiting a Censer to a Pope*, but which I prefer to call merely 'The Pope and the Goldsmith,' is better in nearly every way. Mr. Hamerton does not hesitate to call it 'one of the most masterly plates in existence.' Masterly, perhaps, is rather too strong a word, for in parts such as the shading on the body of the kneeling goldsmith, there is too much of what looks like bad engraving, while here and there,

on the face of the attendant in the back-ground, for instance, and on the left wrist of the goldsmith, the burin has been used with some lack of discretion.

I have dwelt at this length on the etchings of



READING A WILL. AFTER THE ETCHING BY WILKIE.



THE POPE AND THE GOLDSMITH. AFTER THE ETCHING BY WILKIE.

Geddes and Wilkie because, at the time they were done, they seem to have been the only attempts to follow in the footsteps of Rembrandt. Etching, in a sense, has never been a lost art. For nearly three centuries past there have always been men in sufficient numbers who worked on metal with point and acid. But for long years at a time the peculiarity of the art has been obscured, and its un-

equalled power to express the ideas of any man who can draw neglected. That either Wilkie or Geddes had much to do with raising the art out of this condition, it would not be fair to say. Such honour as that confers must be given elsewhere. But, at least, they deserve the credit which belongs to the perception of its true capacities, and of that credit the larger share must be put down to Andrew Geddes.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

LETTERS FROM THE ENGLISH LAKES.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HULL.

Dove Cottage, Grasmere, September 4th, 1855.

AS you requested, in your last, a sketch of my present abode, I shall make it the starting-point of my letter, and furnish you with what scanty materials I have been able to gather relating to a house that has been occupied by two such distinguished men as William Wordsworth and Thomas De Quincey. The house itself has certainly no pretensions to interest on any other score, for it has a tame, commonplace expression about its face usual to houses that have square, flat fronts, with four square windows set at measured intervals, and a chimney at each end. How-

ever, when I have said this (except that the situation is low, and in the neighbourhood of stables and mean buildings), I believe I have said all I can against it. When I first inquired here for lodgings, and was told that 'this was the house to which the poet, Wordsworth, brought his bride,' I was inclined to be disappointed; but on entering the little wicket, and turning round the first corner, my opinions quickly underwent a change, for, instead of the flat monotony of the front, there was a picturesque confusion of old grey stone, and luxuriant creepers, and thick-set clusters of roses and rosebuds, and all sorts of greenery. Rising from this is a garden formed from the natural slope of the mountain, with the projections of rock undisturbed, with a rugged pathway winding up to two terraces, one above the other. These terraces

are a sufficient compensation for the lowness of the house, for, from these secluded elevations, you look over that sweetest part of the Vale of Grasmere that lies between Silver How and Helm Crag, an idea of

which I have given on the opposite page. Behind the garden wall rises a wood of graceful and varied trees, which give an air of security and retirement that is truly enviable. As for the interior, I fear I can pick up nothing that will excite the smallest amount of interest; for, the present occupant being a house, sign, and decorative painter, carver and gilder, &c., whatever there might have been remain-



DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.

ing as it was in the poet's day has disappeared to make room for the display of his handicraft. Hence the old battered windows have been replaced by modern squares of crown glass, the old painted walls have been neatly papered, and on the same walls are exhibited some specimens of fine art by the same handicraftsman, being sundry copies of Herring's animal pieces, a moonlight, a storm at sea, a landscape with figures, two original designs in bronze on panels of a chiffonier, of Rydal Waterfall and Dungeon Ghyll, and, in the place of honour, an original representation of a table-top containing a dish of various kinds of fish, some oysters, a stick of celery, a pan of cockles and mussels, and two other objects about which we have had some dispute as to whether they were shrimps or lobsters. With the

single exception of the old oak stairs leading up to all this modern finery, there is certainly no resting-place in his old abode for the poet's shade. No! the spot sacred to his dearest memories, from which his lofty thoughts still seem to emanate, and shed their radiant lustre as brightly on the lowliest daisy as on the cloud-piercing peaks that strike the stars aloft, revealing to all of us that divine principle which pervades the meanest matter, which it was his mission to enforce—that consecrated spot lies in the little churchyard corner, where a stone of touching simplicity marks his final resting-place, and over which the breezes sigh through the rustling leaves, calling to mind the 'still, sad music of humanity' to which he so often listened.

'To this calm spot the pilgrim in far years,
Led by the reverence in his soul, shall come ;
And as he gazes on the grassy tomb,
His thoughtful eyes shall be suffused with tears,
But not with tears of sorrow : there is nought
In this fair scene that speaks of grief or gloom ;
Not one incentive to despondent thought.
Pensive, not sad, shall be the pilgrim's heart ;
Subdued, not sorrowful, his soul shall be,
As, standing by this grave, he thinks of thee,
And how that thy long life's great work was wrought
Full out, and how its immortality
Is fixed as firmly, and as sure, as aught
That men deem lasting—mountain, star, or sea.'

DAVID HOLT.

But I think I have been promising more than I



OAK STAIRS IN DOVE COTTAGE.

can perform, for, at the outset, I led you to expect some new scraps of information respecting Wordsworth and De Quincey, and I have none to give.

The prevailing impression among the villagers here seems to be that they were very poor ; that Wordsworth especially was a rough-hewn, uninformed man ; that he knew nothing of building, farming, draining,

or any of the arts and sciences of country life ; that some ingenious individual who occupied the same house not long since, and who left a sun-dial of his own construction in the garden, was a far superior man, and could write as

good poetry into the bargain ; that when the Queen Dowager was down here she did something for him that enabled him to retire from business, after which



GRASMERE CHURCH.

he wrote no more. By-the-by, I have discovered that my landlord possesses a very fair copy in chalk of what appears to be a very striking portrait (life-size) of the poet, which I shall also copy and bring with me.

Returning from one of my morning rambles up Easedale, whom should I meet, in the midst of a heavy shower, but my friend Waterhouse?* I immediately seized on him, brought him home to breakfast, and engaged to meet him again in the afternoon at Rydal ; and the day being fine, we had one of the most delightful rambles it was possible to enjoy.

Winding round the back of Rydal Mount, the entrance to which, with the tall fir-trees, is one of the sweetest of pictures, we got on to the side of Nab Scar ; and when we had arrived at a considerable height the scenes of inexpressible beauty that lay beneath us to the right and left, bathed in luminous sunshine, surpassed the highest conceptions of land-

* Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.



scape loveliness:—Windermere, stretching away into infinite distance from the bold crags of Loughrigg Fells, and the deep shaded valley below; Rydal Water and a glimpse of Grasmere on the other side, with the huge Langdale Pikes crowning the mountain-ranges beyond, and the glorious foreground of Nab-Scar itself, with its bold, precipitous, and weather-worn projections, and its antique woods sweeping down magnificently to the lake below. But more of this fine old mountain, the most original in this district, in my next.

Grasmere, September 29th, 1855.

To attempt an account of last week's proceedings within the limited space of even a club letter, would manifestly produce either a very bald narrative or a confused jumble equally devoid of interest. I shall, therefore, adhere to my usual plan of selecting some point that will bear a reasonable amount of interesting illustration and remark; and no day, I think, will suit the purpose better than that on which I set out for an excursion towards Langdale.

Crossing Grasmere Lake, we ascended Red Bank

over a gap known to the country people under the name of 'Hunting Stile.' To this point I have often directed my early morning rambles, and have witnessed scenes of the most perfect enchantment, when the seething mists below, both in Grasmere and Rydal, threw up, with a distinguished lustre, the sunlit summits of the encircling ridges of Nab-Scar, Fairfield, Seat Sandal, Steel Fell, Helm Crag, and Silver How. At the time of our ascent, the hour (eleven o'clock) for such charms was already past; but we were not too late for the serene morning light which spreads so broad a calm over the peaceful valley, and some lingering fragments of silvery clouds were still hanging on the sides of Seat Sandal. As soon as these scenes were completely shut out of view by crossing the ridge into Langdale, we set our faces at once towards the business of the day. We had neglected to bring a map with us, but, with all Langdale spread out before us, such help was needless, we could see our whole course at a glance. There lay the dark purple ridge of Lingmoor, between the two Lang-

dales, round which we were to steer our course. The road before us led direct to Elterwater, lying like scattered horse-ponds in the valley below; thence the track was visible into Little Langdale, whence there was an opening again into Great Langdale, where lay Blea Tarn, the principal object of our excursion. From Great Langdale we could again trace our way to Dungeon Ghyll, Stickle Tarn, and, in imagination, over the fells into Easedale. With this plan before us we addressed ourselves to the task of carrying it out, with no small degree of encouragement. Making straight for Elterwater Bridge, pausing for a few moments on the parapet before a sweet little opening on the rocky bed of the Brathay, and lingering awhile among the old cottages close by, to peep among their shady coverts, we continued our way along a

road somewhat uninteresting in point of scenery, and through a coppice of hobbin-wood, which would have been utterly abominable had it not presented, within our reach, a magnificent conservatory of blackberries and some good hazel-nuts, on which you may be sure we were not slow to feast ourselves. We then



NAB COTTAGE.

beguiled this, the only tedious part of our journey, with conversation of a free-and-easy description, chiefly on artistic topics, among others, Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites as opposed to the mechanical and manufacturing class of artists. But how quickly all theories, arguments, speculations, and discussions, vanish when Nature draws up the curtain, and unfolds to our view one of her grand panoramas!

We are now in full sight of the huge barriers that close in the western extremity of Little Langdale, over which a deep gloom was brooding, partially reflected in the Tarn below, which was silvered here and there by a shimmering light where its dark surface was brushed by the passing wind. Then I have to ask leave of my companion, who is time-keeper for the day, for so many minutes as he can spare, to make my first sketch. He favours me with as much time as I choose to take, while he leisurely saunters on with pipe relumed,—a sufficient hint that no time is to be lost, or it may possibly take half the day to overtake him. When I had

completed the sketch, which I have reproduced, I felt very much tempted to linger an hour or two over some fine old yew-trees, which, as foreground objects, imparted a character of deep solemnity to the valley. Also a picturesque old farmstead on the right, nestled under a stately group of sheltering trees on the bare mountain-side, looked very inviting; but time, and his keeper ahead of me, were quietly but inexorably pushing on their way, and nothing was left but to follow. Overtaking my friend, who had halted by the roadside, we continued in a pretty straight course up the valley, passing a white farmhouse

on the right, where we made inquiries of a ruddy-faced girl about Blea Tarn, but could get little information beyond an intimation that we were upon the right track. Meeting with a passing traveller further on, we got possession of the facts of the case, and taking the first road to the right, commenced the ascent which leads from Little into Great Langdale. Here I could not resist the temptation to use my pencil, for the old, rugged mountain-road we traversed wound its way over rich, heathy slopes, interspersed with precipices and huge fragments of scattered rock; while, in the background, rose those majestic Pikes that

'From some other vale peer into this.'

Whenever you come this way again, let your very first visit be to Blea Tarn, if you would wish to realise perfect ideas of grandeur, solemnity, and solitude. Look down on that silent tarn, darkened by the sombre reflections of the thick grove of fir-trees that overhangs it. Observe the elegant curves

of its margin, feathered with waving reeds, and carpeted with the rich, subdued tints of heather, moss, and bracken. Let the eye wander from this urn-like gem across the valley, to where lay once the two green fields, and

'One bare dwelling, one abode—no more,'



LANGDALE.

abrupt, heathery hills, forming part of Linginoor, and terminating near the opening of the valley in a singular peak called sometimes Blea-Tarn Pike, and sometimes Side-House Pike, which also forms a conspicuous object

from Great Langdale. Add to this magic circle the grand background of the huge Pikes, 'those lusty Twins,' which fill up the outlet of the valley, and it is with such a scene in your memory that you can appreciate the truthfulness and beauty of the allusions made to this particular scene in

'The Excursion,' especially in reference to those lofty brethren, bearing their part well in the wild concert which the wind draws forth 'from rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores.'

'Nor have Nature's laws
Kept them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer tone; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice; the clouds,
The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thither—touch,

And have an answer ; thither come and shape
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts,
And idle spirits—there the sun himself,
At the calm close of summer's longest day,
Rests his substantial orb ; between those heights
And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
Sparkle the stars as of their station proud.
Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
Than the mute agents stirring there.'

On our approach to the tarn at the lower end, finding ourselves too near for obtaining a favourable *coup d'œil* of this remarkable scene, we climbed a wall in our rear, and, from a mass of rocks of considerable magnitude and height, found what we desired. It was now half-past two, and here my comrade again left me, with warning admonitions and instructions where to follow him. After securing a sketch, and moving on with all speed, I had scarcely got twenty yards before I was arrested by a view so superior in point of combination to the one I had just left that I was tempted to devote another half-hour to a sketch of it. Judging from the few glimpses of sunlight that touched the sides of the Pikes, among the clouds sailing across, I should say the evening effect would be exceedingly bold and grand, as the slanting light would give a prominence of light and shadow among the precipices and ravines which so strikingly mark their sides.

In making my way back to the road over the heath, I was struck with its peculiarly rich colouring, being a combination of blooming heather, rich green mosses, silvery grey lichens on the rocks, and the sober olive tints peculiar to grasses on a boggy soil. This tinge of colour pervades the whole scene, with the exception of the noble Pikes, which stand apart in majestic greys. I mention this peculiarity in order that you may the more correctly interpret the sketch aforesaid. I found my friend impatiently awaiting me near the farm, and I expected to hear that he had discovered the rock resembling

'A stranded ship with keel upturned,'

and the waterfall near, as described in 'The Excursion,' but he had met with none ; as a substitute, he pointed to a bank by a hill-side, on which some children had left a

'Wreck of party-coloured earthenware,'

vividly recalling to mind another incident in the same part of the poem.

Miss Martineau mentions the rock as being in the valley, but takes no pains to point out to travellers the exact spot, probably for the very good reason that she did not know herself. My friend, however, had in the meantime not been idle, for, in making up to the front of the house with the purpose, as I supposed, of showing me some picturesque view of

it, he astonished me by walking straight in and inviting me to follow. On doing so I was still more surprised to find a table 'half covered with a store of dainties,' oaten bread, cheese and milk,

'And cakes of butter curiously embossed ;
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-flowers
A golden hue, delicate as their own
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.'

We enjoyed this simple meal unmistakably, in presence of the hostess, a quiet, serene, middle-aged woman and her two children, who shyly retreated to the chimney-corner, whence, under cover as it were, they eagerly watched our movements, till, holding out some nuts which I had gathered on the way, I induced them to come forward ; but no sooner had they clutched the prize, than they made a precipitate retreat to the same quarter, not, however, without being reminded by their mother of their obligations to the donor. The master, with his faithful dog, next joined us, but he, too, was not of a communicative turn of mind, and the only facts worth recording which we gathered were that this was 'a cruel place for rain,' and that the children were too young for school yet, as there was none nearer than Chapel Stile, a distance of four miles. Our friend at Penmachno would have rejoiced at such a chimney-corner, with the broad daylight streaming down the chimney over a primitive apparatus, constructed partly of wood, for cooking purposes. Well might a man, sitting at such a fireside, require a blanket, or some warm covering, to protect him from the rain ! Leaving a modest sum for our sumptuous repast, we once more set out on our travels, having learned that Dungeon Ghyll, our next point of interest, was about two miles distant, and Stickle-Tarn about a mile farther up, and that, thence, the nearest way to Grasmere was over the Codale Fells into Easedale.

As we turned our backs on the scenery we had just passed, we could not refrain from pausing, now and again, to take a lingering farewell of this pearl of solitary tarns and secluded valleys, with a hope that the present would not be a final visit. Unfortunately, on approaching Great Langdale, the clouds were so low that we missed the opportunity of witnessing a very imposing spectacle, as we were near the head of the valley ; but even the Pikes were scarcely visible, and, in the range beyond, not one mountain could be distinguished from another. We therefore made our way as straight as possible by leaving the road, traversing the fields, and crossing the river below to a track leading, apparently, to the Fall, which we found to be a correct course. We rested awhile in the magnificent gloom of that mighty dungeon, and then (erroneously, for want of a map) followed the course of the stream in the hope

of finding our way to Stickle Tarn. This led us into disaster, which I have not space at present to dwell upon. However, we got safely through our perils, reached Stickle Tarn and sketched it, made our way over the Codale Fells, as the mists were threatening us from Helvellyn, witnessed a sublime Martinesque view looking south, descended by the tarn into Easedale, and arrived safely at Dove Cottage, sending a special messenger to our friend Warwick Brookes, who was pacing to and fro beside the boat, anxiously looking out for our arrival. Thus ended one of those days that are pre-eminent in a lifetime for the sterling pleasure derived from the generous sympathies of friendship; the lasting delight engraved on the mind by new and varied phases of the great creative agency

almost irresistibly tempted to utter some nonsense, if only to give vent to the feelings they stir so deeply in the breast; but I will resist the temptation. The case would be different if I could write such grand nonsense as Wordsworth sometimes did, when overwhelmed by tumultuous feeling roused by some solemn, soul-stirring aspect of nature.

I believe I have visited all the tarns within a reasonable walking distance from my quarters, and have found them all beautiful in their several ways. Easedale, Codale, Stickle, and Blea Tarns for their solitary grandeur; Langdale, backed by its massive mountain curtain; Elterwater, with its fine distance up Langdale; and Loughrigg Tarn, the Speculum Dianae, the Nemi of the English lakes, from which there is also a fine peep of the Langdale



SKATING ON RYDAL WATER.*

continually moving before us, and for promoting that noble growth of the soul which enables her, in less favourable moments,

‘To range among her own
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.’

Nab Cottage, Rydal, December 4th, 1855.

Were I not certain that you all have had more or less ocular experience of the beauty peculiar to mountain tarns, I should have some misgivings about touching once more on the subject, and imagine myself being pronounced in the end a bore. But I know my company too well to be over-fastidious on such points, and that I may venture to think aloud among you whenever my thoughts run parallel with Nature's aspects, be they what they may. I do not wish to be tedious in my remarks on this class of scenery, but from being brought into close contact with it since my stay here, its salient features have been so vividly impressed on my mind that these tarns, like the solitude they symbolise, exclude every other image to make room for their impressive and silent unity. In presence of these mysterious and solemn ‘nooks of mountain ground’ one is

Pikes. This latter is the only one which I have not sketched; but it may not yet be too late to do it. Since my stay at Rydal my longest walk has not extended beyond two miles from the door; and where is the need for going farther when so much that is grand and beautiful lies within that limited compass? Never in vain have I climbed the rugged sides of Nab Scar; never have I tired of roaming over the wild slopes of Loughrigg Fell, and gazing on the grand outstretch of mountain-ridges beyond Grasmere; nor could I ever weary of my early morning walks among the woods of Rydal, with clamorous rooks wheeling cloudward in their joyous morning exercise.

I think the woodland scenery of Rydal incomparable, and never has it appeared to me grander than during the past month. The blue, broken lines of distant mountains, and the bright gleams of the lake seen through the thin, scattered remnants of foliage, and the delicate tracery of interlacing boughs, are inconceivably beautiful, and place the lake scenery, to me, under a new light. This aspect I may have

* The drawing from which the above engraving was made is of a later date than that of the preceding sketches.

an opportunity of attempting to render before long, for it is one I have set my heart on, conceiving it to be a point of view from which something original might spring. Altogether I have never been more thoroughly satisfied than with my November sojourn here, favoured, as it has been, by the nature of the scenery, the brilliant weather, and the great variety

of aspect accompanying the gradual but thorough change of the season. Now, however, the real gloom of winter is coming over us, the change from autumnal glory to wintry desolation is complete, and with it has vanished that variety which charms even when tending to ruin, and decay has settled down to a monotonous gloom.

WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

II.

MULREADY, once entered as a Student of the Royal Academy (he was, as I find by the record in the Burlington House, admitted in November, 1800, that is, during the keepership of Joseph Wilton), was well advanced on the right, or at least the best then available, path in art. He was, however, not accepted without a previous failure with a drawing of *Hercules in the Garden of the Hesperides*, a bronze statuette now in the British Museum. With a drawing of a statue by Michelangelo he was more fortunate, and thus obtained a probationership. He passed into the Life School by means of a drawing of *The Boxers*, which was exhibited as No. 115 with the studies, &c., gathered at South Kensington in 1864. This production is dated 1800, and thus attests the extremely rapid progress of the artist, who entered the Antique School in the same year.

It was in after-life a sort of motto of his, repeated in various forms, that 'I have from the first moment I became a Visitor in the Life School drawn there as if I were drawing for a prize.' Thus he spoke in 1863 before the House of Commons Commission on the Royal Academy, but the facts are that he never, from the day of his admission to the Antique School, failed to draw with all his might. Nearly five hundred specimens of his draughtsman-ship, which were collected after his death and shown, as above stated, in 1864, attested at once his unflagging industry and his powers. These were a selection from many thousands more, and apart from the body of pictures gathered in the Great Room of the Society of Arts in 1848, when nearly all Mulready's works, from his never-before-exhibited *Polyphemus receiving the Third Bowl of Wine from Ulysses*, were set forth. Only one important example was not then shown. *A Cottage*—which was painted in 1805, and is one of Mulready's first-exhibited paintings, found room in the Adelphi, having been at the Academy in 1806 as *Cottage—St. Albans*. At South Kensington the collection of drawings abounded in all sorts of subjects, attesting the extent and variety of Mulready's exercises. There were not only cartoons in small for his most important productions, made to illustrate their com-

position and chiaroscuro—such as *Choosing the Wedding Gown*, *Brother and Sister*, *The Travelling Druggist*, *Punch*, and *The Last Inn*;—but *A First Attempt*, made before 1796 (*i.e.*, before the artist was ten years old) sketches of trees, waves, windows, hands, dogs, elaborate studies of the nude figure, portraits, and landscapes. There was likewise a series of clever and careful sketches of costumes, of which one is engraved with this paper, and was made for a work on dress which Mulready intended to carry into effect. It was abandoned after much time had been devoted to it. The painter, not satisfied with the opportunities offered by the Royal Academy, where he frequently superintended the Life School, worked often in other drawing-schools, noteworthily at Kensington, where in a mews close to Little Camden House, a number of artists subscribed for models and studied the nude. It was called the Kensington Academy, and flourished about 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861. At the exhibition of 1864 the only important picture of Mulready's not present was *The Widow*, now the property of Mr. Rankin, of Liverpool.*

In 1802–3 Mulready gained, for a good drawing, 'the greater silver palette' from the Society of Arts. The honour was small, but the encouragement was considerable. It would not now be considered worthy of the dignity of an Academy Student to contend for such a distinction as this. In 1802 matters were different. 'Marcliffe's' little biography, which is described in the former paper, approached its end with an account of Mulready's dismay when, on going up for the palette, he heard the name of a rival Academy Student called before his own. To this rival, whom I suspect to have been George Dawe, afterwards a Royal Academician, an extra prize had been awarded. Of this fact Mulready had no inkling from the official letter which stated that the greater silver palette had been awarded to himself. On the strength of this letter

* This work, though named in the catalogue on this occasion, was not numbered therein because a loan of it could not be obtained. *Lending a Bite* and *The First Voyage* were likewise absent at this time.

poor Mulready had bragged a good deal, and he was therefore much disconcerted when 'Mr. —' was called to take a prize. 'Marcliffe' concluded his history thus:—

'A short time after this a proposal of employment in his art was made to our pupil, by which he might earn a subsistence. This incident produced a generous contention between the lad and his parents. He felt the narrowness of their situation, and was glad to free them from an incumbrance. With the nobleness of mind which they have shown through the whole of this history the parents resisted the idea of receiving any assistance in their pecuniary establishment from him. They declared they would cheerfully support him, without the smallest aid on his part, for seven years longer. The boy absolutely rejected the suggestion.

He not only considered the slenderness of their means and how much they had already done for him, but he felt also the ardour natural to a spirited youth verging towards manhood to be his own resource and his own master. From about the day he completed his fifteenth year (April 1, 1801) he required no more support from his parents, and all that remained to them was the delight,

so ravishing to a paternal bosom, of seeing their son daily rise to further distinction and eminence.'

'The Looking-Glass' concludes with this laudable sentiment: it must be admitted that it does not read like William Godwin's. The book may be dismissed with the remark that it was published not without reference to Dr. Malkin's 'A Father's Memoirs of his Child,' which appeared in 1806, with a frontispiece by Blake. 'The Looking-Glass' preceded this edifying production by a whole twelvemonth.

The boyish labours of Mulready, by which he proposed to 'earn a subsistence,' included designing for children's books, scene-painting, and even painting figures in the huge panoramas which Sir R. Ker Porter displayed at the Lyceum Theatre, including 'The Storming of Seringapatam,' which, with a crowd of figures, was two hundred feet long. It was executed in six weeks of 1799, and exhibited in the following year. Mulready told a friend that so considerable was his facility in draughtsmanship at this early

period that he contrived to paint three life-size figures of men in one day. This was of course a kind of scene-painting. He worked on 'Ægyptiana,' a set of views on the Nile, which were shown at the Lyceum in 1801, and, soon after this, he seems to have had part in similar works displayed in the same show-room. 'The Storming of Seringapatam' was burnt. It seems probable that Mulready painted on Ker Porter's big panorama of 'The Battle of Agincourt,' which lay for years rat-gnawn and dusty in the vaults of Guildhall, London. Among other ways of getting a living open to him in those days, and long after, was teaching drawing. He told me that among his pupils was Lady Byron, whom he described as

'not handsome, but talented and good.'

All this time our painter continued to work in the Royal Academy in the evenings of each day. This institution was then seated in the rooms built on purpose for it by Sir W. Chambers in Somerset House.*

In rooms which still exist under the exhibition gal-

lery on the topmost floor of the Strand front of



BLACKHEATH PARK.

* These rooms were held by the Academy in pursuance to an agreement between the Government of that day and the King. The Academicians had previously received from George III. a right to occupy part of old Somerset House, which was then, and had been since the forfeiture of the Duke of Somerset, an appanage of the Crown. For some years the society was placed there. The old palace was in countless instances disposed of at the pleasure of the reigning monarch, according to immemorial custom and centuries of recognition of the right. The right of the Crown to appropriate these apartments was recognised by the authorities when they consented to allocate part of the new building to the Academicians, and this agreement was unchallengeably sanctioned by the nation when the House of Commons of that day, being completely informed of the circumstances, granted the money for Chambers's building. When the Government wanted room at Somerset House the Academicians accepted part of the National Gallery in exchange for their right, which, during a long series of years, had never been denied, to accommodation in Chambers's building. The duration of this tenancy is quite sufficient to establish the claim of the Society to this accommodation in all fair minds. Had the Academicians been mere squatters on common land they would have been irremovable after a much shorter period of occupation. It suits the

Somerset House, Mulready and his fellow-students drew and played after the wont of their kind. They worked hard, they were poor, they were full of energy and fun. Mulready, now broad-shouldered, agile, and strong, was fond of boxing, a pastime at which he remained an adept till well advanced in life. It was related to me by an old friend of his, who shared in the sport, that one of the rough amusements then in vogue consisted in going to the riverside—where, at the 'Fox-under-the-Hill,' bargees and coalheavers were rife and their fisticuffings frequent—in order to have with these worthies bouts of the tongue which often ended in 'sets-to' with 'nature's weapons.' In the 'noble art of self-defence' Mulready was past master, and he in many a 'round' and combat '*à l'outrance*' vindicated the honour of the Royal Academy.*

He related with glee that on a certain occasion, on leaving Somerset House after the evening school, accompanied by a comrade or two, including John Linnell, the party found the Strand illuminated for a victory, filled with a bawling mob, and almost impassable by sober folks. I do not know who all the comrades were, but Linnell confirmed to me his fellow-student's story to the effect that, finding themselves thus detained, Mulready took the heels of Linnell, who was not a giant, while two others took his shoulders, they lifted him on high, and, crying out that they carried an injured man to the hospital, bore him through the mob until they were out of harm's way. I suppose this escapade may be dated about 1807.

During four years Mulready drew diligently in the Academy, where, in 1804, Fuseli became keeper; he made ample use of the Antique School, and there indulged his love for the beautiful in form and face. I have already called attention to the 'antique' style of the girl's pinafore in a sketch which illustrates the

purposes of some of the Academy's enemies to deny the right of the King to appropriate the old building in the Strand according to the customs of centuries, but there seems to be so much ignorance, or so very little honesty, in the views of these persons that they need only be stated to be rejected. In exchange for the rooms in the National Gallery, the site on which, out of their own funds, the Academicians erected the present building in Burlington Gardens, was granted. However little may be the worth of a 'Parliamentary title' to an estate in Ireland—this, it must be admitted, is not considerable—honesty and honour have not yet failed in regard to metropolitan grants and agreements.

* Later in life, Mulready etched a portrait of Mendoza, a still-renowned pugilist. In a former essay on our painter, I find the following characteristic note on both these men:—"Twas at the stage-door of the Drury Lane Theatre, and rather late in the life of Mendoza, that the artist met the pugilist, after a considerable interval of time had elapsed without a communication between them; the customary greetings were exchanged; the painter was asked by Mendoza what he was doing. "Well," said Mulready, who by this time had risen in reputation, "I've been painting pictures." "Ah!" was the rejoinder of the champion, with an apologetic sigh, "*We must all do something!*"

first of these essays; nearly every one of his figures and faces attests the influence of the antique upon the style of our *genre* painter. The studious observer will be sure not to confound the subjects of Mulready's pictures, mostly homely as they are, with the manner of their treatment. His aim seems to have been to adapt, without affectation or insincerity, a noble style of treatment to modern subjects, and even when homely and commonplace accessories were in question, he was resolute not to be vulgar.

At Christie's, a few months ago, a picture was sold which had once belonged to Mulready's friend, R. Ansdell, R.A., and represents a red pitcher and a black glass bottle. It measured $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$ inches



A STREET FIGHT.

only, and it was not only a marvel of firm execution, quite worthy of Teniers, the greatest master in that sort of work, but so remarkable for style that he must be dull indeed who does not recognise the influence of the antique in the fine delineation of these trifles. It was painted about the time now in question—that is, before 1807—when Mulready signed and dated it.

Having finished his share in the panoramas and scenes Mulready's next step in life brought him into close relationship with John Varley, a man who influenced him very deeply and very long. I have already said that Varley's sister was married to Mulready in 1803, and that he was a father before his nineteenth year had expired. This was a very Irish circumstance indeed, and ominous of ill. I have never been able to learn by what means the friends were introduced to each other; it was probably through some Academy acquaintanceship. Varley, then a popular artist and well-to-do drawing-master, lived

at No. 2 Harris Place, Oxford Street, a *cul-de-sac* near the Pantheon, which now exists in a very different state than in Varley's time. This painter had, five years before this date (*i.e.*, in 1798) made an excursion into Wales, which had momentous effects on his art, not less than on his teaching. Dr. Monro, one of George III.'s physicians in insanity, and a distinguished man of his degree, had employed Varley to make drawings at and near Fetcham, where he then resided. This seems to have led Mulready into the doctor's circle. In 1803 he was sketching and painting in Yorkshire, at Kirkstall, Fountains Abbey, and Knaresborough. The fruits of this journey included four oil-paintings sent to the Academy, Mulready's first act of the kind, in 1804. Of these *The Crypt in Kirkstall Abbey* is now in the possession of Mr. Cope, R.A. Other country excursions are attested by the names of pictures produced about this time. No doubt Varley promoted these efforts by all the means in his power; it was one of his secrets of teaching to enjoin pupils to go to Nature for everything. This counsel sank deep in Mulready's

mind, and took root there with the experience gained by studies from the antique in the Royal Academy. He read Nature in the light of the antique, and thus, in that noble sense of the term which I have already employed, developed a taste for style which took effect in everything he painted, whether it was a face, a cottage, a red jar, a bottle, or a green tree.

Mulready, one does not know on what terms, was a pupil of Varley, and, apart from the fact that he married the very attractive sister of his master, he soon became of great service to the latter as the head of his numerous pupils. In this way Mulready became the real teacher of Linnell, Copley Fielding, and William Hunt, all of whom frequented that school, as, at different times, did Turner of Oxford, and, to a certain extent, David Cox. At a much later time F. O. Finch was numbered among Varley's pupils. At the time in question Linnell and Hunt (who, with a premium paid by his father, the japanner, of Old Belton (now Endell) Street, Long Acre, was regularly apprenticed to Varley) were the leading students. Shortly after his marriage

Mulready, then a busy painter, draughtsman, and what-not, migrated to 15 Broad Street, Golden Square, where his brother-in-law and his *entourage* soon joined him. Among Varley's friends, if not his intimates, was William Blake, the visionary painter; I have a note to the effect that, of all places in the world, Varley took Blake to Lady Blessington's house in St. James's Square to dine. What the author of the 'Songs of Innocence' thought of the plump Irish Venus it would be hard to say; to her he must have been a phenomenon indeed. The marriage of Mulready was not the only matrimonial link forged in the Broad Street circle; John Varley himself married Esther; Clementi, the composer and pianist, married Emma; and Copley Fielding married Susanna—three of four sisters

whose common name was Gisborne. This name is familiar to all readers of Shelley. The brother of these ladies was Mr. John Gisborne, an engineer, whose wife's son' by a first husband was Mr. Henry Revelley, an occasional writer on art, and an engineer of note. When this first husband died W. Godwin ardently wooed the



STUDY OF SUNFLOWERS.

widow—a charming woman—to marry him. The courtship was characteristic of the philosopher, although Mary Wolstoncraft, his own first wife, had not been dead many weeks.

Mulready's first successful figure picture was entitled *The Carpenter's Shop*, 1808. The success of Wilkie's earlier paintings, such as *The Blind Fiddler*, had something to do with the choice of such a subject as Mulready's, although there is nothing but studious art and extreme care in common in the examples. In 1808 he also painted *The Rattle and Returning from the Ale House*, now at South Kensington. Other pictures followed with so much success that the Earl of Essex (the patron of Landseer and William Hunt) remarked that in 1811, when he was twenty-five years of age, 'Mulready had the greatest reputation of any artist of the day.' However that may be, it is certain our painter had won his spurs by means of diligence, copious studies, and rare intelligence. He lived successively at 9 Upper Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, in two rooms of the second floor; this was

in 1806; at 17 Upper Charlton Street, in the same neighbourhood; at 25 Frederick Place, Hampstead Road; and, in 1808-9, with Linnell for a fellow-lodger, at 30 Francis Street, Bedford Square. In this place he painted *The Carpenter's Shop*, above named. From this quarter he removed to Robinson's Row, Kensington Gravel Pits. Afterwards we find him at 14 Moscow Cottages, Bayswater, whence he removed (1827-1828) to 1 Linden Grove, where he lived many years, and where, July 7, 1863, he died. Except the houses in the Fitzroy Square region, Broad Street and Harris Place, which have sunk into squalor, all Mulready's residences have disappeared before the march of 'improvement.'

After 1811-12 his progress, until then exceptionally rapid, indicated that he had attained not the acme of his art, but a high platform, so to say, which, leading upwards, assured him an easier, if not a swifter ascent. Considerations of space at command prohibit me from following him in detail any longer. Suffice it that, continuing studies already displayed to the reader, Mulready was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in November 1815, and in February 1816, an R.A., being then one of the few Associates whose names, as such, never appeared in the catalogues of the exhibitions. In this he resembled Cosway, Nollekens, J. Barry, P. J. De Loutherbourg, J. Banks, Opie, Northcote, G. F. Doo, and a few others. Mulready and A. E. Chalon were simultaneously elected R.A.'s, in the places of Copley and Bartolozzi, both of whom died in 1815. In 1827 he was associated with Sir John Swinburne, his friend of many years, in the incorporation of the Artists' Fund, and he thenceforth took the warmest interest in this excellent charity. So far as his art and artistic associations extended, Mulready's life was happy, honoured, and successful. His leading pictures, *The Butt*, *Burchell and Sophia*, *Choosing the Wedding Gown*, and *The Gravel Pit*, attracted the, at that time, rarely given admiration of the Author of 'Modern Painters.' By way of helping the Artists' Fund he gave the copyright of his *Wolf and the Lamb* (the property of the Queen) to be engraved by J. H. Robinson, and the Charity thus netted 1000*l.* He died, full of distinction, and the subject of much gratitude at the age of seventy-seven years, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, under a monument erected by the subscriptions of his friends.

Here follows a selection of notes on Mulready supplied to me by Samuel Palmer, who knew him well, and was one of the closest friends of our subject's famous pupil Linnell, from whom not alone Palmer, but the present writer, learned much about Mulready. Palmer's careful manuscript, never yet

printed, is given exactly as it was supplied twenty years ago:—

'With regard to Mr. Mulready, the following remnants, or rather rags of memory, will, I fear, be of no use to you; yet, with shame be it spoken, they are my little all, and that, after an acquaintance, I may say a friendship, of many years, I have retained only these. His chances of early patronage were not happy. Thus, a rich lady commissioned from him a picture at a very low price; when it was finished as Mulready always finished his tasks, she declined to take or pay for it, and wished him to repeat it for her somewhat smaller. His motto was, "*Do everything as well*



SKETCHES FOR A BOOK ON COSTUME.

as you can." He said, sardonically, "The surest way to lose a pupil is to do him justice." At a friend's house he carefully explained to a young artist the composition of oil-copal varnish, with a view of showing how little litharge entered into its composition. Afterwards, recollecting that he had made a slight mistake as to one of the quantities, he went to his friend on purpose to leave the amended proportions for the young inquirer. One day, when absorbed in study of his picture *The Wolf and the Lamb*, he saw distinctly, as it seemed to him, one of the boys come out of the picture, pass before it, turn away, and go behind the panel or frame. This was told me [S. Palmer] by my late dear friend Mr. [F. O.] Finch, to whom Mulready related it. He said that all the best artists had begun with what is called "niggling." I think his method of thought was analytic, which made him in all things orderly. Sometimes he seized the central point [of a design or picture], and

worked outwards. An artist remarked his willingness to acknowledge merit in the works of others, in any school or style, however remote from his own. Censuring those who fancied themselves too great for little matters, he said, "Every good picture is a succession of petty prudences." When looking over a series of copies made in the Sistine Chapel he noticed in some [of the figures] an elegance of mood, where the relief seemed to be intentionally depressed,



A PORTRAIT.

suggesting ellipses in the section. He had remarked the same treatment in Squarcione. Once in conversation, when it was assumed that the poetic was the function of art, he questioned, though he did not positively deny, the fact; therein seeming to disagree with Flaxman, who held sentiment to be its [art's] essence. The mind of Mulready demanded congruity, but luxuriated in discrimination. It was interesting to hear him describe his own designs, with all their niceties of allusion, most of which would be, of course, sealed to the general public. His humour and comic imitations and mimicry have kept a knot of his intimate friends in convulsions of laughter, on and off, through an evening, one of the party falling from his chair and rolling on the carpet. He was very good-natured and tolerant of the opinions and habits of others. Thus, although he was bred in the Roman faith, yet, when a young gentleman asked him to subscribe money for the fifth of November fireworks, he gave him what he wanted, telling him at the same time that he did not approve of the commemoration. He prepared from the beginning some, I believe, of his own colours, and understood the constituents and properties of all. He usually did his day's work with one brush, which was then dismissed. In *his* hands pigments stood perfectly on which few would do well to venture.'

I may add that the same thing may be remarked of the practice of Sir John Millais, in whose hands even gamboge has stood the test of light and time unaltered for nearly forty years.

I resume Palmer's Notes on Mulready:—

'He told me [S. Palmer] that the scarlet on a toy in his picture of *The Widow** was unchanged after so long a time, and that it was iodine scarlet, also that a permanent green in a piece of landscape was a mixture of yellow chrome and asphaltum. He approved of bright pigments if permanent, and said that the old masters used the brightest they could get. His *Anxious Wife*—if that be its name—I mean the picture in which the cottage-wife is looking out of the window towards the sea at sunset, is remarkable in more ways than one. Not a touch of white was used in it, the highest [coloured] pigment being lemon yellow. When I remarked to him how well it had stood,

* *The Widow*, or *So Mourned the Dame of Ephesus her Love*, now the property of Mr. Robert Rankin, of Liverpool, was painted in 1823, and exhibited at the Academy in 1824. It is still in perfect condition, 1887.

he said that, contrary to his then usual practice, it was varnished at once on its completion.* It seemed to me most luminous of all [in] the Adelphi [the above-mentioned exhibition of Mulready's pictures], and, if so, is a commentary on Sir George Beaumont's words that we should never equal the old masters till flake white was as dear as ultramarine. He said that pigments and vehicles were, for evil and good, exactly as the man who used them; one would stand, the other fade, one would dry, the other not.†

Palmer continued thus:—

'When Turner was painting one day out-of-doors from a partnership palette he insisted previously on scratching a line which should halve each pigment, and that his friend should keep to his own side. Mulready never suffered preconceived opinion or reasoning to blind him to a fact, however extraordinary it might seem, or contradictory to other phenomena. On mentioning something of this kind which had occurred to myself in the course of some experiment, he accepted it at once, only adding that he had himself met some things which seemed even more impossible, yet were unquestionably true. He was often to be found sitting with *his* brother-in-law, Mr. Varley, and it was in-



SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

teresting to observe the contact of minds so dissimilar, the one discursive and delighting in analysis, the other concentrated and critical. Minute analysis was to Mulready

* This picture had, some few years ago, darkened, or was originally much darker than Mulready usually painted.

† This is an interesting and important comment on the fact that all Sir John Millais's works have stood, as well as *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, a Pre-Raphaelite picture, painted in 1848 by Mr. James Collinson, and now in the possession of Messrs. Roberson & Co., of Long Acre, from whom all the pigments and vehicles of all those examples were procured. On the other hand many of the pictures by another painter, who bought all his materials in the same place and at the same time, have sadly changed—some have cracked, others lost colour or darkened. At the same time much painting, with materials procured as above, was done by myself. In this there is neither change, nor fading, nor cracking of any sort.

no discipline, but an intellectual luxury. It does not seem that he ever used the living model to eke out inventions, but simply to assist memory with [regard to] the phenomena proper to such matter as he had previously designed. The model who stood for the "Captain," in the picture of *The Antiquary*, was a young man of quite a different figure. Living models were not the constituents of Mulready's pictures; all was invented before the model was used, and, like Wilkie, he usually worked not with the model before him, but from separate studies. When he did paint with the life before him, it was with the selective skill of a certain master [Domenichino] who was found painting an angel with a brawny porter as the sitter.

'Among other valuable doings of Mulready was keeping a descriptive register of all his works, including their modes

of execution, notes on the pigments and vehicles used for them, their dates, and other details. [This register is, no doubt, still in existence, and as nearly every work of his is in good condition, notwithstanding the roasting, baking, desiccating, and chilling processes to which the best of them were subjected for many years, it affords a record precious to artists and chemists in colour, vehicles, and varnishes.]

'One day, when Mulready had been looking at some beautiful studies by young artists of great promise, a brother R.A. said to him, "Why cannot *we* begin again?" Mulready replied, "I *do* begin again!" with a sharp emphasis on the "*do*."

With this noble and yet humble remark of Mulready, Samuel Palmer concluded the notes sent to

F. G. STEPHENS.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE black-and-white room at the Royal Academy furnishes a good epitome of the year's work in etched and engraved plates. Mr. Robert Macbeth's recent masterly and elaborated interpretations of the pictures of Fred. Walker, R.A., and George Mason, A.R.A., are gathered here, viz., *A Fishmonger's Shop*, *A Rainy Day*, and *The Plough*, after Walker, and *Return from Milking*, *The Cast Shoe*, and *The May of Life*, after Mason. Also here is the same skilful etcher's plate after Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*. The latter is printed red on a red-toned ground, and in broad, bold line follows the work of some of the early Italian engravers, although forced up with more elaborate chiaroscuro. As an interpretation it perhaps lacks mellowness and that suggestion of the quality of coloration which in the plates after modern painters is one of Mr. Macbeth's specialities. The variety of his handling or touch with the needle is another characteristic nowhere more noticeable than in the rendering of foreground detail in the plates after Walker and Mason. Purists may object to the mode of printing in two colours adopted in *The Plough* and *The May of Life*, but the effect is very happy, especially in recalling the sunset glow on the cliff in the first-named picture. M. Rajon has sent a charming little dry-point study of a figure, *The Dead Robin*, also after Walker. Mr. Walker's *A Rabbi*, after Rembrandt, Mr. Menpes' clever original study of a child, *Dorothy*, and Charles Martin's rather coarse but effective interpretation of Velasquez's *Philip the Fourth's English Dwarf*, are striking among figure subjects. In landscape work Mr. Fred. Slocombe's steady line and frank, if sometimes slightly prosaic style shows at its best in the original plate called *The Poplars*, and in a striking version of *Twilight* after J. Farquharson. Mr. E. W. Evans shows well in imitative handling after Constable in an architectural subject from San Marco, after W. H. Pike, and *Twilight*, after Mr. Halfnight. There is a capital bit of work by Mr. Wright-Nooth, *A Study of an old fishwife in a village market-place*; landscape studies, with or without figures, by Dorothy Worden and H. J. Angleby, by Fred. Miller, and in accomplished mezzo by Joseph Knight and by John Finnie, must be noted. Amongst the plates in mixed methods, classed as engravings, the late C. W. Campbell's sympathetic mezzotint of Burne Jones' *Pan and Psyche* is of especial interest. Especially beautiful is the modelling of the delicate contours of the Psyche. Mr. Barlow's effective plate after Millais' *Marquis of Salisbury* holds its own as one of the engraver's successes. Mr. Wehrschmidt has interpreted the *Earl of Dufferin*, by Frank Holl, with telling tone and texture.

THE pictures by which the current art season will be remembered are probably, first, the large *Marianne*, by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., at the Academy, which, though not equally admirable and strong throughout, is yet an original and dignified

composition of assured workmanship, nobly centered in the striking figure of the condemned wife of Herod, as, descending the marble staircase of the judgment-hall, she turns a backward look of reproach and appeal to the King. Second may come the exquisite *Portrait*, by Mr. Burne Jones, A.R.A., in the Grosvenor Gallery, the half-length study of a fair girl with tender grey eyes, half-length, seated, robed in a gown of *lapis lazuli* blue stuff, the delicate head and throat reflected in a circular mirror on the wall behind her. Striking as is the elaborated group of Andromeda and Perseus with the head of Medusa in the same room, it cannot be considered so artistically complete and memorable as this portrait. Many people will remember that Mr. Watts, R.A., sent his group of stately goddesses standing for the *Judgment of Paris* to this year's Grosvenor Exhibition.

Mr. Tadema's *Women of Amphissa* leading the wild girl votaries of Dionysos, the Chyades in the market-place, is fine, but the painter has done work as good, or better, before. The curiously clever portrait fantasy by Mr. Sergeant, children in a conservatory, with Chinese lamps aglow, which we mentioned last month, will leave a permanent note; so may Mr. Herkomer's vivid portrait of a girl in black evening dress, with brown gloves, seated, entranced in *Self-oblivious Solitude*; and, still more, the same painter's masterly study of the late *Professor Fawcett*, shown at the Grosvenor Gallery. Probably there has never been a better evidence of landscape art, but certainly no one picture will stand out from its compeers, though Mr. Alfred Hunt, David Murray, and the steadily advancing artist, Alfred East, compete with others for remembrance in both the chief exhibitions. The sculpture gallery offers no immortal work, and the honours are divided at wide interval between Mr. Boehm's life-scale *Young Bull and Herdsman* and Mr. Alfred Gilbert's elaborated medallion bronze high relief, a knight riding, attended by phantom figures, with Care clinging on the horse.

THE second portion of the Buccleuch Collection of Engravings occupied four days of sale at Messrs. Christie's in April. In the dispersal of the splendid Rembrandt plates Germany carried off a lion's share, many going to swell the treasures of the Print Cabinet of the Berlin Museum. Some of the highest figures were as under:—*Christ Healing the Sick* (the 'Hundred Guelder piece'), first state, 1300*l.*; *Our Lord before Pilate*, first state, 1150*l.*; fifth state, 75*l.*; *Coppenol*, large plate, second state, on Japanese paper, 1190*l.*; *Uytendogaert*, first state, 1280*l.*

THE two pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt belonging to Sir William Fairbairn, sold at Messrs. Christie's last month, fell, *The Scapegoat*, at 1417*l.*; *Scene from 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'* at 1050*l.*

THE Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Water-colour Painters is struck at a higher level than last year, the average work from outsiders, especially in landscape, being very fresh and good. The members are not all at their best. Mr. Walter Langley's *Betrayal*, an episode in a rural tragedy, where the forsaken girl shrinks timidly past the village gossips, her babe on her breast, rather lacks the vivid reality of his usual work. Sir J. Linton's pictured reminiscence of his *Tableau of 1885* is unsatisfactory, and Mr. Harry Hine, the landscapist, seems scarcely up to the mark; the extended scale of his recent pictures hardly obtains adequate force of manner and tone from the style which, within a less ambitious maximum of inches, was delightfully clear and sensitive.

THERE is nothing new to say about Mrs. Allingham's transcripts of the green Surrey scenery and picturesque old cottages, because this artist, in her speciality of simple rural landscape and figures, has attained a dainty and tender truth from which, happily, she does not swerve. But we must note, as a welcome incident in the exhibition season, the collection of eighty little drawings by her gathered at the Fine Art Society's under the title, *In the Country*.

ANOTHER especial exhibition at the same gallery is a collection of ninety-four studies and pictures in water-colours and oil by Mr. Henry Moore, A.R.A., chiefly open sea subjects, but also sketches of coast and landscapes. A few of the pictures have been exhibited before, but the greater part are seen for the first time outside the studio, and a large number are sketches of the last twelvemonth. The freshness, vivacity, and 'pluck' of Mr. Moore's work, combined with the underlying accurate knowledge, whether of wave, form or structure and march of cloud, or build and action of craft, combine to give to the exhibition a variety in monotone and what the Germans call '*etwas apartes*.'

THE 'Manual of Oil Painting,' compiled by the Hon. John Collier, and published by Messrs. Cassell, has certain characteristics which are bound to give it popular success. First, the writer is thoroughly persuaded of his own competence, and hence is considerably dogmatic; secondly, he is practical in matter and manner, writing in a familiar and clear style, without pretension to do other than say what he has to say in a way that can be easily understood, while a little joke of a common kind or a covert fling at a pet aversion enlivens the tedium of teaching; thirdly, he is untroubled by superfluous imagination or any onus to impress aesthetic views upon the student who reads his manual to learn how to paint. Nevertheless, Mr. Collier apparently has a theory on which his chapter on practice is built, as well as a practice which impels the especial direction of his study of underlying scientific theory. Painting is, with Mr. Collier, distinctly and solely an imitative art; the natural world presents itself to the painter's eye as a coloured pattern, which he is to copy on his canvas, snatching the tints as well as he can, and not seeking to represent more detail than is visible to the eye uninfluenced by the pre-attained knowledge which would impel him to depict not only what he sees of an object at a given distance, but what he knows about it from close inspection, or thinks about it from association. This attitude towards the art of which he is himself so clever a practitioner guides the teaching of practice in the first part of Mr. Collier's manual; but, apart from the one-sided outlook which this necessitates, nothing can be more capitally helpful than the advice on technical matters herein set forth; the palette to be recommended (guaranteed sound by Professor Church), the different methods of masters in brush-work, and all the preliminary stages of painting, from the copying of still life to the reproducing the human face divine, or the portrayal of historic events or mythological fancies. It is a characteristic touch that Mr. Collier,

when treating of choice of subject, recommends a mediocre painter to select from the Old and New Testament, which 'appeal to the most deep-seated feelings of our race,' because his pictures are hardly good enough to be liked for themselves alone (p. 41). The result of such advice, if profusely followed, is too terrible to contemplate, for although all might agree with the writer in an appendix note that the world would be 'better if most of the pictures painted every year were to fade away into nothingness,' yet, alas! this is not the case. Finally, let us say that his division on Theory may be sound science, but we should doubt its being of much use in the training of the art faculties, except on the general ground that the knowledge of law always lifts the mental horizon of a student in any subject.

A SMALL handbook of little pretension, but no small merit within its limited range, is Miss Naftel's 'Flowers, and How to Paint Them,' also a publication by Messrs. Cassell. The colour-printed illustrations from the drawings of the writer are, with one exception, sufficiently successful to serve as excellent examples. The letterpress would have gained much by directing the student's attention to the especial characteristics in growth and texture of the plants illustrated instead of being confined to the otherwise satisfactory notes on the *technique* necessary for the copyist.

ONE of the cleverest artists on the staff of 'Punch,' Mr. Harry Furniss, whose pencil gives weekly graphic comment on Parliamentary tableaux, or emulates Doyle in satire on social fashions, or laughs in caricature at the 'fads' of painters when the exhibition season comes round, has done his 'funning' on a large scale this time, apparently to the delight of the public. A room in Bond Street has been hung with pictures in black and white, chiefly oil, all caricatures of the subjects, styles, and technical manners of well-known artists within the Academy. Some of these performances are grotesque; some are so near in imitation of the originals as to barely achieve satire; some are ingeniously apt; all are more or less cleverly executed. But pictorial wit on so large a scale and so deliberately worked out rather overdoes the part. One is reminded of the impromptus which the utterers have sat up all night to prepare. Mr. Furniss has hardly done himself justice while sitting in mock judgment on his brother artists.

THE veteran English engraver, Mr. Samuel Cousins, died early in May. For the last six years he had retired as an honorary Academician, having been elected Associate Engraver in 1837, and in 1854 Associate Engraver of the new class; in the following year Academician Engraver; and subsequently, when the distinction of the new class of membership for engravers was abolished, full Academician proper. We had occasion to note the facts of his apprenticeship and assistance to the engraver, W. S. Reynolds, when commenting on an exhibition of his drawings and plates held at the Fine Art Society's. The late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland was early and continuously his patron, and first induced Sir Thomas Lawrence to commission mezzotint reproductions of his own portrait pictures. The plate after *Master Lambton* secured Cousins's position. He engraved a great deal of Lawrence's work, of Landseer's, and of other more modern men. But his most attractive and popular engravings have been the mezzotint versions after Sir Joshua Reynolds, which he executed during what might be called an Indian summer of revived energy, after having given up work in his seventieth year for three years. He was a munificent friend to artists, through the mediumship of the Academy; with whom he placed some fifteen thousand pounds in trust for the annual benefit of poor artists. In his long and industrious life he executed more than one hundred and ninety plates.

LISIEUX.

BY HERBERT RAILTON.

THE ancient Neomagus, or Noviomagus, the capital of the tribe of the Lexovii, is now a thriving manufacturing town. Though not so remarkable for church architecture as many of the old Norman cities, it is one of the most generally picturesque of them all; lying as it does in the midst of the rich fruit country of the Calvados, and throwing five grey bridges across the river Touques. It possesses treasures in the way of old timber houses of the fifteenth century. The best examples are to be found in the Ruc de Caen and the Rue aux Fèvres. Their fronts are traversed by elaborately

moulded beams, supported on grotesque carved brackets, of which the inhabitants are said to appreciate the value, so that it is to be hoped they will be able to preserve them. The principal churches are the Church of St. Jacques, chiefly remarkable for some good sixteenth-century glass, and the Cathedral, now, since the extinction of the diocese, the parish church of St. Pierre. The Lady Chapel was founded by Pierre Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, in expiation of the share he had taken in the condemnation of Jeanne d'Arc. The southern tower bears a *flèche* rebuilt in the seventeenth century.

EXPRESSION—IN NATURE AND ART.

THE interest of Art, in whatever form, resolves itself at last into Expressiveness; a work of art interests us as it directly suggests, or as it harmonises with, a mood of mind, a tone of feeling. This expressiveness may be more or less general, more or less specific; it may be attained with variable approach to the perfection of which it is naturally capable; it may rank among those of a higher or lower degree in the scale of dignity. In every case its value is dependent on addressing sympathies of whatever degree of liveliness; and a sense of sympathy involves the conception of an intercourse of mind with mind.

The expressiveness which is at the command of Art is susceptible of one main distinction, as it is, or is not, dependent on the exhibition of the forms of humanity or reference to these forms and feelings of humanity, in language.

Music and architecture, a sea-piece of storm or calm with not a sail in sight, an aerial tempest, a barren landscape, produce their effects independently of the introduction of a human voice or face or figure. Still they appeal to human sympathies; and in this consist their power and specialties of expression, by suggesting, on the one hand, how such realities as they represent would affect us in positive experience; and then, by intimation of the spirit in which the artist worked upon them, the power and the refinement of his application and skill. In looking upon a simple picture of flowers and fruit, our pleasure in the idea of the beauty of the models is frequently lost in that of our recognition of the painter's taste and power of heightened imitation. We cannot exclude the same interest as an element in our enjoyment in the contemplation of the noblest and most impressive art.

Works of art, again, no doubt do sometimes, and

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for some people, cause pleasure which is so nearly absolutely sensuous, as to exclude expression in any appropriate sense of the word. Music is listened to by some people for the sake of mere tickling of the ears, for the pleasantness of listening to the notes successively; without any of the reminiscence or anticipation which enter into the enjoyment of an air. One picture after another is looked at, much as one shop-window is noticed after another in passing, with a sense of transitory pleasantness from variety of pleasant colour; a sense obliterated as soon as experienced. But that art, in such cases, fails of expressiveness is due to the insensibility of the recipients, quite as much as is the failure of response to a question made to a deaf-mute.

Very much, and much to the purpose, may be said with respect to the subtle intertexture of human sympathies with landscape and other forms of what we may designate impersonal art. Nature in all its forms may be dealt with by art, and in none of its forms is it alien from humanity. The so celebrated dictum,—

‘I am a man, and all infirmities
That touch humanity come home to me,’

may have its antitype in the enunciation, ‘I myself appertain to nature, and none of the incidents of nature can fail to have their response in my sympathies.’ The very calmest landscape touches us as nearly and as truly as a representation of storm or hurricane by land or sea.

For range and value of expressive power, however, the human frame is as superior in capacity to nature generally, as the human voice is to natural sounds, or to the tones of the most perfect instruments.

Expression may be defined as the significant inti-

mation of characteristic power—of power that is, of well-defined self-consistency relatively to a particular mental disposition, function, or purpose.

Even those works of art which seem to be devoted most exclusively to the embodiment of forms of muscular energy—as the discus-hurler of Myron, the Farnese Hercules of Glycon, the group of wrestlers of the Florentine tribune—owe their value to the expression of adaptation to special directions of vital—of conscious energy. In the Museum at Naples are two antique bronze figures of youths, each of whom



FAILURE.

is in the attitude of having delivered a discus and watching its flight. This description indicates a motive, which in itself is as simple as that of the contracted but elastic figure of Myron's discobolus, at a moment previous to the discharge. But as we contemplate the bronzes, we observe that what at first appears to be their absolute uniformity, is most delicately, yet effectively, differentiated by a variety of interest. We perceive, by the slightest differences of tension of features and extremities, that one youth is sanguine of the success of his throw, and the other already apprehensive of failure. In a figure like that which, there is good reason to believe, preserves the type of the Doryphorus or spearman, the canon of proportion of Polycletus, expression does not go beyond the limit of a sense of health and muscular energy in prime of manhood.

Physical expression may predominate to any extent in a work of art, and yet it can scarcely be conceived as physical expression and nothing more; but as it approaches this limit, however excellent it may be in itself, it is upon a relatively inferior level. To such a class we may relegate alike the buxom and buttercup beauties of a country village, and the

listless insipidities, male or female, of a fashionable drawing-room.

The expression of intellectual character is perhaps capable of being realised very nearly independently of either physical or emotional; though it may be combined with either to any extent, and in endless varieties of modification. Still the direction, and persistency of direction, of intellectual activity, will as usually be under the influence of passion and emotion, as in ordinary cases these are reciprocally controlled by the consciousness of special intellectual endowment. It is the triumph of art in portraiture, whether by painting or sculpture, to convey a distinct impression of a self-consistent character; and this is most perfectly achieved by a combined interplay of all resources, resulting in a definite harmony of elements, vital, intellectual, and emotional. Such harmonies, it is true, do not invariably prevail in nature of such a degree of excellence and interest as to render them worthy of perpetuation; or the most worthy instances may not present themselves to the artist. What, then, is his resource when he does not care to bestow pains on the unworthy? Perhaps we have an explanation in the record that it was not an unfrequent complaint among Sir Joshua Reynolds' contemporaries that his portraits were often deficient in likeness. Surely not from want of power of copying; more probably because he relieved the tedium of working on prosaic monotony by the resources of his imagination. There are faces which, if they were to be consistently idealised, if their truly characteristic expression were to be raised to its highest power, could only become grotesque. Still as every virtue has its own liabilities to lapse, so every defect of character has a certain alliance with superior qualities; and it is by an appreciation of this, that an artist may extricate himself from a dilemma, and still conserve his self-respect. Less laudable is the easier and not unfrequent stratagem—not, however, to be exercised without exceptional if limited talent—of forcing upon every countenance that uniform expression of which the artist has peculiar command, of preserving likeness of features notwithstanding that all trace of personal character is obliterated; all sitters then become equally heroic, equally saintly, or equally amiable. This principle is little better than the receipt for popularity of the fashionable portrait-painter of the farce, 'Copy very accurately the most pronounced feature of the sitter, and complete the rest from the Apollo or the Venus.'

Not alone portraiture for the most part, but some other forms of art, observe the limits of expression of vital or physical qualities in unison with simple indication of intellectual or moral power, undisturbed by emotion, unconscious of special motive, unemployed in any direct action. How many are the groups, the family pieces, nay, the Holy Families,

which owe their charm to a harmony which is independent of representation of any action with a manifest purpose.

Fixed character is a combination of special intellectual and moral powers, of which the original predisposition has taken a set under the influence of habitual exercise. This modification may have been more or less in accordance with the tendencies of initial predisposition, may reinforce or reduce it. Very forced contradiction could only generate the insignificant or incongruous, as two waves meeting neutralise each other, unless they create disturbance; and expression is cancelled alike either by tame insipidity or by discord.

Permanent forms are the vehicle of expression of fixed character; the word 'character' means, etymologically, that which is cut in with a sharp point, by a clearly decided groove, as distinguished from a mere superficial mark. The solid, unchangeable forms, especially those of the head and features, are therefore the naturally expressive types and exponents of human character. Sculpture, dealing with solidities, as naturally asserts a disposition to exercise its prerogative to the utmost, by insisting on the force and value of expression as it can be realised by fixed character alone. This art is by no means precluded from suggesting even violent emotion; but when true to itself, it ever subordinates emotion to character, and, in consequence, gains its greatest triumphs when the emotion is admitted as at most the emphasizing echo of independent characteristic expression.

Analogous to the expressiveness of absolute form, as not implying movement, is the habitual bearing of the body, and the carriage or, in the good old phrase, *the air*, of the head. Dignity, sprightliness, reflectiveness, modesty, and every other phase of sentiment, may thus be intimated. Here, again, the finest portrait-painters have recognised a problem which is not without its difficulty; they have solved it by knowing how to present the most favourable aspect of a face, compatibly with adopting for the head such a swerve and balance as in itself would be attractively impressive. However beyond question may be the resemblance, a disaster is no less declared when this harmony is absent, whether a well-meant endeavour to secure it has failed, or even the necessity of an attempt has not been recognised. It is not too much to say, that a painter of genius has frequently thus discovered and perpetuated a version of a face which at first surprises those who have known the original with affection for years, but of which thereafter they are constantly recognising the truth, and which permanently establishes itself in their memories as a favourite ideal.

The tendency of emotion supervening upon character is to induce the movements which, apart from those which are directed to accomplish par-

ticular ends—that is, apart from positive action—we know as gestures, sudden attitudes, changes of countenance. Even the sway of the general body as it is prompted by excitement of a specific emotion, feeling, passion, is to be included as a gesture. A gesture may be a simple start, and produce a changed collocation which may continue only for a moment, or for longer; it may be in its nature continuous, as trembling or laughter; or progressive, in the sense of running a definite course from a commencement to a conclusion, as when a man in



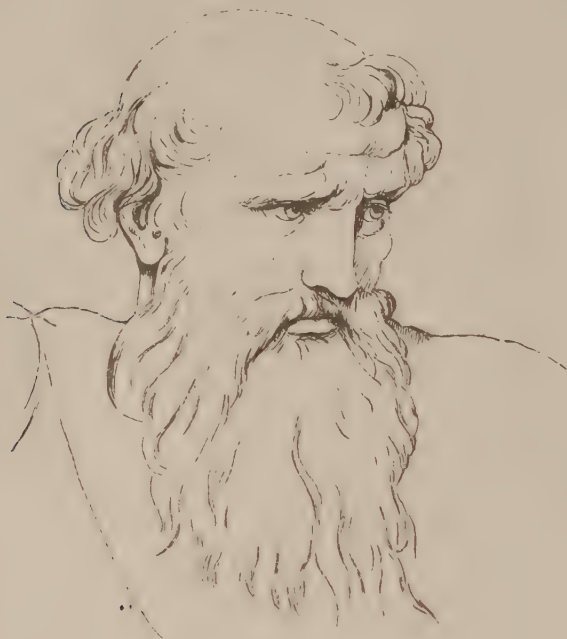
SUCCESS.

sudden excitement strikes his forehead with his hand and then withdraws it.

How distinctly expressive gestures may become is exemplified by the perfection to which the language of signs attains without any assistance from voice, or even from countenance. It is the interest of art to give precisely that emphasis to expressive gestures which will define motives and emotions in all their gradations, whether vehement or graceful or delicately refined. Concentration or contrast, more or less pronounced, are its main resource and reliance. A single, all-engrossing emotion is not more perfectly embodied in an adoring saint, or the archer in the Aeginetan pediment, than in a servant girl of Maas scraping a parsnip.

There is, then, great expressive value in the pause of an instant at the critical turn of a significant action. Even in the copies which remain of the Discobolus of Myron we can perceive that the sculptor caught the exact moment between the turn and return of the athlete's body—between the raising and the rebound of the discus-laden arm and hand. The suggestion of motion is most lively by the common and equal relation of the attitude to a past

and a future. This is the secret of the marvellous animation of the better metopes of the Parthenon; the dependence of excited action is equally balanced



PLATO.

between reminiscence and expectation; thus are we relieved from any feeling of perplexity as to why it does not begin or why it does not go on.

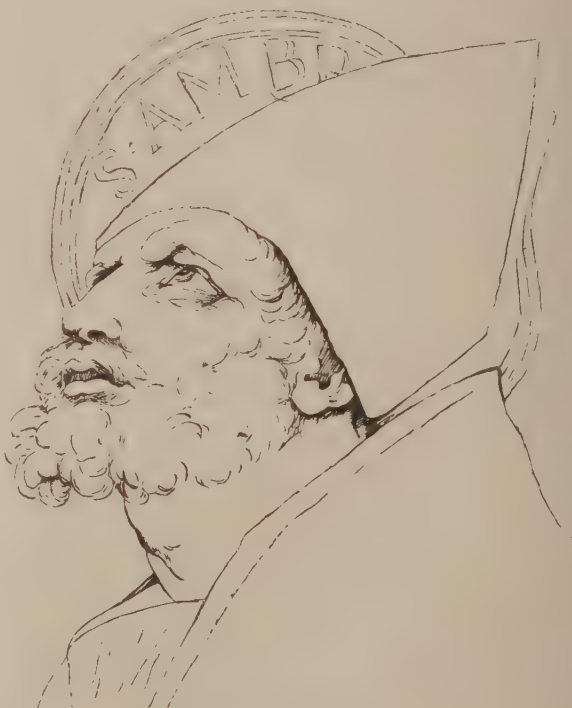
This intermediate moment, however, may have its definition as a transition either to or from a more decisive action. The Artemis of the Louvre—the protectress of her startled sacred hind—is represented at the moment when her movement in one direction is checked by observation of an intruder in another, against whom she makes the incipient, threatening gesture of drawing an arrow from her quiver. For the companion statue—the Apollo Belvedere—the sculptor chose the contrasted moment, when the more pronounced action of discharge of an arrow has been completed, and the archer god is moving away from the direction of the condemned victim. It will be observed how appropriately the minor key is assigned to the feminine deity, yet with no infringement of her dignity as goddess. Had the motives been transposed, the god, in the attitude assigned to Artemis, could scarcely have escaped the unworthy suggestion of a disposition to retreat.

It may be observed, in passing, that these statues—a pair, as they unquestionably are—were not intended to come into view together, and it is quite impossible to adjust them for such purpose in any tolerable collocation. The true solution of the difficulty is to place them at a considerable interval, and back to back. They then produce a harmony of the same admirable character as that which was recognised by one who, after taking in all the spirit of

the composition in the western pediment of the Parthenon, moved on to superimpose on this impression the sight of the gloriously enhanced composition with which Phidias dignified the eastern front.

Gestures more pronounced are natural and necessary when art deals with a clash and conflict of motives, whether in an individual or between members of a group. In the Laocoön we see a complex attitude determined by a primary intention to rush forward to the rescue of the son already attacked, but suddenly checked by the pang from the bite of the serpent that attacks him on the opposite side. His lower limbs retain the position of his first movement, even as he sinks on the altar behind him, while his trunk above bends back in agony, and his hand is ineffectively snatching at the reptile.

Gestures which express emotion are those which emotion naturally produces, and about these—in a general way there is usually but little mystery. Alarm causes assumption of an attitude which will be advantageous for defence; expectation induces such a presentation of the organs of sense as will dispose them for earliest reception of notice of what is to come; repugnance induces retirement, as affectionateness does advance; caution causes wary walking; and weariness, let us say, a gape or a yawn, if politeness does not cover the mouth with the hand;



SAINT AMBROSE.

exultation, resentment, depression, and all other moods of mind, have a tendency to impose their specific rhythmical laws upon our movements.

There is something far more recondite in the

expressiveness of the fixed forms of physiognomy. It is natural to suppose that if one form of forehead is expressive of intellectual power and another of imaginative it must be because the associations are familiar to our experience, and that the special uniform conjunction of physical conformations and mental endowments must be due to a real causal interdependence. Here, however, we are usually warned off by the physiologists, who assure us that they can detect no justification for craniological theories, and therefore these must be untrue. With this we have to be satisfied; as satisfied, it may be, as the protesting witness who is assured by the judge that he must have given certain evidence, 'for how otherwise could I have it on my notes?' Caliban, however, carries the court with him in his reflection on 'foreheads villainous low;' and when Cleopatra, asking whether her rival's face is long or round, is told that it is 'round even to faultiness,' she is not entirely instigated by jealousy in saying, 'For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.'

As regards the expression of the features, we must notice if only to set aside, in the first instance, the suggestiveness of ugly, irregular, and disproportioned features and combinations of features. We are naturally disposed to regard a well-proportioned face and beautiful features as warranty for corresponding moral and intellectual harmony.

expressions in direct opposition to our fond assumptions, while faces which at first were unattractive and even repulsive, whether in man or woman, may be



SAINT BONAVENTURA.



MARVEL AND ADORATION.

We are so disposed, at least, before we have had some experience of life, when we may learn that these beautiful features may be little better than a deceptive mask, and may be even susceptible of

compatible with and even become expressive of all that is admirable and amiable in mind and morals. There are, however, those who will tell us that this deceptive beauty ought not to deceive us, and that not merely because we should be wiser than to trust to appearances, but because we ought to be keen enough to discern the signs which, it is averred, are ever there sufficiently distinct to put us on our guard. This may be so; happy are those who are endowed with such almost instinctive discernment. It is on such a power of infallible interpretation that the highest artistic faculty and the highest power of appreciating and enjoying very much of art depends.

It is in proportion as features are mobile that they will obey the influence of emotion, and so, it may be supposed, will be liable to take a set from prevalent emotion, and become in consequence specifically expressive. Habitual self-assertion and self-conceit will stamp a peculiar character on the features in the course of a life, but it is a question whether this character of features may not in some cases be congenital and disconnected in any way with the peculiar tendency which it comes in other cases truly to express.

An inordinately large mouth will be apt to suggest the imputation of greediness or voracity; black, bushy eyebrows to imply moroseness; and obliquity of vision, moral obliquity, gratuitously enough. Charles the Second pertinently asked why villains on the stage

always had black hair; he professed that in his royal experience he had known quite as many villains with blonde hair and complexions as with black.

Physical pleasure and pain, comfort and discomfort, cause peculiar changes of the features, which become, in consequence, the natural signs of analogous moral conditions. The facial movements which accompany experience of a disagreeable taste are resorted to instinctively to emphasise disgust at unworthy conduct. The precise contraction of the brows which ensues spontaneously as we concentrate our powers of sight becomes equally expressive of study. The sudden bodily peril which causes us to open our eyes to the widest and collect our breath to meet the emergency, produces signs of astonishment and alarm, which reappear when a threatened peril is made known indirectly through the medium of a letter. Anxious, perplexed, cheerful, sympathetic, suffering or patient expressions of countenance, all have their types of special contraction or expansion that are common to mental and physical states of excitement. We learn to interpret such signs in life with extraordinary exactness—with the precision that alarmed Lady Macbeth for her husband's power of hypocrisy:—

‘Thy face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters,’—

that is, may gather warning that more is in your thoughts than is natural to an occasion of loyal hospitality.

It is manifest that in ordinary experience disturbing emotions will often accrue of a nature quite alien to the prevalent characteristics of an individual. The habitually melancholy man will be roused to cheerfulness or even to mirth, the cheerful will be depressed, the careless be stimulated to sustained exertion. But the artist whose object is to give the most emphatic definition to the passion which he portrays will prefer to combine, at least in serious subjects, the sentiment of the moment with the full value of permanent character. It is for burlesque art to couple the incongruous, to associate a naturally dignified aspect with triviality, or to force frivolity into the responsibility of encountered peril. This does not exclude the exercise of the noblest art in exhibiting conflicts of emotion, as between love and jealousy in *Othello*, or in the contrasted irresolutions of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*—the sudden faintheartedness of one, the spasmodic energy of the other. The typical instance in ancient sculpture is the *Laocoön* already adverted to, where the artist has exhibited the eagerness of paternal anxiety, not superseded, but suddenly held in check, by agonising pain.

The *Laocoön* has often been referred to as a single exception to the habit of the ancient sculptors to withhold from insisting on expression—that is, on

facial expression, of powerful emotion. So far as this is true it depends on the fact that these artists did not affect subjects which required to be treated with very marked alterations of countenance; and in this respect they cannot be said to differ from the best modern sculptors of noble subjects. So far as a charge is implied, that they did not give to the countenances of their statues the degree of expression which a subject demanded, the mistake is on the part of the critics. Unfortunately the heads of the pedimental statues of the Parthenon are lost; but nothing can be more defined and more appropriate than the reserved and dignified gravity of the youths who govern the ceremonial pace of their steeds in the sacred procession of the frieze. If the combatants—be they Athenians or Lapithæ—who grapple with the Centaurs of the metopes do not knit their brows and clench their teeth, it is due to the artist's right conception that self-possessed courage was so best exhibited, and that to pass beyond it was to touch, if not to pass beyond, the verge of exaggeration and grimace. Attitude, gesture, action, general bearing, were all, for the Greek artist, responsible for their share of expression; the expressive power of the face was only drawn upon for its proportionate contribution to effect. When emotion is in harmony with character, it will find full expression in the action which it prompts, as declared by movement and gestures—by the attitude of the body and turn and elevation of the head. The more noble the character, the less marked will be the disturbance of the features, even under great excitement, unless in such an extreme case of violence and sudden check to the previous tension as is exemplified in the case of the *Laocoön*. It is the triumph of the sculptor here to have retained the predominance of expression of the nobler passion of paternal distress over the sense of bodily pain. Centaurs and earth-born monsters—the giants, satyrs, and fauns—are not of natures that require an artist to consult their dignity scrupulously. Expression had the same treatment in the divine and heroic subjects of Phidias, as in the perfected art of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael; it was neither more nor less remote than theirs, from the distortions and grimaces of the saints of the Paduan arena and Pisan pulpit, as from the extravagances of the writhing martyrs and blubbered magdalens of later art.

We have only an inferior copy of the *Niobe* of Scopas, but it certainly preserves no inconsiderable reflex of the spirit in which the original artist combined pathetic expression of the mother who is attempting to screen her threatened and clinging little daughter with something of an air of unsubdued protest; we may still discern the unrenounced pride of maternity which launched upon her the jealousy of Leto; there is grief but no supplication

in her aspect. Beset on either side, she lifts a vainly sheltering robe against the shaft of Apollo, but turns more watchfully towards the immediately threatening assault of the sister twin.

After standing before this statue for some time, a sympathetic observer may well be reminded, as of a parallel sentiment, of the indignant Achilles when he is interfered with in his purpose by Apollo:—

‘Now of great glory thou me hast deprived, and hast rescued the others

Easily, since you had nowise alarm of vengeance ensuing;
But on you revenged would I be, were power to me but
forthcoming.’

The greatest artists ever make it their concern to address the finest apprehensions, however few these are likely to be; they take the risk of not being understood by many, and, still worse, of being grossly misunderstood, as slighter evils than being false to the standard and dignity of their own conceptions. This is the cause of the endless controversies which go on as to the true interpretations of the characters of Homer and Shakespeare, of a Hamlet or a Helen: hence it is, apparently, that some critics, finding a difficulty to catch a distinct purpose in a poem or in a statue, are content to assume that there was no purpose in particular in the mind of the artist—genius as he undoubtedly was—or none worth looking for. When doubts have been raised, and indeed positive disbelief avowed, as to whether the Apollo of the Vatican was intended to be represented as having discharged an arrow, can we be surprised that the subtle expression on his countenance of contempt for the victim cannot be recognised? It is for inferior

artists, intent on securer if less valuable applause, to be their own interpreters, and pronounce their intentions in all unmistakable crudity. These are such as are in no fear of giving offence by not trusting to the acumen of those whom they address; rather are they, indeed, in mortal fear of perplexing and humiliating them, by assuming either information or sensibility which will prove to be utterly wanting. Fortunately, however, in the works of supreme art there is in most cases enough of subsidiary interest and excellence to engage those who are quite incompetent to recognise or appreciate their full significance. It can scarcely be—considering in what relation the highest genius stands to the general world—but that it is not given to many to breathe immediately and with ease the thin air of the lofty regions whither admiration of genius tends to transport them. This is no reason for assuming that what charms at once cannot be really admirable, or that what it is difficult, after very considerable attention and study to find any charm in at all, must needs reveal undreamt-of excellence if only study sufficient is devoted to it; it is enough, if we take warning, that where the signs of genius are unquestionably present, it may be well worth while to await the outcome of careful thought and research before we conclude that the work of art—be it statue, picture, or poem—has revealed to us all the perfections with which it is endowed. There is art which repels or perplexes us at first, but only to establish its power at last over our deepest affections; and quite as certainly there is art which captivates us from the beginning, and is only more and more justified to our love and admiration as our familiarity with it is prolonged.

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

V.—*The Schetkys; Patrick Nasmyth; D. O. Hill; Horatio Macculloch; J. A. Houston; David Roberts; Sir John Watson Gordon; John Graham Gilbert; Colvin Smith; William Bonnar; Sir Francis Grant; Sir Daniel Macnee.*

THIS fifth chapter on Scottish Painters has to be devoted mainly to a period of recoil. Between the earlier years of the century—when Raeburn, Wilkie, and Geddes, were each doing work that had true vitality—and the great development of our own time, there was an interregnum; a period of comparative infertility, corresponding to that which was at its height in England between 1840 and 1850. The best portrait-painters in Scotland were straightforward makers of likenesses; the best landscapists were hide-bound, as it were, by slavery to Claude and the second flight of the Dutchmen; the best figure-painters were, for the most part, men who lived on the tradition of Wilkie. Good pictures were still

painted now and then; but originality had died out, and all that was left to admire was the skill with which the old formulæ were sometimes used.

Of the two first names on my list, one, that of John Alexander Schetky, belongs rather to the old school, for he died in 1824. He practised art, too, more as an amateur than as a professional painter. From early youth he had carried on two studies together—that of medicine at Edinburgh University, and that of drawing in the Trustees' Academy. Schetky, who was descended from an old Transylvanian family, was born in Edinburgh in 1785. After completing his course at the University, he joined the Army in the Peninsula as surgeon, and

served with some distinction under Lord Beresford. In 1814 he returned to Edinburgh and resumed his pencil. In 1819, however, he was recalled to active service, and sent to Ceylon; whence, by exchange with another officer, he moved to Sierra Leone, his object being to go over the ground made famous by the explorations of Mungo Park, with his pencil. But for Schetky, as for so many of his countrymen, 'the Coast' proved a grave. He died at Cape Coast Castle September 5, 1824. Some of the illustrations to Scott's 'Provincial Antiquities' are by him.

Alexander Schetky's brother, Christian, was older than he by some seven years. I have spoken of the younger first, because Christian Schetky only died a few years ago; and most of his art is in the spirit of the time at which we have now arrived. John Christian Schetky was born in Edinburgh on August 11, 1778, and was educated at the High School. His ambition was to become a sailor and join the Navy; but that idea being vetoed, he devoted himself to art, and entered the studio of Alexander Nasmyth. When he was only seventeen, he was already making enough to support himself by teaching, scene-painting, and other *parerga*. In 1801 he set out for Rome with two companions and on foot. They travelled by way of Paris and Switzerland, and stayed for a time in most of the important cities they passed. In 1802 Schetky was back in England, and went to Oxford; where he lived and taught art for about six years. In 1808 he was appointed to a junior professorship of civil drawing at the Royal Military College, Great Marlow, the precursor of Sandhurst. At the time of his appointment the Commandant was Colonel Le Marchant, who was afterwards killed at Salamanca; and so one is led to guess that Christian Schetky may have had something to do with his brother's employment as *medico* in the armies of Wellington and Beresford. In 1810 Christian Schetky visited the seat of war in Portugal, where he met his brother; in 1811 he was back in England, and teaching at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth; in 1815 he was appointed Painter in Water Colours to the Duke of Clarence; in 1819 Marine Painter to the Prince Regent, whom he accompanied to Ireland in 1821; and in 1836 Professor at Addiscombe. Between 1840 and 1845 he painted the pictures by which he is likely to be remembered, not perhaps for their excellence, but because one is in the National Gallery, and the other two at Windsor Castle. The subject of the first is the *Sinking of the Royal George*; that curious catastrophe which seems to prove that, even in the great days of the navy, incompetence of no ordinary kind could be shown. Schetky's art can be very fairly judged from this example. Its merits are simplicity in conception, good drawing, and colour which, without being in any sense good, is at least clear and

fresh and not inharmonious. In 1861 Schetky made a voyage to Lisbon for his health; but it was not until thirteen years later that his long career came to an end. He died on the 29th of January, 1874, at the goodly age of ninety-six.

Besides Schetky it is difficult to find a Scottish painter of his day who won any repute for pictures of sea. This is all the more remarkable that in later times so large a proportion of Scottish 'landscapes' have been seascapes. Patrick Nasmyth, no doubt, painted the sea now and then. An excellent example of his work in that *genre* appeared at Christie's during the present season, but it is by no means of the sea that his name reminds us. Peter Nasmyth, commonly called Patrick by himself and every one else, was born in Edinburgh on January 7, 1787. The date commonly given is 1786, but that seems to be a mistake. He was the son and pupil of Alexander Nasmyth, and showed such an early love for and devotion to art, that he gave himself little chance to acquire any other education. Early in life his right hand was accidentally injured, so he learned to paint with his left. To add to his troubles, an illness left him deaf, but in spite of all this he stuck to his painting, and in 1807 came to London, where his work soon became popular and earned, for him the name of 'the English Hobbema.' He improved on the style of his father; his conceptions were at once more varied and more coherent, his handling was more vivacious, his colour less monotonous, and his management of light and shadow far more significant. Precocious as he was in his youth, Nasmyth matured slowly, and it is more than likely that had he lived ten years longer than he did he would have taken a higher place in the school to which he belonged than can actually be awarded him. He died in Lambeth on August 17th, 1831. A thunderstorm came on during his last moments, and at his own request, he was raised in bed to look at it. In this attitude, and with the lightning flashing before his eyes, he drew his last breath.

Nasmyth is plentifully represented in the National Gallery, but not one of the seven pictures there collected shows him quite at his best. The finest in quality, perhaps, is the very small landscape etched by M. Massé.* It is only seven inches and three quarters high by ten wide, but the subject is so well arranged and so full that the reproduction looks as if it might be that of a large picture. In this and in all the other examples in Trafalgar Square his colour is bituminous and conventional; but he did not always fall into that mistake. I have seen pictures by Nasmyth, notably a distant view of St. Albans, also, but in a less degree, a view of Edinburgh from the neighbourhood of Craigmillar Castle, and another

* This will be given in a future number of the *Portfolio*.



of some south Scottish valley, with its grey stone townlet, its hanging birch-woods, and its hurrying river, in all of which a fine freshness of colour was combined with effective simplicity of arrangement. More almost than any other painter of his rank Nasmyth gives one the notion of a man who would have gained enormously by a wider experience, by travelling, by reading books, by talking to his fellow-men. His work is never empty. It is full of thought, and care, and even love; but of fancy, of power to invent, it is almost destitute, and for a defect of that sort the only cure is to see and to learn as much as

that is to modern landscape what 'Tom Jones' or 'Roderick Random' are to 'A Portrait of a Lady' (I mean Mr. Henry James's new novel). As a colourist Hill was scarcely in the fourth rank, but his design had much grace, and in such things as the topographical drawings for the Waverley Novels, one of which is here reproduced, this quality makes up for the absence of many others. In 1841 Hill published a set of sixty landscapes under the title 'The Land of Burns.' Eleven years before he had been elected, first a member, and then secretary, of the Royal Scottish Academy, a post he filled for



VIEW OF AYR. BY D. O. HILL.

possible. For this, in his short and busy life, he took no time.

Akin in some ways to the art of Nasmyth was that of David Octavius Hill, who was born at Perth in 1802. His father, a bookseller, sent him to Edinburgh to study under Andrew Wilson, at the Trustees' Academy. In 1823 he exhibited his first pictures, although some years before that he had published a series of Perthshire views lithographed by himself, which had very considerable merit. For a time Hill seemed to aim at being a figure-painter. Several of his earlier productions were Wilkie-isms, and in later life he painted *The First Meeting of the Free Church, in Tanfield*, which now hangs in the Presbytery in Edinburgh. For the latter half of his career, however, he devoted himself mainly, almost exclusively, to landscape. Among his best pictures were *The Ruins of Dunfermline Palace, Edinburgh from the Mons Meg Battery in the Castle*, *Windsor Castle, Summer Evening*, and *The Valley of the Nith*. His style was the old-fashioned panoramic one, a style

nearly forty years. He died in 1870, having long suffered from weak health.

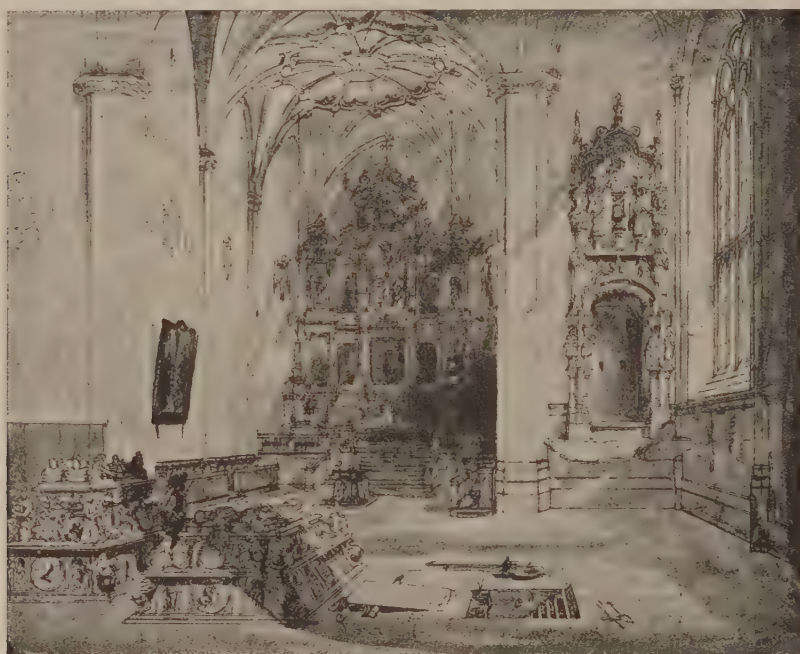
A name better known in England than that of D. O. Hill is Horatio Macculloch, very few of whose works, however, are seen on this side of the Border. Macculloch was born in Glasgow in 1805. Very little is known as to how he came to be a painter, but he is said to have been the pupil of one Knox, an obscure Glaswegian. We are told, too, that in early life he had many painful struggles to win a subsistence. About 1825 he was employed by W. H. Lizars to colour Selby's 'Ornithology,' and the well-known work on Anatomy by Dr. Lizars. He remained with Lizars for a year or two, and then went back to his native place, where he sent pictures to the exhibitions of the Glasgow Dilettanti Society. In 1829 he began to exhibit with the Royal Scottish Academy, and in 1834 was elected an Associate; this honour being followed by the R.S.A.-ship in 1838. From this time forward Macculloch always had several pictures in the Ex-

hibition, and it may safely be said that almost to the day of his death he remained the most popular landscape-painter in Scotland. His subjects were almost exclusively Scotch. The lakes of the Highlands and the lowland rivers were his favourite themes. He composed his pictures with skill, but his colour was bad and conventional, his methods unsafe, and his sense of light and atmosphere very slight. To his popularity with the Scottish middle classes was due not a little of the banality into which painting fell between 1850 and 1860. Macculloch died in 1867.

A much better artist than any of these was John

More artistic than anything else he did, perhaps, are his water-colour landscapes. These are well composed, warm and luminous, and more modern in character than the rest of his work. When the time arrives for our attention to be turned to the existing school of Scottish landscape, we shall find that it has more in common with Houston's work in water-colour than with anything else done by a man born in the early years of the century.

It is time now to turn to an artist in a different *genre* from those of whom I have yet spoken. But different as were the subjects on which he worked, David Roberts brought to their treatment much the



CHAPEL WITH TOMBS OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY DAVID ROBERTS.

Adam Houston, who was born in Wales, of Scottish parents, in 1813. He was educated at the Trustees' Academy, and afterwards studied for a time both in France and Germany. During the chief years of his activity, namely, from 1840 to 1858, he lived in Edinburgh, whence he constantly sent pictures to the Royal Academy and other London exhibitions, including the Institute, of which he was elected an Associate in 1874 and a Member in 1879. In 1842 Houston became an Associate, and in 1845 a full Member, of the Royal Scottish Academy. He died in London in 1884. I mention him here in spite of his dates, because on the whole his art is that of a generation ago, at least. He was a fine colourist, and his figure pictures, which are numerous, show many striking qualities of design. *The Good Samaritan*, his diploma picture as an R.S.A., is now in the National Gallery at Edinburgh. It is a small work, carefully painted and good in colour.

same qualities as those other Scotchmen of his time displayed. He was no colourist, and he had an indifferent sense of light and air; but as a composer, whether of line or of mass, he was excellent, while his sense of subordination, his power to select the elements of a picture and to fuse them into an organic whole, was very great. Roberts was born at Stockbridge, Edinburgh, in 1796. In early boyhood he showed a strong predilection for drawing, and, with good judgment on the part of his parents, was placed with one Beugo, a house-painter and decorator, where he would at once learn a trade and have a chance of developing his artistic capabilities. He finished his time with Beugo, and then turned his attention to scene-painting, working first in Glasgow and afterwards in Edinburgh. The first pictures he exhibited were sent to the Edinburgh Exhibition, the forerunner of the Royal Scottish Academy, in 1822. These were all architectural

pieces. The address he then gave was 'Theatre Royal, Edinburgh;' but in the same year he was engaged to paint scenery for Drury Lane, and migrated to London. In 1824 he was painting at the rival house in Covent Garden; and in the same year he paid his first visit to the Continent, wandering about the coast towns of Normandy, and painting some of the finest of their Gothic remains. Two years later, in 1826, his first picture appeared on the Academy walls. It was *A Rouen Cathedral*. In 1828 he painted *The Exodus of the Israelites*, and sent it to Suffolk Street, to which Exhibition he was faithful for some six or seven years. After that he gradually ceased his contributions, resigned his membership, and sought the honours of the

warmth. Of his defects as a colourist, his use of cobalt is characteristic. Valuable as that pigment is when broken up with others, it is a disagreeable blue when left to itself. Roberts so used it, and the note it struck was often the ruin of his work as colour. His predilection for it was founded rather on practical than artistic considerations. I have heard a story in this connexion which may be either true or *trovato*. It is at least characteristic. Roberts was holding forth to some party of artists, C. R. Leslie among them, on the merits of his favourite. 'It is the finest colour out,' he declared; 'it will stand damp, it will stand gas, it will stand cleaning; there's nothing like it!' 'I'll tell you what it won't stand,' retorted Leslie. 'What's that?' cried Roberts. 'It won't stand looking



ASSASSINATION OF THE REGENT MURRAY. BY SIR W. ALLAN.

Academy. He became A.R.A. in 1839, and R.A. two years later. Before this he had visited nearly every country of Western Europe in quest of subjects, as well as Syria and Egypt. Italy he never saw till 1851, in which year he also visited the Austrian capital. For the last years of his life he remained at home and painted English scenes. He died suddenly of apoplexy on November 25th, 1864.

As an artist, David Roberts shone rather by the quality than the extent of his powers. His range was narrow. He had scarcely a trace of invention. His colour, as a rule, was very poor in quality, reminding us rather of the scene-painter's pot than of the oil-painter's palette; while as for atmosphere, the best equivalent he could devise for it was a mechanical degradation of tint. And yet, so far as it goes, his work is always artistic. He composed well. His sense of architectural effect was fine, and his drawing of detail suggestive. His colour was for the most part harmonious, and sometimes, in his best work—in his Spanish pictures, for instance—not deficient in

at!' Cobalt, in oil, has a hot vibration about it that is suggestive of anything rather than the immeasurable depths of transparency it is too often used to render.

The periods in the *œuvre* of Roberts correspond to the influences under which he came. Down to 1838, his subjects were all taken from Western Europe, and their treatment was influenced to some extent by the Dutch ideas in vogue at home. The *Interior of the Cathedral at Burgos*, in the National Gallery,* is a typical example. In chiaroscuro it is evidently modelled on Rembrandt, while the workmanship, as a whole, is fat and broad, and the colour luminous. In 1838 came the painter's visit to the East, after which he painted more broadly, thinly, and coldly. An excellent example of this second period is now at Manchester, in the *Ruins of Baalbec*. This was painted in 1840, and bought by Mr. Bicknell for 250*l*. At his sale it fetched more than three times that price. From 1851 to 1860, Roberts took his themes from

* See THE PORTFOLIO for March.

Italy and the south of Europe. His style was still broad, but his colour became colder than before, an unpleasant blackness creeping into it. In his last years he confined himself practically to English scenes. Death interrupted him while engaged on the sixth of a series of views on the Thames. At the present moment Roberts is out of fashion, and it is not likely that he will ever again be in it. But the sterling qualities in his work will always preserve his name from oblivion, and his better productions will keep their place in our national collections.*

David Roberts is the only painter of architecture on my list; and so I have used him as a sort of connecting link between landscape and man. Of the Scottish portrait-painters who flourished in his time, the most distinguished was Sir John Watson Gordon. He was the son of a naval officer called Watson, who counted kin with Sir Walter Scott; while by his mother he was related to Robertson, the historian, and Falconer, the now forgotten poet of the 'Shipwreck.' His father intended him for his own profession; but allowed him for a time to study under Graham in the Trustees' Academy, where he progressed so fast that, when the time came for a final decision to be made, he was allowed to try his luck at art. His uncle, who was afterwards the first President of the Royal Scottish Academy, was well established as a portrait-painter; and his success no doubt confirmed the desire of the nephew. The only teaching young Watson had was acquired under Graham, and from the example of Raeburn and of

his own uncle, both of whom he used to watch at work. He never studied abroad. He exhibited for the first time in 1808. The picture he then sent to what was, in fact, the first exhibition of modern pictures held in Edinburgh, was a scene from the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel;' and for some years he continued to treat *genre* subjects. It was not long, however, before he discovered that his vocation was to portraits, and more especially to the portraits of men with masculine heads. In 1826 he added the

name of Gordon to his patronymic; chiefly, it was said, to distinguish him from the other Watsons who were then at work in the Scottish capital. He first exhibited in the English Academy in 1827, and after 1839 was a regular contributor. On the death of Sir William Allan in 1850, he was elected President of the Scottish Academy, was knighted, and appointed the Queen's Limner for Scotland. A year later he was elected a Royal Academician; and on the 1st of June, 1864, he died.

Art more unassertive than that

of Sir John Watson-Gordon it would be impossible to find. His aim seems to have been suppression of self. In his best work the head of his sitter holds its own by quiet truth. There is no insistence, no accent, no display of *facture*. To the careless eye it may seem that there is no 'treatment;' that, in fact, there is nothing but imitation. But in spite of all this quietude, every sitter painted by Watson-Gordon has an individuality. We can know him as well as if we had the man himself before us. Within the last few years the only example possessed by the National Gallery has been 'lent' to some other collection; but as I write these lines, I have perhaps the finest thing the painter ever did in vivid remembrance. This is the half-length of David Cox, which at present hangs in the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester. It



THE ORIGIN OF PAINTING. BY D. ALLAN.

* The Catalogue of the National Gallery quotes the prices given by Mr. Bicknell for seven pictures by Roberts, and sets against them the prices bid for the same works in 1863, when the collection was dispersed. The increase was nearly 430 per cent.

belongs to the Midland Institute at Birmingham. In the shrewd head of the old landscape-painter Gordon had exactly the right subject, and he has done it justice. Of his eleven pictures at Edinburgh, in the National Gallery, none are quite so good as this.

A portrait of Watson-Gordon himself represents, in this same collection, a painter who was once almost as well known as the P. R. S. A. John Graham Gilbert was a native of Glasgow, where he first saw the light in 1794. In 1818, a little late, he went to London, and became a student at the Academy. There he studied for his full term, after which he worked for two years in Italy; and then, in 1827, set up as a portrait-painter in the Scottish capital. He was a success from the first; more especially did he win a name for being able to paint a pretty woman better than any native Scot had done before. In 1834 he moved to Glasgow, where he varied the monotony of making new pictures by buying old ones. His collection was left to the city of Glasgow by his widow; and now forms no

inconsiderable part of the Corporation Gallery, one of the best provincial collections in Europe. Graham Gilbert died at Glasgow in 1866. For Londoners his art is represented by a half-length of Sir Walter Scott in the National Portrait Gallery. That, however, is not a fair example; and the common-place quality in his conceptions is often redeemed by refinement in the management of feature, and by pleasant colour.

Another artist of much the same class was Colvin Smith, who won a considerable reputation by his male portraits. These are admirably drawn and modelled, and, in spite of great simplicity, are full of truth and vitality. The best known of them all is one of *Sir Walter Scott*, of which Smith is said to have painted twenty replicas. For seven of these Scott gave sittings. Smith died in 1875, at the age of eighty. From Colvin Smith to William Bonnar the transition is easy. The latter was born in 1800 and died in 1853. That comparatively short life was divided into three stages. In the first he was a house-

decorator; in the second, a painter of domesticities; in the third, and most successful, a portrait-painter. The Scottish National Gallery possesses a portrait by himself, and one of G. M. Kemp, the ill-fated architect of the Scott Monument.

I now come to two men who derive a certain importance from the fact that one became President of the 'Royal,' the other of the 'Royal Scottish,' Academy. I shall take the latter first. Sir Daniel Macnee was born at Fintray, Stirlingshire, in 1806, and died in 1882. He received his first lessons in art from the above-named John Knox, but seems to have already been winning his bread in his seventeenth year. Like Horatio Macculloch, another pupil of Knox, he was employed by Lizars, the engraver, to colour anatomical plates. At this he worked for

some years, occupying his spare hours, however, in making chalk portraits, and by their means building up a connexion which afterwards led to the monopoly of his time by portrait-painting. Macnee was a great conversation-alist. As a story-teller he had few equals.



LANDSCAPE. BY ANDREW WILSON.

I have heard good judges say he had none; and certainly on the one or two occasions that I have found myself in his company, humour bubbled from him like water from an abundant spring. It was of that subtle kind which forbids record or reproduction. Macnee would tell a story that would make every one that heard it laugh till their tears flowed and their sides ached, and yet it would defy repetition, or even recollection. If Scotchmen had really deserved the character nailed to them by Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith, and their brother-libellers, he would have been the most isolated of men. Most of his career was passed among the merchants of Glasgow, but on the death of Sir George Harvey, in 1876, he was unanimously elected P. R. S. A., and moved to the capital, where his success was, if possible, even greater than in Glasgow. He died in 1882, and all Edinburgh followed him to the grave.

With little enough of Macnee's conversational powers, Sir Francis Grant had much in common with the Scottish President, both in art and character,

Without being a painter of the first, or even of the second class, he achieved both success in his *métier*, and the highest honour his fellow-workmen had to give, by talents which won him popularity wherever he went. This is scarcely the place to dwell upon his career at length, for his painting had little enough to do with the main stream of either English or Scottish art. But I may be allowed to note the chief events in his career. Grant was born in Edinburgh in 1803. He was the fourth son of Mr. Francis Grant, of Kilgraston, Perthshire. He was educated at Harrow, and for a time studied law, relieving its tedium, however, by visits to Melton and other sporting centres, in the course of which his patrimony disappeared. He then took up art, to which he had been always attached, in real earnest,

and soon had as many commissions for portraits as he could easily discharge. In 1842 he was elected an Associate, in 1851 a full Member, and in 1866 President, of the Royal Academy. He died, somewhat suddenly, on October 8th, 1878, and was buried at Melton Mowbray. Grant's best works were his hunting scenes, but now and again he made a success in pictures of another class, in which the knowledge he gained in the hunting-field could be utilised. Such a picture is *The Advance of the Guards at the Alma*, with the Duke of Cambridge and his staff, mounted, at the head of the column. One of the cleverest things he ever did is the group of thirty-seven equestrian portraits known as *The Melton Hunt*. At the present moment it hangs at Manchester, whither it has been sent by the Duke of Wellington.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE Archduchess Marie Antoinette Josephine Jeanno de Lorraine was born at Vienna, November 2, 1755, on the ominous day of the earthquake at Lisbon. Sister of the Emperor Joseph II., whose Liberal proclivities set open the flood-gates of Revolution, she was the eighth daughter of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and Francis Stephen, born Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor. In May, 1770, she was, after long negotiations, and amid extraordinary splendour, married to Louis, Dauphin of France, son of the Dauphin Louis, who was the eldest son of King Louis XV., a monarch who had been known as 'the second Dauphin,' and was the great-grandson of Louis XIV. Much affectionate leave-taking attended the fair Archduchess's departure from Vienna; half the imperial city turned out to see the last of the damsel of fifteen; and she, weeping, with a handkerchief to her eyes, looked forth from the carriage window and kissed her hand again and again to that happy birth-place she was destined never more to visit. Her first public entry before her subjects to be was lamentably and ominously marked by loss of life in a crowd attending the ceremony. At Paris she lived in a kind of Armida's palace, not much affected by the villainy and baseness which flowed and reflowed about her. The coldness and indifference of her young husband lasted long and touched her deeply. He became King May 10, 1774, when she was just nineteen years of age, her husband being nearly a year older. Apart from political troubles and financial straits (including a debt of 4000,000,000 of livres), due to the wars and high-handedness of the two Louis', his predecessors, Louis' XVI. and his beautiful wife lived in a fool's paradise, and with an amazing lack of recognition

of the impending earthquakes which were to wreck them both.

It was about this time—that is, when Marie Antoinette may have been about twenty years of age, or a year or two older—that the bust before us was executed by a sculptor of considerable ability, whose name has not been preserved. Its fidelity as a likeness is unquestionable, not only on account of its internal evidence, but because the best credited and most exact of the Queen's portraits, that painted by Madame Vigée Le Brun at a somewhat later period of her majesty's life, exactly resembles it. Its veracity is supported by numerous pictures and sculptures, from the capital likeness Drouais painted on her marriage—which is, like the bust itself, part of the Jones Bequest to the South Kensington Museum—to the lowest and latest of the caricatures designed to insult the victim of the Paris mob, which in 1793 had already doomed her. Comparing Drouais' portrait with this bust, we see that at first, under the influence of the French advisers of her bridal time, she, who at Vienna had very little liberty in matters of dress, was content to pile her hair in three formal rows on the top of her head, to bind it close about her ears, and powder it heavily. When she sat to the sculptor all this was changed; her tresses were set free, increased by artificial means, and allowed to flow in ringlets on her slender neck. Contemporaneously with this bust, another by the same hand, and doubtless intended by the same person to mark the affection of the ladies, was executed, and is still preserved in the Jones Collection. It is an equally vivacious likeness of the charming and good Marie Thérèse de Savoie-Carignan, Princesse de Lamballe, a close and much-trusted friend of the Queen, born six years before her, and, when little more than a child,



married to Louis de Bourbon-Penthièvre, Prince de Lamballe, who, following the example of the Duc d'Orléans, ruined himself in gambling, and, dying, left her a childless widow at eighteen. The fate of the Princess is well known. In the 'September Massacres' of 1793 she was murdered at the gate of the prison of La Force by bestial savages, and under circumstances of atrocity, the relation of which is, to use the phrase of Sir Thomas Brown, 'among the things whose truth we fear.' Horribly outraged, her body was cut into fragments in the street, the

once flower-like and joyful-looking head was fixed on a pike, and 'paraded,' so says Carlyle, 'under the windows of the Temple, that the still more hated Marie Antoinette may see.' One municipal officer in the Temple with the royal prisoners, said to the Queen, "Look out!" Another eagerly whispered, "Do not look!" It was thus the ladies, close friends of many years, met for the last time. Six weeks later the head of the other fair woman, still beautiful in her thirty-eighth year, fell under the axe of the guillotine.

F. G. STEPHENS.

FRANÇOIS BOUCHER.

THE sunlight flickers through the trees, lighting up here and there a space of brilliant green among the foliage, or falling upon some antique figure whose marble is half mouldered with the wind and rain of years, as we stroll through the beautiful gardens of Versailles upon a stormy evening of August.

Around all is solitude, broken only by the voices of some chance party of visitors, and, perhaps, as we turn the corner we see in the open space the dainty cottages, with their thatched roofs and circling water, where the Queen and her courtiers sought relief from the tedium and formalities of the great palace, or, perhaps, catch a sight of the Trianon, within whose walls we may recover the life and sentiment of his age reflected, in all its charm and in all its falsity, in the works of '*M. le peintre du Roi, François Boucher.*'

Arcadia and its Queen, the painter and his style, have alike disappeared, lost in the storm of blood and the terrors of the Revolution; as Marie Antoinette and her courtiers upon the scaffold, so Boucher and what remained of his school perished, unregretted and forgotten, amid the contempt of a generation which demanded a 'style more serious and noble' than could be given by disguised shepherds and the complacently conventional deities of an unheroic Olympus.

But to the student of the past, who can measure alike the true and the false in its attainment, something may still be gained, even by the cursory examination which this sketch proposes to give, of one who, in his faults as well as his virtues was the faithful exponent of France of the *ancien régime*.

François Boucher was born in Paris on the 29th September, 1703, the son of Nicholas Boucher, who on his marriage register has the title of '*designateur*,' and who, if he never attained to a good position in the world of art, lived, so to speak, upon its confines. The young François was early imbued with the spirit of his future career.

It was, however, under a friend of his father, an engraver, by name François Cars, that he commenced his first studies.

Here he was employed to make drawings for the plates, which were subsequently engraved, and received for this, board, lodging, and sixty *livres* a-month,—a sum which, says his chronicler, Boucher then esteemed a little fortune. We hear of a series of twenty-six sketches which in 1721 had already issued from his facile pencil.

But while engaged on this work in connexion with engraving Boucher had pushed his ambition further; he already dreamed of becoming a painter. His relations with François Lemoyne rest under some uncertainty, and Boucher himself declared that he was only in Lemoyne's studio for three months, and had profited but little under his teaching; but it is certain that he was one of his pupils, and equally certain that he owed much of his style to his master's influence. In colour, in type of features, in the coquettish grace of his female figures, he is all the pupil of Lemoyne; nay, one might say that at first his own ideal is lost in that of his teacher, and he imitates him so closely that the one may be sometimes taken for the other.

For this reason it is of so much advantage, in judging of the subsequent career of Boucher, to form a correct impression of the character of his master's work and the position which he occupied in relation to the preceding schools.

Under Louis XIV. it would seem that the character of the *Grand Monarque* had impressed itself alike on the society and on the art of his age; the somewhat pompous sublimity that is reflected in the stately gardens and splendid *salons* of the great palace of Versailles finds expression in the paintings of the day—of Lebrun and Van der Meulen. It is the sublime and the stately which is sought in the many-coloured tones of the beautiful, but a sublimity made up of etiquette and court ceremonial, and lacking the free rich breath of nature; it is a grandeur which with the lingering days of the monarch becomes gradually more and more insipid. When France awoke to life and gaiety under Louis XV., when a refined and decadent society sought in amuse-

ments, in *fêtes*, and, above all, in the gallantries of love, a relief from life's tedium and *ennui*, the art of the day either followed or led the times. In the dainty and affected grace of Watteau, in the coquettish charm of the *Omphale* of Lemoyne, and in that 'rayon rose' which first appears in the tender modelling of her flesh, we find the transition from the serious to the seductive, from the France of Louis XIV. to the 'France galante' of the eighteenth century.

'The ideal of art,' says M. de Goncourt, 'remains an ideal forced and conventional; but from the majestic this ideal becomes lowered to the pleasing. Everywhere there extends a refinement of elegance, a delicacy of pleasure, what that day called — "*La quintessence de l'aimable, le coloris des charmes et des grâces, l'embellissement des fêtes et des amours.*" The theatre, the book, the painting, the statue, the house, the sitting-room, nothing escapes from the adornment, from the coquetry, the prettiness of a delicious decadence. The pretty! there you behold, in those days of frivolous history, alike the emblem and the seductive charm of France. The pretty (*le joli*) is the essence and the formula of her genius; the pretty gives the tone to her manners; the pretty is the school of her fashions; the pretty — 'tis the soul of the age and 'tis the genius of Boucher.'

Lemoyne himself had been one of the leading painters of the day; he had paid the customary visit to Rome and the Italian schools of painting, where he might have met Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, where he perhaps studied the works of Pietro da Cortona and his school; he had achieved some distinction, at Versailles and elsewhere, as a decorator of those ceilings filled with all the deities of Olympus, who recline in easy attitudes on a background of

clouds, that they may give their serene approval to the successes of the reigning monarch or to some mediocre fact of local history.

But if we would see Lemoyne's genius at its best we must study it in his famous painting of *Hercules and Omphale*, at present in the collection of the Louvre. Here, against a background of eastern blue, under a dais of embroidered silks that roll to their feet, the god is seated with his mistress at his side.

In Hercules himself we must confess to some dis-

appointment. In this heavy figure, with its coarse development and flaccid muscles, we seek in vain for the hero who personified to the mind of Greece courage triumphant over difficulties, or, to a later philosophy, virtue unconquered by earthly trials. But it is in the *Omphale* that we find our compensation, that we discover the true genius of the painter and of his age. As, in her triumphant beauty, she leans caressingly toward her lover, as clad in his lion's skin, and half resting on his massive club, her laughing eyes meet his own, there is in



'LA FONTAINE DE L'AMOUR.' FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER BOUCHER.

the coquettish abandon of her pose, in the delicate lines of her matured figure, above all in this flesh, here bathed in the sunlight and transfused with all its radiance, here toned in the shadows with delicate blues, or warmed with the daintiest touch of rose, a charm which even now the critic must acknowledge, and which to that age may have well appeared as a new revelation in art.

'The man who has painted that,' cries the author before mentioned, 'was required to be the master of Boucher. He was his predestined, his fated precursor; and this painting descended from the great schools of Italy, recalling at once Correggio, Veronese, and Baroccio, but saved from imitation by the French taste and the personality of Lemoyne, this

painting was so exactly the revelation for which Boucher was waiting that he assimilated it to himself almost from the first moment.'

On leaving Lemoyne's studio, or possibly while still engaged there, Boucher continued his work of designing for the engraver Cars. We hear of a History of France illustrated by him in 1721, and of a Breviary adorned by the emblematic virtues placed above little views of Paris, which was ironically described as *Faith and the Invalides, Hope and Notre Dame, Charity and the Pont-Neuf*. It is probable, too, that he touched the graving tools himself; and the studies left by Watteau, upon which he is said to have been employed, may have added much to the lightness and grace of his later style.

In 1723, at the age of twenty, he has already gained the first prize for painting at the Academy, and four years later, in the company of Carle van Loo and his nephews, he left for Rome.

We know but little of the life or the occupations of Boucher during his sojourn in that city, which has been to so many poets and artists a new revelation of creative genius, a new and overwhelming influence in their individual development. Did he, too, feel that breath of the antique life of beauty which still lingers around the peopled galleries of the Vatican or the quiet walks of the Villa Albani? Did he muse beneath the great dome of St. Peter's, or from its summit watch the lingering sunset flood the Campagna with dim glories of purple and of gold? Did he at least drink in the early grace and the rich manhood of Raffaele's art, or bow in the Capella Sistina before the 'impassioned creations of *'the divinest master?'* We can but conjecture, and our conjecture, I fear, must be in the negative. Boucher was essentially the child of his age—an age which presents the curious anomaly of at once professing a canon of so-called classical taste and yet being apparently incapable of understanding what was most pure, most serious, in the tendencies of the great Renaissance school.

We are told of the painter Ricci, a man who enjoyed a considerable reputation in his day, that, 'having come to Rome and commenced to study after the frescoes of Raphael, he asked to return quickly to Venice, saying *that the manner of that great man was capable of corrupting his own.*'

This remark, so typical of the taste of the age, may not improbably have found an echo in the sentiments of François Boucher. Still we would gladly know more of this period of his life: of how much he had gained from the two artists to whom he was subsequently compared; from Albano, the charming painter of groups of little Cupids who dance and tumble gaily through a sunlit air, or from the larger compositions of Pietro da Cortona. We may believe that he at least had met the Venetian,

Tiepolo, with whom he might have found a common feeling.

On his return to France Boucher had acquired with his painting, *Mariage des enfants de Dieu avec les enfants des hommes*, a place in the Academy as '*peintre d'histoire*;' but this class of subject did not long satisfy his genius.

It is in his painting of *Venus commanding from Vulcan Arms for Æneas* that he seems to find himself more at home, that he first touches the note which, whether in the scenes of pastoral or the superficial mythology that he most favoured, is to vibrate through all his subsequent work—the note of gaiety and brilliant sunshine, of amorous caresses and a somewhat voluptuous charm. This picture M. Michel, in his excellent critique on Boucher, lately published, finds has been evidently painted under the influence of Lemoyne:—

'The god, resting against an anvil, with red drapings girt about his loins, tests with his finger the point of a sword lately forged; farther down, in the flaming entrance of a cavern, the Cyclopes are busied round their furnaces. Gently borne along upon a cloud, Venus approaches Vulcan, seated upon a drapery with silvered reflections, in a charming attitude of *abandon* and of caressing grace, her one leg bent beneath her, the other hanging forward, and her finger pointed with the prettiest twist toward the weapon that she covets, wearing for all her adornment two rows of gleaming pearls that mingle with the gold of her hair, she offers to the caresses of the sunlight and to the glance of the god, who is turning sulkily enough towards her, the exquisite whiteness of her body and all the promise of her beauty.'

The picture here so well described does not appear to have attracted the notice of contemporary critics, and could not have figured at the Salons, which were closed; but for us it is most important, as marking a new departure in Boucher's artistic career, and still more as showing when he first discovered the class of subject and the manner of treatment which he afterwards followed with such signal success when he first really found expression for his individual genius. For all that we know of Boucher's private life places it in perfect accord with the sentiment of his painting. Nature had made him '*sensible, aimable, et voluptueux*,' as all his biographers will tell us. It is not deep passion or tender melancholy that inspires his lyre, it was no gloomy asceticism nor stoical morality that prompted the brilliant painter of the triumphs of Venus.

In the midst of unremitting toil he found time for the gallantries which absorbed his leisure, and the morrow of a night's debauch could return to a toil of 'twelve hours a-day' before his canvas.

'It is true,' observes the '*Nécrologe*' of 1771, 'that it was in the assiduousness of his toil that he found resources to satisfy his tastes, and that his tastes, in their turn satisfied or ever recurring, were the fertile

sources whence he drew those laughing images with which almost all his works are filled.'

Yet at this period, in the midst of a life of alternate toil and pleasure, Boucher seems to have found time and inclination to marry. He was united at the church of Saint Roch, on the 21st of April, 1733, with Marie-Jeanne Buseau, a blonde of some seventeen years, 'with blue eyes of an infinite sweetness and the sweetest of smiles.' It would appear from contemporary writers that Madame Boucher's charms inspired sometimes her husband's canvas, and found many other admirers. One story of that time even relates that the Comte de Tessin, Swedish ambassador at the French court, allowed his romance of 'Faunillane, on l'Infante jeune,' to be illustrated by M. Boucher, that he might sometimes see the fair *pastelliste*, his wife; for Madame Boucher, like other women of the eighteenth century, used the brush herself, and in her husband's studio made several copies in miniature of his paintings.

We have now reached a period in our artist's life at which his career may be said to be fairly commenced, at which we begin to trace a period of brilliant success which will leave him at the pinnacle of fortune, rich and prosperous, the darling of fashion, and with the envied rank of '*peintre du Roi*.'

This period, which may be covered by the years 1733-1754, will see the growth and culmination of his success,—a success which, however brilliant, was



STUDIES OF CHILDREN. FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. BY F. BOUCHER.

essentially a success of fashion. It will later on be our less pleasurable task to watch through a lingering old age the gradual decline of his talent and influence, till, covered with the reproaches of

his enemies, he sinks into an unremembered and unlamented grave.

At this period, however, Boucher was but at the beginning of his success; he had already been for



STUDIES OF CHILDREN. FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. BY F. BOUCHER.

two years '*Agrée*' at the Academy, when, with his painting of *Rinaldo and Armida*, he won definitely his title of Academician. We must confess to no great partiality for this picture, perhaps because its whole character is so far below the inspiration of the scene it is intended to depict.

To those who have read and felt the charm of those incomparable lines, who have wandered with the stern warriors in their quest through the magical gardens of Armida, who have heard in the soft murmur of the trees, in the song of the little birds, in the finished cadence of each exquisite line, and in the lover's impassioned vows, the very breath of out-poured passion, the very melody of love itself, there must be a want of reality in the empty faces and the affected pose of the French painter's interpretation. Yet the picture was presumably a success and possesses undoubtedly considerable merits.

Behind we see a colonnade of classic pilasters which with scattered drapings forms a background for the figures of Armida and her lover, an insipid youth in garments of yellow and blue, who lies stretched at her feet. But in the figure of Armida Boucher introduces his usual feminine type with much of his usual success. Coquettish and blonde, clad only in loose drapings of white, which leave bare her bosom and her limbs, she is evidently enjoying her captive's adoration, while around little Cupids support the glass which reflects her beauty or peep out upon the lovers with laughing, curious eyes.

It would be too long a task for the present sketch

to attempt to portray in detail the enormous mass of work which passed from our artist's busy hands in the period which we have now approached. It will be, I think, more feasible to give merely a brief account of the most important of his paintings and engravings, reserving a more detailed examination for such pictures as the *Naissance de Vénus* and the *Three Graces*, on which his fame greatly depended.

Thus we find him producing, at the same time as

(To be continued.)

the painting last described, *La Belle Cuisinière*, and, so to speak, attempting in the accurate rendering of a kitchen scene, a realism in which, after all, he does not lose his own individuality. Boucher remains always Boucher, and finds in the pretty kitchen-maid who is engaged on a scene of love, and even in the picturesque disorder of the background, in the sticks of his brooms, and the handles of his stewpans, the touch of his dainty and affected grace.

SELWYN BRINTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

OF all the schemes set on foot for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee the Manchester Exhibition may fairly be cited as one of the most successful and satisfactory. Art and commerce have united in the arduous enterprise, and have together created a memorial which will long be remembered as a worthy commemoration of the Victorian era. It is impossible in a limited space to describe the Exhibition buildings in detail, or to dwell upon their architectural and decorative beauties, but some general idea of the completeness of the work may be summarised in the facts that the arches are covered with symbolical paintings by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, the arcades are designed by Mr. E. Armytage, R.A., and the thirteen picture-galleries, into which the Fine Art Section is divided, have been painted and decorated under the immediate direction of Mr. Burne-Jones, A.R.A. The system of decoration is both simple and effective, the walls being painted a dull red, with here and there a mass of crimson drapery. The floors are partly stained in dark oak and partly covered with crimson matting. The catalogue begins in the far gallery on the west side, where are to be seen five examples of Mr. Holman Hunt, including *Claudio and Isabella*, *The Scapegoat*, and the famous *Shadow of the Cross*. Close by hang three well-known pictures by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, *Work*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Cromwell on his Farm*. The ten Rossettis hang together in gallery 8, and form a centre of deep interest. Here are to be found *Dante's Dream*, *Beata Beatrix*, *The Blessed Damosel*, and *The Blue Bower*. Among the followers of the pre-Raphaelites are Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. Simeon Solomon, who are all well represented by characteristic work. The twelve pictures by Mr. Burne-Jones include the celebrated *Wheel of Fortune*, *The Chant d'Amour*, and the series illustrating *The Story of Pygmalion*. The Central Hall, in the Fine Art Section, contains a rather miscellaneous collection of well-known 'Academy' pictures, sundry portraits of more or less interest, and Winterhalter's large pictures of *The Queen* and *The Prince Consort*, which latter would have been far more suitably placed had they been hung in the main building. The line in this hall is occupied by Sir Frederick Leighton's *Daphnephoria*, by Mr. Long's *Babylonian Marriage Market*, and *Diana or Christ*, by the series of pictures painted by Mr. Poynter for Lord Wharnccliffe, by Sir John Millais's *Victory, oh Lord!* and by three of Sir James Linton's pictures from the life of a sixteenth-century soldier. Room 4 is devoted principally to a splendid collection of the works of Mr. Alma Tadema. Of these the most important are, *The Painter's Studio* and *The Sculptor's Studio*, lent by Mr. Gambart, *The Parting Kiss*, *The Vintage Festival*, and *The Apodyterium*. Passing to Room 5 we find the career of Sir J. E. Millais summarised in fifteen pictures, and are enabled to revive memories of *The Vale of Rest*, *The Boyhood of Raleigh*, *Asleep*, and *Awake*, and the marvellous 'red' portrait of *Cardinal Newman*. On the north wall of the third gallery are arranged in unbroken succession twenty-three pictures by Mr. Watts, including *Love and Death*, and several magnificent portraits. It is impossible to do more than mention the names of Mr. Fildes, Mr.

Orchardson, Mr. Gow, Miss Montalba, Mr. Hook, and Mr. Vicat Cole, among a host of others, to convey even a faint conception of the vast array of English painters whose best works enrich this Manchester collection. The retrospective character of the fine-art collection, epitomising the complete history of English art within the 'Victorian era,' is a special and interesting, and on the whole perhaps an encouraging feature in this Manchester Exhibition. And in this connexion we must note the gathering of pictures by George Mason and Frederick Walker, which are hung together with Rossetti's work in a room apart—all three men distinct entities and leaders in existing English art. The very complete collection of the water-colour school, including David Cox, Muller, Pinwell, and the men who are happily still among us, also forms a representative phase. The best we have been able to produce in sculpture of late years is fairly set forth by the work of Messrs. Thornycroft, Brock, J. Gilbert, Woolner, and Boehm.

MR. R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., will shortly take up his residence in Spain, in order to make etchings from the following celebrated pictures in the Madrid Gallery:—*The Surrender of Breda*, *The Tapestry Workers*, and *Portrait of Aloresio Camo*, by Velasquez; and *The Garden of Love*, and *St. Margaret*, by Titian. The etchings will be published by Mr. R. Dunthorne, of the Rembrandt Head, Vigo Street.

THE season of private exhibitions is still at its height, and Bond Street is turned into an avenue of picture-galleries. The Fine Art Society alone furnishes a large portion of these sale collections, the works of one artist after another following in rapid succession. Mr. Du Maurier, of the 'Punch' staff, of whom all that is pleasant but little that is new can be said, has filled the room vacated by Mrs. Allingham, with his studies of London society. Messrs. Dowdeswell have given space to a series of agreeable drawings by Mr. Walter May—reminiscences of the outward and homeward voyage to Madeira and the lovely scenery of that delightful region—a paradise for painters since Vasco di Gama first entered the Bay of Funchal. At the Burlington Gallery Mr. H. P. Riviere, now a veteran member of the Royal Water Colour Society, exhibits a collection of nearly a hundred drawings and sketches of Rome and the Campagna. Save his brother artist, Mr. Glennie, no living painter has had more opportunity of gaining accurate and intimate knowledge of the Eternal City within and without than Mr. Riviere, and in his facile and popular style he perpetuates recollections of this happy hunting ground of artist and student before recent barbarism and demolition effected under the pretence of improvement and, save the mark! antiquarian research, had swept away the fair gardens and picturesque ruins which gave to Rome its unique character.

MESSRS. HOWELL & JAMES's annual exhibition of paintings on china is rendered unusually attractive this season by the addition of a large number of drawings and sketches in pastels by well-known artists, who have undertaken to demonstrate

what beautiful results may be obtained with this medium. Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., Mr. Storey, Mr. A. Severn, and Mr. Coleman, all contribute drawings, which will doubtless make many converts to this revived form of a somewhat neglected art. Mr. Marks has imparted great vigour to his two studies of men's heads, while Mr. Coleman's subject-pictures show how suitable is pastel for the delicate colouring of children's faces. Another interesting feature of this Exhibition is the collection of Rookwood pottery, which will claim the attention of all lovers of artistic faience, representing, as it does, the result of modern enterprise founded upon the interest recently aroused in America by the remarkable collection of Japanese ceramic art contributed to the Centennial Exhibition in 1879. The history of the Rookwood pottery, which was founded by Mrs. M. Longworth Storer, of Cincinnati, is therefore comprised within the last six years, the first kiln having been fired in 1880. The leading idea of its promoters appears to be the application of artistic treatment and designs to simple things and common materials. Excepting in the preparation of the clays, no machinery is employed in the pottery, the whole work being accomplished by hand, with no assistance save that of the primitive potter's wheel. Each piece is treated as an individual work of art, and duplicates are never attempted. The decoration and colour-work is entirely under-glaze, giving a softness and lustre not obtainable in over-glaze painting.

MR. F. GOODALL, R.A., has this year kept his best work till the last, and his beautiful *Andromeda*, exhibited at Mr. Graves' Gallery in Pall Mall, atones for any disappointment which the ambitious effort at sacred art in the Royal Academy must create. The life-sized figure of Andromeda lies chained to a rock. Neither Perseus nor the monster are seen, but the maiden's outstretched arms and the eager joy on her face denote the approach of the deliverer: the pale waning moon is reflected in the calm sea, while in the distance the early light of dawn breaks upon the mountains. If, however, Andromeda was an Ethiopian, as we have been taught to regard her, she can hardly have boasted the fair, Etti-like softness of flesh realised by Mr. Goodall.

THE present system of single-picture exhibitions, and successive shows at the large dealers' rooms, has its disadvantages. The visitor to London, who cannot accomplish more in the way of picture-seeing than the 'Academy' and the 'Grosvenor,' loses much pleasure, and misses much fine work. It is a pity, for instance, that such a refined and beautiful picture as Millais' *Clarissa* should thus be lost to the general public who crowd to Burlington House. As it is, this charming 'Recollection of Gainsborough' forms the main feature of Mr. M'Lean's Gallery in the Haymarket, where it occupies the place of honour, surrounded by a few good English and foreign pictures. Millais has painted like the Venetians, like Velasquez. He is curious after methods and manners. This essay after the English painter is successful as such 'a Recollection' of another man's work can be when attempted by a master of the brush.

AN interesting conversazione took place last month at the Rooms of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour, when the members invited their friends to see the set of drawings, seventy-two in number, destined as a gift to the Queen on the occasion of her Jubilee from the members of the Society. A feature in the collection is a delicate and really artistic sketch of Windsor by the Princess of Wales.

THE two pictures purchased this spring by the Council of the Royal Academy, under a not over-accurate fulfilment of the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, are Mr. T. S. Sargent's striking colour study entitled *Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose, and When Nature painted all things gay*, by Mr. A. Parsons.

THE long-talked-of 'Amateur Art Exhibition' is definitely fixed to take place, by permission of Sir Julian Goldsmid, at 105 Piccadilly, on July 5, 6, and 7.

AMONG fictile reproductions none have been more artistic and delightful than the copies of the Greek statuettes known from the finding-place of the originals as *Tanagra Figurines*. The familiar beauty of the portrait-like images of matron or maid, enfolded or partially draped in robe and mantle, the singular grace of figures of muse or goddess, and the charming drollery of children's toys, cupids or grotesques, are well-known attributes of the terra-cotta statuettes found in the thousand tombs throughout Attica, the Greek isles, and Peloponnesus. But those discovered in the burying-places of Bœotia, and especially at Tanagra, dating within the third and fourth centuries B.C., have a refinement of feeling and execution which, without affectation, may be termed 'precious.' The statuettes



are found packed closely around the bodies of the deceased, and sometimes in earthen jars, and the most generally accepted theory of their position is that, having been first placed in the mortuary chambers where the dead would have been exposed before burial, these objects, by a rule of Hellenic custom, must have been either destroyed or buried with the body; another theory is that the Greeks gave the departed spirit the memorials of his earthly life to cheer his presence in the tomb. Whatever may have been the origin of the practice, its execution has saved for modern times some of the most lovely classic art. The replicas first brought out at Berlin, however excellent as copies, had the disadvantage, as we took occasion to notice last season in our 'Chronicle' column, of an easily-injured painted surface which bore a waxy shine and texture that became greasy when soiled by dust. The last reproductions issued by Herr Lechner, publisher to the Imperial Court at Vienna, are in material, in flat, dry tinting of delicate blues and rose and grey and tawny, and in the tooling of the surface, closer to the originals, and very beautiful. Thanks to the courtesy of the London agents, Messrs. Bellman & Ivey, we are able to engrave two examples of this series. Among the most recent reproductions from Austrian collections are two busts, a rare form in these terra cottas, also an ornate group of two muses seated together holding musical instruments, and several single figures, two of which are distinctly exquisite in line and execution.

A BANFFSHIRE HARBOUR.

ETCHED BY MR. COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

THE little Scottish port in Mr. Hunter's etching lies on that line of coast between Fraserburgh and the Moray Firth which faces square to the Pole. The country inland is not interesting, but along the shore the indentations are picturesque and the 'braes'—what the French would call the *falaise*—are beautiful in shape and colour. Haddock-fishing is the chief pursuit of the place, except for about six weeks in summer when herring has its turn. The boats in the

foreground of Mr. Hunter's plate are haddock boats, and the busy women are cleaning the fish. It is a little sad to reflect that these small, picturesque harbours are fast sinking into disuse. Herring has to be sought farther out to sea than formerly, and the boats have to be so large that only ports of some depth, such as that of Peterhead, for instance, can take them in. And where the herring fleet goes, other things follow.

THE ART OF COSTA.

ACCORDING to the President of the Royal Academy, the strength of last year's Exhibition lay above all in landscape. No one has forgotten the eloquent and fervid language in which, at the Academy banquet, he bade his guests look to the varied display of landscapes on the walls, for consolation in what he frankly admitted must be considered the decadence of higher forms of art. But although in that large collection there was more than one picture which justified the generous warmth of Sir Frederick Leighton's praise,—although it would be easy to point out five or six landscapes of considerable merit and two or three of some originality; there was not one in the whole Exhibition which could be called a really great work. 'The lull and slackening of pulse' which the President lamented, the evil influences of bad times and dark days, had apparently paralysed our landscape-painters, as well as our other artists; and it was in the Grosvenor Gallery that we had to seek for the landscape of the year. This was the work, not of an English painter, but of a foreign master, who sends most of his best pictures to England, and whose genius Englishmen may proudly feel they were the first to recognise.

For several years Signor Costa's Italian landscapes have attracted attention at Burlington House by their refinement and distinction; and each time the first of May came round many looked eagerly for these views of blue mountains rising from the plain in the pearly light of the morning sky, of lonely seashore and wet sands flushed with rosy sunset hues, which had for them so rare and unique a charm. But it was not until the summer of 1882, when an exhibition of Costa's works was held in the Fine Art Society's Rooms in Bond Street, that the public began to realise how high a place he occupied among contemporary artists. This exhibition took place at the very moment of the Hamilton sale. All London was rushing to see the treasures then displayed at Christie's, and people were dizzy with the high prices

paid for buhl cabinets and Louis XV. escritaires. But among all the din and excitement of that memorable auction, in all the hurry and stress of the season, a large number of persons found their way to the small exhibition, which contained what the Roman painter himself described as 'the greater part of his life's work,' and saw with wonder and delight the fair creations which met them there. Here were Italian landscapes painted by an Italian artist, in accordance with the highest traditions of old Italian art. Those scenes we all know and love,—Venice rising out of the summer seas in the radiant light of morning, the sapphire blue waves which sleep under the lemon-groves of Capri, the changeful glories of the wide Campagna, the olive-woods and sunny waters of Lerici,—they were all there.

And not only these well-known subjects; not only the soft luxuriance of fig and olive, of palm and orange gardens under skies of glowing blue,—

'Where earth has a garment of glories,
And a murmur of musical flowers;'

not only or even chiefly these. For Signor Costa's Italy is not the conventional land of Claude or Childe Harold. His acquaintance with her is of a deeper and more intimate kind. He paints Nature in every variety of mood, and gives us these southern landscapes under every possible aspect. The sun setting over the shores of the Pontine Marshes or Tuscan Maremma in the dog-days; the woodland solitude in the heart of Alban and Carrara hills when autumn has touched the woods with brown; the pine forest of Gombo and the reedy Marshes of Bocca d'Arno or Porta d'Anzio on a misty morning: these are the subjects which Signor Costa delights to paint, this the beauty which has sunk deep down into his soul. To step into that room where his pictures hung four years ago, was to leave the bleak North and go back to the sweet South—'the country half my own;' to recall a thousand pleasant sights and

familiar sounds, to breathe again the atmosphere of Italy.

Signor Costa's career as a painter has been marked from first to last by steady progress. Long years of patient study and unwearying effort have ripened his genius; and his picture at the Grosvenor Gallery last year was the largest and most important work which he has yet achieved. This masterpiece—which beyond all doubt bore away the palm among the landscapes, and was in some respects the most remarkable picture of the year—bore the title of *Frate Francesco e Frate Sole*. The words take us back to the fair province of Umbria, to the city where young Raphael was once a scholar in Perugino's *atelier*, and the mediaeval days when the great Saint of Assisi first set on foot the movement which gave Italian art a new creative impulse. Not only is the scene of Signor Costa's picture laid in these regions, where the lover of Lady Poverty led his strange and memorable life; but the work before us represents an actual incident in the history of Francis himself. We read in the life of this man, whose heart overflowed with love to all things, how one morning, at the end of many days spent in prayer, he was seized with a sudden ecstasy of joy at the sight of the rising sun, and bade Brother Leo write down the hymn of praise which rose unbidden to his lips, in salutation of his brother, *Messer lo Frate Sole*. Afterwards, as occasion suggested, he added other verses in praise of the beauty of earth, of the flowers and fruits, and of birds and beasts and living creatures; and one, the last of all, in thanksgiving for that Sister Death, which was, after all, the truest friend of mortals. These rhymes in the vulgar tongue were then handed over to Fra Pacifico, the poet of the Brothers Minor, to be polished and shaped into more regular metre. It is the first verse of this Canticle of the Sun, or of all Creatures, as it is sometimes called—which Signor Costa has chosen for the motto of his *Sunrise from Perugia*:—

'Laudate sia Dio mio Signore
Cum tutte le tue creature;
Specialmente messer lo *Frate sole*,
Il quale giorno e illumina mii per lui,
Et ello è bello et radiante cum grande splendore;
De te, Signore, porta significatione.'

St. Francis is represented standing on the brow of the hill, wearing the brown cowl and knotted rope of his new Order, with the oval face and regular features we see in Cimabue's portrait. His eyes are turned eastwards, and his arms uplifted in a rapture of thanksgiving, as the sunrise breaks in all its splendour over the mountains of his home. Below, in all its varied loveliness, lies the rich Umbrian valley; and the broad bed where yellow Tiber winds its way between the hill-set cities on either hand. There, dimly seen in the morning haze, are the low, undu-

lating hills, the grey olives and dark cypresses, the tall poplars and dark brushwood, the patches of green meadows among the broken, rocky ground, the bell-towers and villages scattered over the face of the broad plain. The white mist still clings to the hillside; but in the east, above the deep blue of the loftier Apennines, the sky is streaked with fiery clouds, which meet together in a blaze of golden light round the rising sun as it appears above the dark line of mountains, just where, at the foot of Monte Subasio, lie the grey walls of Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis.

No one can doubt that the lines of Dante's 'Paradise' were in the mind of the painter who chose this theme. For the Tuscan poet it was who sang of that fortunate city, hanging on the fertile slope of rocky height,—

'Fertile costa d'alto monte pende;'

where rose on the world the new sun, whose bright beams were to gladden this dark earth of ours. 'Therefore let he who names yonder spot no longer say Assisi, but Orient, if he would speak truth.'

The scene which Dante described six hundred years ago, Signor Costa has painted for us in this picture, where sky and hills and valley are blended together in one soft, rich harmony of colour. Every detail in the foreground, every leaf and bud, is drawn with the same exquisite delicacy. The bright blossoms and flowering shrubs which grow along each grassy bank, the convent church with its low bell-turret and red-tiled roof, the steep cypress-bordered path which drops below the hillside, are all painted with the same infinite love and patience. But it is the presence of Francis which gathers all these separate beauties into one grand and complete whole; it is his song of thanksgiving which lends a deeper meaning alike to the flush which mantles the hill-tops, and to the flowers which spring up under his feet.

By the side of this really noble painting the other landscapes in the Gallery looked a little dull and commonplace; and many of us asked ourselves, each time we came back to this Umbrian sunrise, what it was which gave the Roman master's work this manifest supremacy. The charm of Signor Costa's art, it must be confessed, is not an easy thing to define. But there are certain qualities present in his work which are too often absent from the canvas of the modern landscape-painter.

In the first place, Signor Costa's is a serious art. A real meaning, a deep and earnest intention, underlies all his work, and controls the manifold forces which he brings into play. His figures are not put in to fill up a vacant space, or enliven a dull corner; they form part of the subject, and help to give expression to the central thought which governs the whole. In

common with some of the best painters in modern times—with Millet, with Fred Walker, and with his own friend, Mason—Signor Costa has realised that intimate connexion which exists between the beauty of sea and shore, and the lives and daily tasks of struggling, toiling human beings. Both, he sees, clearly belong to the same divinely appointed order of things, are bound by the same eternal laws. And so we find him often insisting on this theme; and with true sympathy for the lowly labourer in the fields, showing us the Roman peasants at their daily work—the vintage-gatherers and the reapers in the harvest time, men winnowing and threshing out the grain, the women carrying their faggots across the sands or fetching water from the wayside fountain. The gleam of sun which falls on the face of the tired woodman, as he wends his steps homewards along the dreary sea-shore on a dark and cloudy evening; the spring loveliness of the flowery meadows, where the young peasant mother rocks her child to sleep in the shade of silver-grey olives; the red glow on the sands, where the fishermen are resting before the night's work begins; the murmur of the waves dying on the lonely beach, where the sea-gulls are circling overhead and the sun is gone; the solemn hush that falls over river and woods as the boat drifts down the waters of Arno in the dim twilight; these passing effects of morning and evening, of sunrise and sunset, which he has painted with so much poetry and tenderness, do more than merely please the eye by the beauty of their colouring or the grace of their design. They appeal to our deeper feelings, and stir the heart by the profound sincerity of their emotion, by the power of the everlasting truths they tell. As I write one of Signor Costa's smaller studies hangs before me, a mere sketch for a larger picture which he afterwards painted. It is early morning on a day in autumn, when

'A common greyness silvers everything,'

and the mists lie hazy on the wide plain which stretches between us and the far-off peaks of the Carrara mountains. Not a breath of air stirs the brown and yellow leaves, which hang idly on the trees, and stand out against the soft blue background of misty plain. In front of these are a dark juniper bush or two, which half conceal the figures of two brown-faced peasant maidens still half asleep on the ground. But already a soft pink light is stealing over the nearest hill, and reveals the form of a single pine-tree standing alone in the vast plain at the foot of the mountains,—a pine which has seen many winters and known many tempests, which still stands there patiently bending its drooping head, waiting for that springtime which will not always tarry. It is wonderful how, in a little sketch like this, the painter can catch the spirit of the place and bring the whole landscape before us.

And this brings us to another quality of Signor Costa's art,—his close imitation of Nature in the highest and truest sense. It is not merely that every leaf and blade of grass, every rock or tree, is drawn with unerring accuracy; but that he seizes at once on all the most characteristic features of the landscape before him. Nothing escapes his attentive eye. He marks whatever is noteworthy in the soil and vegetation, in the plants and flowers; reproduces the moist greenery and thick growth of the garden at Naworth Castle as exactly as he does the patches of burnt-up grass and dead brushwood on the shores of Ostia and Porto d'Anzio, or the mellow woods of autumn on his own Alban hills. With the poet's quick sympathy, he enters into all the different moods of nature, taking note of the varying influences of wind and weather, and recording every change of tone and colour in the landscape; whether he paints the brilliant clearness of tramontana days, the breathless stillness of rocks and sea in sultry weather, the dry, powdery look of the crumbling earth when the sirocco blows, or the wet, grey clouds which shroud the hills after a rainy night.

This keen insight and subtle feeling is, no doubt, partly, as Signor Costa himself has told us, the result of long years of patient study and careful observation. When, at the age of twenty-six, the young Roman was first able to pursue the art he had loved from childhood, he had courage and independence enough to forsake the conventional teaching of his masters, and go straight to nature. To quote his own words:—'From 1852 to 1859 I may say that I lived in the Campagna of Rome—between the Alban hills, the Sabine range, and the sea—without once neglecting a sunrise or a sunset.' Many of the studies of this early period, full of interest as showing the steps by which the painter attained his present maturity, were included in the collection of his works on view in London; and it was a picture painted at this time—*Women carrying Wood to the Boats at Castel Fusano*—which first attracted the attention of foreign critics, and introduced the young Roman to the most distinguished French artists.

To this serious intention and close study of nature Signor Costa adds a third quality—that of style; without which the noblest purpose and most attentive observation may fail to command success. It is strange how many carefully studied, patiently wrought landscape-paintings are marred by the absence of this rare quality. They abound in motives admirable in themselves and excellently executed, in charming bits of painting, whether of river-banks or bushes of golden gorse or orchard trees laden with apple-blossom; but are wanting in the quality which can alone combine these separate parts into artistic completeness, and lend a charm to

the simplest and homeliest scene. This divine faculty of vision Signor Costa possesses in a supreme degree. All these personal impressions, all these lovely scenes, have been allowed to linger in his mind; just as the store of accumulated ideas lies dormant in the poet's brain, to come forth in the perfect form when the right moment has arrived. Out of these recollections the painter works those idealised landscapes which are the results of long thought and study, but which record every feature so exactly, and breathe so entirely the spirit of the place, that we should imagine every touch to have been added on the spot.

Finally, Signor Costa's art is marked by that perfection which is the stamp of the best and highest art, of all that has endured in past ages, and will endure in those which are to come. His is not the vulgar art which wins its way to fame and extorts admiration by clever tricks and sensational surprises. He does not, like some of our landscape-painters, lay on his colour in rough and hurried blotches. There is no need to stand on the opposite side of the room to obtain a good view of his pictures, for every part will bear the closest and most minute inspection. The poet's saying, 'Work done least rapidly art most cherishes,' is true to-day, as it has ever been; and there is no sign of haste or impatience in any of Signor Costa's work. The smallest study, the slightest sketch—if it is only a pool where water-lilies sleep among the rushes, or a flower-grown bank in the wide lagoon—is a complete picture in itself. His art is a perfect thing of its kind; and, like all 'things of beauty,' its loveliness increases the oftener and the longer we look upon its face.

Closely linked with this delicacy and finish is a certain restraint and tranquillity—a certain reserve which makes itself felt, both in the painter's choice of subjects and in the sober richness of colour which distinguishes his work. It is this quality which, perhaps more than any other, recalls the manner of the old Umbrians and Florentines; and explains a certain affinity between their work and Signor Costa's which is not easy to describe, but which makes itself increasingly felt.

Besides the picture of *St. Francis and his Brother Sun*, the Grosvenor Gallery contained two scarcely less beautiful, and even more characteristic, examples of Signor Costa's art. Both were scenes from his favourite hunting-grounds. One was a sunset at Nettuno on the edge of the Pontine Marshes; the other, a view of the jagged mountain-peaks and reed-grown shores of Bocca d'Arno at daybreak. In the one we saw the low terrace of the wave-beaten walls of the picturesque old Roman town flooded with the burning glow of an August sunset. In the other, the cool, pale morning light came stealing over the dim blue hills, and playing among the rushes where the

peasants lay sleeping on the sand, to rest on the long, white streak of foam which marked the curl of the waves before they broke on the beach. And there were also in the same Gallery several pictures by Signor Costa's followers, which bore witness to the increasing influence his genius is destined to exert over others.

In his native land Signor Costa has made more than one effort to raise the tone of art to a higher level. During his residence at Florence between the years 1859 and 1864, and again in Rome after 1870, he succeeded in drawing together a band of young artists, who followed him in his outdoor studies and pursued their art with genuine enthusiasm. But his countrymen, for the most part, were too much engaged in the pursuit of material objects to follow the upward path which he himself pursued with such unflagging zeal and perseverance. They found it easier and cheaper to imitate the inferior work of foreign schools; and preferred sensational effects and gaudy colouring to the refined and accomplished art of their own master. So while they choose the smooth road which leads 'to emolument and oblivion,' Signor Costa was doomed to neglect and obscurity, until the sympathy and admiration of foreign artists, and especially of Sir Frederick Leighton and a few other English friends, brought his work to this country, and won for him the place which he deserved in public estimation.

Many years ago Signor Costa generously befriended a struggling English artist whom he met in Rome, and whose talents and true love of art he was the first to recognise. That artist, then unknown to fame, was George Mason, whose own art afterwards derived so much of its charm and power from Signor Costa's example. Since then, as the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery this year shows, the Roman painter has gathered around him a little knot of gifted English artists, who follow his method and have formed themselves on his teaching. Foremost among these is Mr. George Howard, whose brilliant rendering of southern skies and shores has charmed visitors to the Grosvenor for many a day. His last year's picture of the temple of Girgenti in the fair Sicilian fields, under a flame-coloured sky, was strongly marked with Costa's influence, although his art has more of the splendour and exuberance, and less of the sober reserve and tranquillity, we find in his master's work, as if the colour and glory of the south struck the stranger from our northern shores with a joy and wonder unknown to the master whose eyes have always been familiar with the beauty of his native land. Two other artists stand out conspicuously among the best of Signor Costa's followers. One is Mr. Eugene Benson, whose varied paintings of Italian scenery have, for some time past, attracted general attention; and who last year,



among other excellent pictures, exhibited a fine work representing a banquet in the garden of the Venetian senator, Navagero, with tall white lilies and nasturtiums flowering in the grass, and the hills of Cadore seen in the background across the blue lagoon. The other is a younger and less known artist, Mr. Corbett, whose pictures last year showed a marked advance, and who seems to catch more of his master's spirit than perhaps any other of Signor Costa's pupils. His row of noble mountain forms, lying in the deep purple gloom before the dawn was finely conceived and painted; but the gem of all his works was a small picture of the hills near Pisa under the yellowing sky of early dawn, with bell-towers and huts rising darkly from the plains, and a radiant mass of blue corn-flowers and blossoming heath in the foreground. And, this year again, we are glad to see him at his best in the dream-like loveliness of his *Evening on the Banks of Arno*, which hangs at the present time in the Grosvenor Gallery.

It is plain, then, that Signor Costa has left his stamp on contemporary art in England, and is rapidly forming a school of landscape-painters trained in the principles of his admirable art. His own portrait, painted by Sir Frederick Leighton, is familiar to most of us. The fine, thoughtful brow and noble countenance is that of a man who has lived through stormy times, and endured peril and hardship. As we look, we are reminded of the other aspect of this accomplished artist's personality. For this painter of fair landscapes and quiet fields, this master whose art breathes a serenity so high and calm, has fought on many a battle-field, and proved

himself a soldier and a hero. His earlier days were cast in the troubled times of Italian story; and from the first Giovanni Costa was one of those who risked all in the cause of freedom.

'Ye that when faith is well-nigh frozen,
Ye that when hope is nigh gone,
Still over wastes, over waves,
Still among wrecks, among graves,
Follow the splendour that saves :
Happy her children, her chosen,
Loyally led of her on !'

From 1848, when the young painter first bore arms under the national banner, until the day when Rome opened her gates to the King of united Italy, Signor Costa was foremost in every movement for the deliverance of his country from a foreign yoke. In his studio the Roman patriots met to organize their proceedings; at Mentana he served on Garibaldi's staff; and from his retreat at Florence after that disastrous day he still directed the action of the popular party. Finally, in the campaign of 1870, he fought his way through the streets of Rome in the foremost ranks of the Italian army, and was the first Roman to enter the Capitol. Then, when the long-wished-for day had come and Italy was one, he became free to devote himself to the art he had loved all his life; and if his countrymen have failed to appreciate his genius, he has, at least in England, met with a large measure of the recognition which he deserves. If he needs any other consolation, he has it in the consciousness that his work is of that rare and perfect kind which belongs to the great art of all ages and all lands, and will endure beyond the limits of one brief mortal life.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

VI.—*William Kidd; Robert Scott Lauder; John Eckford Lauder; Sir George Harvey; David Scott; William Dyce; John Phillip.*

IT is curious to see in what artistic matters the experience of one country is confirmed by that of another. In nothing do we find the same lines more closely followed than in the relation borne to the chiefs of a school by those who are in the second rank of it. Down to minute characteristics, the disciples of Wilkie in Scotland afford a parallel to those of Ostade in Holland, and of Teniers and Brauwer in Flanders. It is not only that their work bears much the same proportion as to merit to that of their masters; it falls into the same errors, and, where it excels, it excels in the same fashion. As examples of what I mean, I may name Jan Miense Molenaer, among the Dutchmen; David Ryckaert (the third), among the Flemings; and

William Kidd, among the Scots. Each of these men had a freedom, an *abandon*, which was not entirely consistent with true artistic balance. Each painted more thinly, more largely, more monotonously, and with less care for depth and unity, than his leader, and each as a colourist fell into the same defect of over-redness and heat. In each, too, we can divine a power he never contrived to fully display. William Kidd, with whom our immediate business lies, was born in Scotland about 1790. In early youth he was apprenticed to a house-painter in Edinburgh. That trade, however, he did not prosecute when his 'time was out,' but turned to art of a higher order. The productions of Alexander Carse, the forerunner of Wilkie, and of Wilkie him-

self, had excited his ambition, and coming to London while still very young, he devoted himself to work of a similar class. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1817, and down to 1840 was seldom absent. In 1849 he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy, after which he sent his pictures mainly to that body. Towards the end of his life he fell, or rather sank deeper than before, into financial embarrassment. All through life he had ordered his affairs with the eccentricity of genius, and in his last days he became a pensioner of the Royal Academy. He died in London on Christmas Day, 1863.

Kidd's pictures deal mostly with the more homely scenes of that peasant life which is not the lowest. The humours of the labourer, of the hedger and ditcher and his bedraggled mate, he did not care for. But the peasant with a cosy cottage, where a certain comfort surrounds the making of butter and of love, excited his never-failing interest. He painted him with a broad, free brush, taking less care than he ought to get him right in place and shape, often loading him unreasonably with paint, and seldom failing to overdo his healthy *rougeur*. Kidd's pictures are almost, if not quite, unknown in galleries. They are to be met with pretty frequently in the dealers' shops, where they are often called by other names. I must confess that only at rare intervals have I found myself confronted by one that deserved a place even in the most liberal 'National Gallery of British Art.'

Between the work of William Kidd and that of Sir George Harvey there is sufficient community, in kind, to justify their inclusion in the same class. But no greater contrast than that presented by their lives, and, in some ways, by their work, could be easily imagined. Kidd was improvident and a bit of a genius, while Harvey was brimming over with tranquil judgment. In the one man's work painter-like qualities peep out in spite of carelessness and false artistic principles; in the other's, honesty and care are unable to hide the essential defect of inspiration. Sir George Harvey, the fourth President of the Royal Scottish Academy,* was born at St. Ninians, near Stirling, in 1806. Like so many artists of his generation and of those before it, his profession was a second choice. In his boyhood he was apprenticed to a bookseller, and it was not until seventeen years had passed over his head that he became a student of art in earnest. In 1823 he gained admission to the Trustees' Academy, where he made such rapid progress that when the project of a Scottish Academy was mooted three years later, he was invited to become an Associate, and on its definitive formation

a full member. With characteristic judgment Harvey saw that the Scottish novels, as 'Waverley' and its successors were then commonly called, had created a public for a certain class of picture, and soon after his election to the new Royal Scottish Academy he set to work to paint scenes from that long struggle of religions which had destroyed Scottish art. In 1830 he exhibited *Covenanters Preaching*; in 1831, *Covenanters' Baptism*; in 1835, *The Battle of Drumclog*. Aided by good engravings his pictures became known all over Scotland, and he one of the most popular of Scottish artists. In 1843 he exhibited for the first time in London, sending *An Incident in the Life of Napoleon* to the Academy. Three years before he had painted the *Covenanters' Communion*, a replica of which hangs in the National Gallery at Edinburgh. The 'disruption' of 1843 gave Harvey another chance of profiting by the passion of the moment, and he painted the *Quitting the Manse*, which has also found a place in the Edinburgh gallery. Of all Harvey's pictures, however, the best known and the most popular in his native country is *The Curlers*. It was finely engraved by William Howison (to whom the *Covenanters' Communion* had also been entrusted), and so carried wherever Scotsmen get to—which means into every corner of the world. *Shakespeare before Sir Thomas Lucy*, *Bunyan in Bedford Jail*, *The Castaway*, were also among his better things. In the later part of his career Harvey gave his attention more and more to landscape. This he treated with much of the poetical breadth we find in the works of Poole, and with less of that heaviness of hand which is an undoubted blot on his painting of the figure.

As a draughtsman, Sir George Harvey's defects are a want of grace in his forms, and of distribution in his arabesques. His figures are squat, thickset, and muffled in their clothes, while in too many cases they seem crowded together like frightened sheep. As a colourist he is without 'oneness.' He has no idea of preserving the purity of a tint, and of keeping it in its place by consummate harmonisation. His colour, though often enough transparent, is monotonously brown. His defects are those which come in a great degree from a narrow horizon and the absence of a great tradition. Had he worked in London or Paris it is probable that he would have won a higher place for himself than he actually holds. Sir George Harvey's interest was not confined to the practice of his art. In 1870 he published an interesting account of the early struggles of the Scottish Academy; he was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and contributed now and then to its 'Transactions.'

With Harvey we leave for a time the original stem of Scottish art. None of the painters we have yet mentioned contrived entirely to get rid of the

* It is a little remarkable that while the Royal Academy has had only seven Presidents in 120 years, the Royal Scottish Academy has had six in less than half that time.

provincialism which narrow experience forces upon the most gifted. Even in the portraits of Raeburn and in Wilkie's sketches for his early pictures—the finest things Scotland had so far produced—sympathies cramped by contracted horizons are to be traced. In the now too much neglected art of Robert Scott Lauder a larger style appears, which is to some extent to be accounted for by the course taken by his education as an artist. Born at Silvermills, near Edinburgh, in 1803, he manifested a strong tendency towards art while yet a child. In this he found no encouragement at home, but accident made him acquainted with David Roberts, who fostered his bent so far as he could, and gave him his first lessons in the use of colour. While still very young Lauder entered the Trustees' Academy, then directed by Andrew Wilson, and there he remained for some five years. In 1825 he came to London, where he worked from the marbles in the British Museum, and from the life at a private academy. In 1826 he returned to Edinburgh, re-entered the school of the Trustees, then directed by Sir William Allan, and won the friendship of 'Thomson of Duddingston.' In 1833 he married Thomson's daughter, and, taking his wife with him, started for a tour on the Continent. The tour became a sojourn, and it was not until five years had passed and the great masters of Rome, Florence, and Venice, had been studied at home, that he again set foot in England. In 1838 he established himself in London, where his success was considerable. In 1850 he was appointed Master of the Trustees' Academy, and settled finally in Edinburgh. In 1861 he had a stroke of paralysis, and from that time till his death nine years later he was unable to paint. He was elected a member of the Scottish Academy in 1830.

The weakness of Lauder's art lies in a want of feeling for composition. His pictures are often crowded with figures, and yet in arrangement he had little skill. He was fond of painting ambitious subjects from the Bible, such as *Christ Walking on the Waters*, *The Supper in the House of Levi*, and *Christ teaching Humility*—the last-named is in the Scottish National Gallery—but he seldom contrived to give them the forceful significance that springs from unity and the subordination of parts. On the other hand, he had an eye for beauty and a fine sense of colour. It may sound a brave thing to say, but it is nevertheless true, that in Lauder's better works there are passages which come near Delacroix in rich resonance of tint. Now and then the likeness is so great that it can scarcely be accidental. During the five years Lauder spent on the Continent, the leader of the Romanticists was only emerging into fame. It was not until 1832 that Thiers contrived to get

him a commission from the French government. But Lauder may well have seen some of his early works, and by the time he was on his way home to London in 1838, several of the pictures in the Luxembourg were complete. Delacroix has now been erected into a sort of fetish by a certain class of critics, mostly Frenchmen, who credit him with powers over colour for which there is no sufficient justification in his work. To them it seems sheer blasphemy to couple any modern name with his, least of all, one so obscure as the caprice of fashion has left that of Robert Scott Lauder. But the great secret of Delacroix, the combination, by the clever use of optical contrasts, of force with subtlety of colour, does in fact find more than an echo in the work of the Scottish painter. In the Edinburgh Gallery Lauder is represented by the picture already named, and by, among other things, a portrait of his father-in-law, Thomson of Duddingston.

James Eckford Lauder had an easier entry into Art than his brother Robert. Born in 1812, the experience of one older by nine years than himself smoothed away many difficulties. He began his probation at the Trustees' Academy, but in 1834 he joined his brother in Italy, and worked hard until the latter returned to England. In 1838 he settled in Edinburgh, where his work at once attracted notice. In 1839 he was elected an associate, and in 1846 a full member of the Scottish Academy. In 1847 he sent a picture, *The Parable of Forgiveness*, to the competition in Westminster Hall, and won a prize of 200*l*. But perhaps his best, certainly his best-known, production was *The Ten Virgins*. It was engraved by Lumb Stocks, for the Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. J. E. Lauder died in Edinburgh in 1869. As an artist he was far inferior to his brother.

I have already had occasion to speak of one Robert Scott, as the best engraver in Edinburgh eighty years ago, and the master of John Burnet. On the 10th or 12th of October, 1806, he became the father of a son who was destined to be a sort of Scottish Haydon. David Scott was born on one of the two days I have named in a 'land' in the Old Town of Edinburgh. The land was at the top of a lofty house overlooking the roof of St. Giles's, and consisted of dwelling-rooms and the workshops in which Scott *père* worked at his trade among pupils and assistants. Robert Scott was a Calvinist of the sternest sort, and shortly after his son David was born his father's gloomy turn of mind was made more sombre than ever by domestic calamity: of five sons, four were carried off by death within a few days of each other, and David alone was left. In later years, two more sons and a daughter came to fill the empty

nursery, but they could not heal the wound in the parents' hearts, and till the end of his days the father lived with his lost children in the narrow heaven of the Scottish Reformation. Mr. W. B. Scott, in his memoir of his brother,* describes the domestic arrangements of a home, in which 'merriment was but another name for folly.' David's education was gained partly from his father, partly at a day school, where he learned Latin well and a little Greek. In the evening his time was given up to drawing. As the eldest, the most gifted, and his father's favourite, he had facilities which the others had to do without. 'The light and the box of water-colours were at David's command alone, not to be touched under instant and grievous penalties. A small windowless room was set apart for the library; of this he kept the key, and admitted the others as candle-bearers only.' In this room lived a copy of Blair's *Grave* with Blake's illustrations, by which David's mind was strongly and permanently affected. In his early years he seems to have been free to cherish thoughts of a future passed as a painter; but, about the time he was nineteen, the father's health gave way, and the elder son was compelled to drive the graver hard to keep the wolf from the family door. This application to work that left no room for his imaginings seems to have pressed severely upon him. He has left a sketch, inscribed 'Character of David Scott, 1826,' in which he is shown sitting at the engraving table with hands clenched and despair in his face. Other productions of the same sort are extant, and seem to betray a condition of mind for which, in truth, there was little excuse; for as early as 1827, when he was only twenty-one years of age, we find him inaugurating the 'Edinburgh Life Academy Association,' and setting to work on a huge picture of 'The Flight of Lot.' Three years later he was elected an associate of the Scottish Academy, and in 1835 a full member. In 1832 he visited Italy, where he spent two years, mostly in Rome. Venice he stayed at for a while, and there he wrote some lines in his *Journal*, which I shall presently have to quote. Raphael's 'Bible' he thought trifling, and even with Buonarrotti himself, who afterwards developed into his leader, he was at first disappointed.

In 1834 David Scott returned to Scotland, and was elected a full member of the Academy. He took a large studio at Easter Daley House, and there painted most of his important works. In 1842 he sent in two cartoons to the great competition at Westminster, a *Drake witnessing the Destruction of the Armada*, and *Wallace Defending Scotland*. Neither attracted much attention, and some speci-

mens of work in fresco, which he sent to the second competition, met with the same neglect. In these disappointments, however, Scott had plenty of fellow-sufferers, and he seems to have borne them with more equanimity than Haydon bore his. In person Scott seems to have looked his character. 'He was a little above the middle size, slender but not emaciated, lean and stript for the contest, but full of vigour tempered by nervous irritability. His face was pale and thin, but lighted up with poetical intelligence.' Such is the description of his happier brother, Mr. William Bell-Scott, who has left an etching of the painter's head as it appeared after his death, which occurred on March 5th, 1849.

For the artist the first condition is to see things as they are. Above all other men, he requires a mind that is sane. His individual likings, even his eccentricities, must be within his control. He must know they are there, and recognise the line of separation between the impressions they lead to and actual reality. As in the art, for example, of Rembrandt, we must divine a sound, even a severe judgment, behind his strongest assertion of personality. He must be able to look even at his own work from the outside. The moment he is carried away by it, as David Scott and the Englishman to whom I have ventured to compare him, Benjamin Robert Haydon, were carried away, he becomes no longer an artist, but a blind enthusiast, to whom success and failure are matters of chance.

All art is valued for its evidence of power and temperament. Subtle health of sense and fineness of brain make up the perfect man, and no completer machine for their display can be conceived than the higher forms of art. And each of the two must have its share. The feelings must not be allowed to oppress the judgment, nor the judgment to chill the feelings. The work of art, in fact, should re-echo the balance between intellect and sense which exists in its creator. All the greatest artists have been pre-eminently sane. Shakespeare, Goethe, Michelangelo, Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, in none of these was there a ghost of that headlong *furor* in which genius is too often supposed to exist. 'A work of art should be subjective;' by a mistake in the construction of that phrase the notion that eccentricity helps art has crept in. What it means is that a work of art should be the outcome of the real feelings and the real powers of the man that makes it, to be accepted or rejected according as those feelings and powers are great and sane or not. Now, it is clear that neither the accidental effects won when the judgment is sleeping, nor those arising from technical incapacity, express the man. It is also clear that ill-balanced art, whether in a picture, or a building, or a book, betrays some de-

* 'Memoir of David Scott, R.S.A., containing his *Journal in Italy*, *Notes on Art*, and other papers.' (Edinburgh, 1850.)

fects in the mental constitution or sensuous apprehension of the artist. This we may choose to forgive in consideration of some great quality which lies beside it, as we forgive Blake's madness for the beauty of his sanity. But the men to whom such indulgence has to be shown are so far not artists. They are comets, not fitting into the cosmic framework at all, dazzling sometimes by the very blaze of their egoism, but not helping in that quest of truth which is the business of us all, and of artists more than the rest.

I have said all this because even yet, although the tendency is less than it was, people are inclined to speak as if men like Haydon and David Scott were martyrs to public stupidity. The truth is, that though cursed with active minds and feelings sensitive to exaggeration, they were without that reciprocity between brain and sense in which artistic judgment consists. Aspirations they mistook for creations, and impossibilities for accomplished facts. The following quotation from the journal Scott kept in Italy is enough by itself to prove that with all his powers, which as a painter were much greater than those of Haydon, he must, under any circumstances, have had a hard struggle with himself before he could become an artist. 'Tintoretto, in every respect, is frequently wide of individuality. Titian—I ascend—the venerable father of these and many more, is at times very grand in design. The *Assumption of the Virgin* is one of the greatest works in painting for ponderous power, driving colour to a height which has nothing at all to rival it. But, oh! what is to be seen here to fulfil what painting ought to and can perform? Nothing. Titian is an old man without imagination in all his works; Tintoretto, a blind Polyphemus; Veronese, a Doge's Page.' The painter of the Louvre *Entombment*, an 'old man without imagination in all his works!' Scott, though he afterwards became something of a colourist himself, did not understand that a painter's imagination can be shown in the quality of a tint or the hang of a robe. But the whole passage shows that inability to be lucid, and that tendency to mistake the nature of personal impressions, which characterise genius that is perverse.

From all this it may be thought that to me David Scott seems nothing but a failure. I should not like, however, to leave that impression. In some of his pictures there is fine colour, in others pictorial fitness is combined with his never-failing vigour of invention, while in all, the sense that he was at least in earnest, prevents our passing them by with a shrug. Technically, his finest work is, perhaps, the *Duke of Gloucester carried into the Watergate of Calais*. From the imaginative standpoint his greatest conception is *Vasco de Gama meeting the Spirit of the Cape*, at Leith, which is almost as fine as its name.

A greater contrast to David Scott than that offered by the next man on my list could scarcely be imagined. William Dyce, the painter of the Queen's Robing Room at Westminster, was born at Aberdeen in 1806. His father, a physician, sent his son to Marischal College, where he duly took his A.M. degree at the early age of seventeen. In 1823 he entered the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, migrating thence to London about two years later; and then, after giving but a short trial to the system pursued in the schools of the Royal Academy, passing on to Italy, where he completed his education in Florence and Rome.

In 1826 Dyce returned to Edinburgh, and twelve months later sent his first picture, a *Bacchus nursed*



STUDY BY W. DYCE.

by the Nymphs, to the Royal Academy. Finding that he had still something to learn he determined on another stay abroad, whence he despatched to England a *Virgin and Child*, the first of his works to attract much notice. After an absence this time of two years he settled in Edinburgh, where he remained for the best part of a decade, painting portraits and landscapes, but devoted in spirit to what is called art of a higher class. In 1835 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, an honour which he afterwards resigned.

During his Italian studies Dyce had paid much attention to ornament, and in 1837 he published a brochure on 'Schools of Design as a part of State Education.' At the time discussions of the sort were much in the air, and the Government was looking about for a head for the schools it had established. This post was offered to Dyce, and accepted, his first duty being to make a tour of inspection abroad and to report on the Continental system of art education. His report was issued as a Parliamentary paper. In 1842 his office was changed to Inspector of Provincial Art Schools, which he held for two years. In 1844 he was appointed to another post of a similar kind, which he finally gave up four years later. His ideas as to the schools of design had not had fruition, and from 1848 onwards he restricted himself to the work of an artist.

In 1843 Dyce was among the competitors for employment in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. To the gathering in Westminster Hall he contributed a large cartoon, *The Consecration of Archbishop Parker in Lambeth Palace*, which is a very good example of the class of art to which it belongs. It failed, however, to catch the eye of the judges, and it was not until the next competition, twelve months later, that its author won a premium. This time the subject was *The Baptism of St. Ethelbert*, and Dyce was commissioned to repeat his work in fresco in the House of Lords. When this was finished he obtained the much more important commission to decorate the Queen's Robing Room with a series of frescoes

well, he had a sense of design and of style, and he managed colour with skill, if not with any depth of sympathy. His best works are the Robing Room wall-pictures, and the best of these are *Courtesy* and *Religion*. In both, colour is used with a purity and a force of contrast unprecedented in mural work. As a colourist, Dyce combined qualities borrowed from the early Flemings with others, of which Lorenzo di Credi, perhaps, affords the best example. He set primary tints in juxtaposition one with another, in well-calculated masses, but without any attempt to break them. His impasto is fused like enamel, his background often cold and too much detached from his figures. His really strong point is



STUDY BY W. DYCE.

from the legend of King Arthur. Of these he only lived to complete five, each of which is named after some knightly virtue. *Hospitality* is the admission of Sir Tristram to the Round Table; *Religion*, the vision of Sir Galahad and his company; *Mercy*, Sir Gawain swearing to be merciful, and never to be against ladies; *Generosity*, Sir Launcelot sparing King Arthur; and *Courtesy*, Sir Tristram harping to Yseult. In the intervals of painting these monumental works, Dyce produced a considerable number of easel pictures, of which the best, perhaps, were *King Joash shooting the Arrows of Deliverance*, his *Jacob and Rachel*, his *St. John leading home the Virgin*, and his *George Herbert of Bemerton*. The painter died on February 10th, 1864, at Streatham, where he had passed the latter part of his life.

Dyce was one of those men who unite a very considerable artistic faculty with a clearness of wit that enables them to make the most of it. He drew

design. Nothing more graceful than his 'Yseult' in *Courtesy* could be readily conceived, and to grace it unites a womanly fulness and dignity which befits both the Queen and the woman who loved more well than wisely. The whole ordinance, too, of the more ambitious picture, the *Religion*, shows the same sense of line and mass. Carried out on a larger scale, and placed among ampler surroundings than it has in the Robing Room at Westminster, the fresco might by this time have taken the place it really deserves, at the head of all British effort in this direction, and above much that has won a far wider notoriety on the Continent. Many members of the Romano-German School have become famous who never did anything to approach these five pictures in artistic merit, and as much may be said, with even greater confidence, of many Frenchmen.

Dyce was as excellent with the pen as with the pencil. He was, too, a skilled musician, skilled, that

is, in the *science* of music. In 1842-3 he published 'The Book of Common Prayer, with the ancient music set to it at the Reformation,' which brought him a gold medal from the King of Prussia. For an 'Essay on Magnetism' he won the Blackall prize at Aberdeen, while his writings on the fine arts included several pamphlets in which aesthetic matters are reasoned upon with a clear-headed refinement none too common either in England or anywhere else. The keynote to these is to be found in a lecture upon the 'Theory of Art,' delivered at King's College, in 1844. In this he disentangles the confusion created by the notion that some essential difference exists between such arts as music and architecture on the one hand, and painting on the other; and does it with curious ease. The sketches here reproduced are very slight, but they are enough to afford some justification for what I have said as to Dyce's feeling for line, and also for what I might have said as to a peculiar faculty of his own for uniting austerity in the general effect of his art with a readiness to accept nature at her least austere as material.

Among the painters contributed by Scotland to the roll of British artists, Dyce stands alone. His aims and his methods were alike foreign to the mass of his countrymen. One or two names, indeed, could be written down which to many readers would recall some faint echo, not of the beauties, but of the manner, of Dyce. But they belong to men in the



STUDY BY W. DYCE.

third or fourth rank. Among those in the first, or near it, I cannot find one to put in the same class as the painter of Arthur and his Knights, or to serve

as transition to the brother Aberdonian who comes next on my list. This is John Phillip.

John Phillip, who was born in the granite city



STUDY BY W. DYCE.

on April 19th, 1817, and died at Campden Hill on February 27th, 1867. Early in life he was placed with a house-painter in the most picturesque, but scarcely the cleanest, part of Aberdeen, the corner known as Wallace Nook. Here he was employed in grinding colours, and here, when his master wasn't looking, he painted his first picture, a copy from a 'Wallace' on a swinging sign at the other side of the street. Phillip's Cimabue was a Major Pryse Gordon, to whose house he was sent to repair a broken window. The work was to be done before Gordon came down to breakfast, but upon entering the room he found the window untouched, and the young glazier mounted on a chair and absorbed in a picture. Major Gordon's interest was touched, and he gave Phillip the first encouragement to become a painter he ever received.

In 1834 Phillip paid his first visit to London; paid it as a 'stowaway' on board the good brig *Manly*, whose master, Benzie, was an old friend of his father's. Benzie compelled his uninvited guest to take out his passage in work, so while the brig lay in the Thames Phillip only contrived to have a single day free. This he spent in the exhibition at Somerset House. 'I was the first in,' he said, 'and they swept me out with the sawdust in the evening.' The same night he went back to the brig, and returned in her to Aberdeen. He afterwards painted the *Manly's* portrait, and gave it to her skipper.

Again at Aberdeen, Phillip contrived to get some

instruction in the more mechanical parts of his art from a local 'face-painter' of the name of Forbes, and progressed so fast that Major Pryse Gordon introduced him to Lord Panmure, through whose generosity he was sent to London in 1836, and placed as a pupil with T. M. Joy, a forgotten pupil of Samuel Drummond. Twelve months later Phillip won admission to the Academy schools, and two years later still, in 1839, he sent in his first contribution to its exhibition. In 1840 he returned for a time to Aberdeen, where he painted portraits, but in 1846 was settled in London. Phillip's health, however, was far from robust, and in 1851 he was advised to make that sojourn in Spain which had so profound an effect on his art. He set up his easel at Seville, where he painted many sketches, began a few pictures, and frequented bull-fights like a Spaniard. In 1856-7 he again went to Spain, this time with Ansdell, and visited most of the more picturesque cities. The chief material results of his journey were the well-known pictures, *The Prison Window* and *Charity*. These had a success at the Academy, and their author was elected A.R.A. In the same year he was commissioned by the Queen, who had already become the owner of two of his Spanish pictures, to paint the *Marriage of the Princess Royal*, the small engraver's replica of which is now at Manchester. As to this commission I may tell a tale. Throughout his life one of Phillip's most trusted

friends was Mr. T. Oldham Barlow, R.A. To this friend he carried off the letter in which the Royal wishes were conveyed, begging for advice as to how he was to 'get out of it.' For flattering as they are, and great as may be the collateral advantages which spring from them, commissions to paint State ceremonies certainly shorten painters' lives. Phillip hated writing letters, and Mr. Barlow sat down to concoct

—thought the other—a judicious refusal. But when the letter was handed over to sign, it said yes! After some hard pressing, the signature was affixed, and Mr. Barlow hurried off to the post to make all sure. When he returned he found that Phillip had employed the minutes in making a rough sketch of the composition which he never afterwards departed from. Of course, the usual delays took place in getting the picture finished. Much hunting of sitters had to be gone through before the heads were complete

and more than once the artist's patience was on the point of giving out. He must be forgiven, then, for his answer to the lady-in-waiting who told him with a smile that his work was approved of, and that no doubt more orders would follow. 'One Royal Commission,' he retorted, 'is honour enough for any man!'

WALTER ARMSTRONG.



SKETCH PORTRAIT OF SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A., WHEN A BOY. BY J. PHILLIP.*

* We have to thank Mr. T. Oldham Barlow for permission to reproduce this interesting sketch.

FRANÇOIS BOUCHER.

WE find him next employed in illustrating a fine edition of Molière, which appeared at the close of the year 1734; and in April, 1736, appeared the first 'Book of Fountains, of a very Elegant Composition, designed by F. Boucher,' which was followed later by the 'Book of Vases,' a collection of twelve designs.

He touches on pastoral subjects in his 'Pastorale' and 'Livre des Sujets et Pastorales,' and in his 'L'Amour Moissonneur,' and 'L'Amour Oiseleur,' and his 'Livre de Groupes d'Enfants,' he has already initiated those schools of merry babies who roll among the clouds of his Olympus, who laugh and tumble through his paintings.

In these laughing *Amoretti*, whom we shall find henceforth adding life and movement to many of his compositions, Boucher might perhaps have signified those images of Desire and Pleasure which form the undertone of his inspiration, like those winged genii who upon classic vases symbolise the presence of Love, and wing their airy way above Paris and Helena or Jove and Alcmena. Be that as it may, he would seem to find a pleasure in these romping children, whom he scatters through his azure skies, whom he clusters again into bunches, whom he weaves into coronals, or tumbles all laughing and breathless into some group of idle nymphs or into the lap of the Graces themselves. To the goddesses and nymphs who stretch their white limbs caressed by the sunlight on the clouds of his Olympus they are the fitting accompaniment; they carry through the whole composition the tone of laughter and of careless love.

And when we turn to his pastorals and to his treatment of landscape, we find the echo of the same sentiment. It is not Nature in her deeper mysteries, it is not the restful silence of her solitudes, or the sunlit glory of dim horizons, such as Claude would have loved, that this artist of the eighteenth century must depict. One is tempted to get irritated with him at last, to ask if the man can never be serious, if he can see nothing in life but a continual *bal masqué* or *fête champêtre*? But it is of no use to abuse or quarrel with him, he will paint Nature as he likes her, and will give us pastorals filled with shepherds whose only occupation could be the pipe and dance, with *bergères*, charming indeed, and full of piquant coquetry, but 'all adorned with ribbons and lace,' who listen to tales of love beneath rustling leaves and shady, clustering trees; will give us landscapes in which all teems with noisy, sparkling life, with flocks of sheep, cattle, caravans, merry children, barking dogs, and with a background of

thatched roofs, rustic dovecots, mossy pillars; where we find all sorts of objects—baskets, brooms, old ladders, *débris* of the farmyard—all pitched together in a sort of picturesque confusion, for which Boucher himself gave a new word to his age in naming it '*le fouillis*.'

But not alone on his paintings did he expend his productive energy and creative power. Before



J. Boucher del. J. LeClerc sculp. Paris chez Anst. Vind.

FROM THE 'NOUVEAU LIVRE DES FONTAINES.' BY F. BOUCHER.

him few French artists had devoted much time and thought to their crayon studies; they had been thrust into a portfolio, or at most kept by some friend of the artist, who might value them as the forecast of the future work. It was left to Boucher to turn this branch of art into an important part of his work, and into a fertile source of income. These crayon studies, often mere rough sketches, of which such numbers issued from his fertile pencil, these drawings of country scenes, of shepherds, nymphs, or ladies attired *à la mode*, were eagerly sought for by an appreciative public, and became the fashion of the day. In the skilful facsimiles of Demarteau they

became circulated on all sides, and at the same time increased the fame of the successful artist, while they filled a purse on which a life of pleasure made constant demands. Yet not even in these multiplied demands on his time and talents does the artist's absorbing energy, that 'fever of production' which kept him through a long life before his easel, appear to be exhausted. He descends to the smallest trifles, to fans, to watch-cases, or to china; he undertakes even scene-painting, and, having worked at the decorations of the Opera for several successive years, we find him employed by his friend Monnet to design almost the whole accompaniments of a piece which he was bringing out at the Opéra Comique.

We would turn now to those paintings of Boucher which at this period of his life raised a gradually increasing reputation, and placed him at the head of the French school of his time.

The *Birth of Venus*, which appeared at the Salon of 1740, had achieved a marked success; and, in-

deed, in the free and bold composition, the irresistible life and *entrain* of this painting, we see the hand of the artist at his best. The goddess is smiling as she looks upon the pearls and jewels that are offered her by one of her nymphs, who rests upon the breast of a stalwart Triton; around her four other nymphs are borne on the crest of the waves or lift their lovely limbs above them in lazy abandonment, while above, around, at her feet, or in the air, whole flocks of little Loves and snowy doves mingle their wheeling flight, sweep rustling silks along the summer breeze, or hover in service on their queen and mistress.

We may also notice more particularly two large canvases which issued from Boucher's hands in the year 1753, and were called respectively *Sunrise* and *Sunset* (*Le Lever et le Coucher du Soleil*).

'These paintings,' says M. de Goncourt, 'these are the two triumphal pages of Boucher's art. They have the radiance, the glittering splendour of that chariot of the sun which, in the "Metamorphoses," pours forth

the flame of chrysoliths and jewels. They are the greatest effort of the painter . . . they have excited the highest enthusiasm, they remain an object of wonder to us.'

'And yet,' he adds, 'I think, to justly appreciate the talent of Boucher, we shall do well to judge of him by paintings less grand, less pompous, less official.'

The first of these pictures represents Apollo rising from the waves into the dawning glory of the sunlight, while Aurora, carrying on her brow the star of morning, with her rosy fingers sweeps away the shades. In the second he plunges his snorting steeds headlong into the deep, and stoops towards Thetis,

who meets him, turning with amorous grace her dainty-lipped shell, while Tritons, Loves, and sea-maidens, sweep the billows at her feet.

Before, however, we leave the account of Boucher's more celebrated paintings, we would also notice that of *Les trois Grâces*, at present in the collection of



PESCHEURS. FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER BOUCHER.

the Louvre (No. 192), and next to the *Hercule et Omphale* of Lemoyne. In this charming work the three Graces—figures of a somewhat Rubens type of female beauty—carry the little God of Love upon their shoulders, or, to speak more accurately, he is balanced on the shoulder of the central figure, and supported by the right arms of the other two. In his two hands he raises blazing flambeaux, and the same *motif* of colour is reflected in the red clouds above his head. The three figures are of great beauty, and deserved to have gained Boucher the title of '*Peintre des Grâces*.' The pose is graceful and firm, maintaining throughout a perfect balance, and perhaps suggesting the well-known antique at Siena. The flesh is transparent and suffused with light, showing all Boucher's peculiar individuality, and is well thrown out against a background of sky, across which here and there sweep dusky clouds. The goddess on the right of the picture, with her back to the spectator—a back admirably modelled, with those charming dimples

which Boucher loved—holds in her left hand the quiver of the little god. Roses mingle with the loose drapery upon their arms and strew the ground at their feet.

Next to this picture, as we have stated, is placed the masterpiece of his teacher, the *Hercules and Omphale* of Lemoyne. On comparing the two we shall find, no doubt, many points of resemblance, but we shall find, I think, also, that this painting, though considered the artist's finest work, lacks the colouring and the *charme mignon* of his pupil.

We have now traced something of Boucher's work, and have seen him emerge from obscurity into fame and supreme success. He is become the fashion of the day, the favourite of the Court, the *protégé* of Madame de Pompadour, and he will soon arrive at the coveted title of '*Peintre du Roi*.' Besides this, he is the director of the great *Gobelins* tapestries, he superintends the Academy, and by his rapid drawings and studies, engraved as rapidly by Demarteau, has discovered a new and fertile source of wealth.

Yet at the very pinnacle of his success we find the signs already visible of a change of fortune; already the hostile criticism, headed by Diderot, has commenced to be heard, which will increase in violence till the artist gradually sinks beneath its force; already in his drawing, in his colour, in his composition, in his taste and feeling, we find marks of the coming decay.

The causes of this decline may be found, indeed, in his very success. To meet these continual demands on his activity, he must needs work rapidly: hence he became too busy to give to each work that individual care, that patient and loving toil, which is so essential to true artistic success; hence his paintings were thrown off rapidly, and perhaps with-

out due thought and preparation. Thus when Reynolds passes through Paris at this time, and visits the successful painter, he finds him employed on a large canvas for which he was using 'neither model, nor sketch of any kind;' and when the English artist expressed his surprise, 'he replied to me,'—we quote Sir Joshua's words,—'that he had considered the model as necessary during his youth, when he was studying his art, but that long ago he had ceased to use them;'—'*qu'il y avait longtemps qu'il ne s'en servait plus*.'

His success, too, essentially a '*succès de mode*,' had in it but few of the elements of true stability. He had profited, indeed, we might almost say, by a modern law of political economy, which was none the less true in those days. He had found a demand existing for a certain style of painting, and his success in meeting it had increased that demand; but when the fashion changed, as all mere fashions will change, and when men asked for something more serious, more noble, than the graceful fictions they were begin-



'PENSENT-ILS À CE MOUTON?' FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER BOUCHER.

ning to weary of, Boucher had nothing fresh to give them;—the age moved on, and he was left behind.

We may add that his colouring at this time begins to steadily deteriorate, and to become crude and coarse, a result which may be to some extent attributed to his tapestry designing. In short, then, at the date of 1753, we may trace distinctly the commencement of his decline; we may say with one of his biographers, 'the pleasantest part of our task is ended, we have now to descend the other side of the hill; "*Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque*," the painter of the Graces is growing an old man,'—*le peintre des Grâces va vieillir*.

If, then, we have traced with a careful and curious hand the steps of his earlier career, if in studying

the nature of the preceding schools we have tried to show his connexion with them, and how he developed out of them, inheriting and completing all the good and the evil that was in them, and yet later how his maturer talent asserting itself raised him at length to the highest position and success, then we shall not have the same reasons to linger over the sadder picture of the decline of his talent and influence, we may sketch more rapidly the later years of Boucher's long career.

Perhaps if we were tempted to linger over one spot more than another in this period of his life, it would be over the charming description of his studio, which M. de Goncourt has drawn for us with an artist's hand. Here it was, he tells us, that the old man delighted to work; here in the afternoon he would sit and chat with his family or his friend, De Sireul, or perhaps would dash off some rapid sketch for which the eager purchaser stood waiting; and here, as the years went on, he had collected all that was quaint and curious to his taste, the strange products of China and the East, rich bronzes or porcelain set upon carved cabinets, amongst which the delicate pearly hues of shells of the sea mingled with the gleam of rich quartz and crystal, of amethyst and agate. As he grew older, he felt more and more his inspiration centre in this spot, where he saw the rich colours that he loved gleam from the stones about his walls, where he felt himself surrounded by all the souvenirs of past success, and so completely at home, that he had once the idea of representing himself visited here by Venus and by Love. And we may please ourselves to think that here at least he could forget awhile in his later days alike the dark clouds on the horizon of France and the fierce attacks of hostile critics.

At the head of this opposition, we have already remarked, stood the critic, Diderot; he alone, at the moment of Boucher's highest success, had fiercely, almost savagely, resisted the sort of charm which had bewitched the rest of his contemporaries. For the painter he has no good word. 'He is all pretty graces,' he cries, 'and affectations; all patches and rouge, flounces and trimmings; his colour, his taste, his drawing, his composition, equally degraded.' And of his children—'these little bastards of Bacchus and Silenus'—he asserts that 'they are good for naught, nor fit to read, nor write, nor yet to pick hemp' ('*ni même tiller du chanvre*'). In these fierce invectives we can but feel that there is truth and falsehood mingled. Diderot was a *philosophe* as well as a critic, and demanded that art should not exist for art's own sake, but should contain some moral lesson, should serve some further end in strengthening or elevating humanity. From such a point of view as this Boucher, whose only aim and ideal was to charm and please the senses, to catch and imprison within his canvas

the delicate perfume of some fleeting moment of pleasure, the laughter and kisses of some idle scene of love, from such a point of view, we say, Boucher must stand condemned.

We have alluded to the effect which Boucher's work for the Gobelins tapestry produced later upon his colour, yet none the less his nomination as Director in the place of Oudry had been received by those interested in the works and the general public with equal satisfaction. From this time forward he devoted much of his time to this branch of design, and we may say that within the limits of the style which he adopted he achieved a great success. His subjects, indeed, he had not to go far to seek; in the *histoire galante* of the gods of old Olympus he had already discovered a congenial theme and a fertile subject for illustration; and these designs, in a framing of gold or garlanded with flowers, form a numerous series which the more curious student will find cited at some length in the excellent work of M. Michel.

That he exhibited much at this time we do not find. At the Salon of 1753 he was not represented, but at that of 1757 he exhibited a portrait of Madame de Pompadour, a duty of which he had already acquitted himself on previous occasions, and which perhaps deserves our notice both from its historical interest and because to her patronage he had owed so much.

'He had painted her,' says M. de Goncourt, 'in the idle pose that is given by an easy chair, and with the air of careless attention of a woman who is loved, and awaits her homage as she half turns her head. She is in *grande toilette*, in a splendid robe of blue, all furbelowed, all covered with little roses and streaming with silver lace, and beneath her gown appear her two dainty little feet, crossed, as was her wont, and encased in slippers of rose colour that are brodered with silver. Everywhere—at the throat, the elbows, the bosom, knots of ribbons are scattered; and while at her feet lie the emblems of her amusements and tastes—a porte-crayon, a graving tool, and rolls of music,—on the table at her side the writing material, the scattered books and pens, might tell us of her more serious occupations, or perhaps the two forgotten roses betoken the woman who remained in the midst of the distractions of the favourite and of the "*premier ministre*."'

Her death in 1764 deprived Boucher at once of a powerful patroness and a personal friend. Yet he had still many and influential friends at Court, and when the death of Carle Van Loo rendered vacant the post of '*Premier Peintre du Roi*,' Boucher was recommended by the Director, and, on the 8th of August, 1765, accepted by the King. Marigny writes to congratulate him on the appointment. 'This distinction,' he says, 'is all the more flattering for

yourself from the fact that His Majesty seems to have consulted the general desire of the public. He has disposed of the Inspectorship of the Gobelins in favour of another, this post being incompatible with that which you are about to fill. But His Majesty indemnifies you amply for this loss in preserving to you the pension of twelve hundred livres which you are already enjoying, and in leaving to you untouched the appointments attached to the post which he is bestowing upon you so justly.'

Besides this post, there was talk at the same time of granting to Boucher the supervision of the '*élèves protégés*' at the Ecole Royale. He was, however, considered hardly a strict enough master for them, although in the studios his easy manner, devoid of all pretentiousness or arrogance, and his unfailing kindness and good-nature, had won him the affection of the students. The story even was, that when, owing to an unpopular decision as to the '*Prix de Rome*,' the other Academicians were hissed by their pupils arranged in double line to receive them, Boucher alone was greeted with applause. But at this time his health, which was beginning to break down, would also have prevented him from accepting such an arduous post; and in 1765 we hear of a long illness which had almost prevented his appearing in the Salon of that year.

We are indeed now approaching the end of Boucher's career, or at least the end of his success. With his declining years he does not cease to paint, nor does he paint less, but he paints always worse. He still harps on the same worn strings, but their note has become quavering and weak; he still gives us *Venus et l'Amour*, *Venus sortant de l'Eau*, or pastorals such as his *Villageois à la pêche*, or *L'Oiseau chéri*; but his *entrain*, his power, and his popularity, are deserting him. In the Salon of 1767 he does not exhibit, and Diderot, merciless as ever, attacks him even on this ground. 'What, Monsieur Boucher! you to whom the continuance and the progress of art ought to be nearest to your heart in your position of "*premier peintre du roi*!" Is it at the moment

when you obtain this title that you give the first blow to one of our most useful institutions, and that from the fear of hearing some plain truths?'

We cannot help blaming these cruel attacks, or

at least their bitter personality; yet if we look at the background of history against which they rest we may perhaps gain a better conception of their *raison d'être* and their relative justice. The age that Boucher had known and whose fancy he had satisfied was fast passing away, —passing away with all its courtly grace and charm, with all its inner rottenness and vice. In its stead there looms on the murky horizon the giant form of Revolution

—dim as yet and indistinct, but making its presence very distinctly felt; in its stead there is the great nation of France, heaving and tossing her arms as



GROUP OF CUPIDS. FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. BY F. BOUCHER.



STUDY OF CHILDREN. FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. BY F. BOUCHER.

she awakes from the sleep of ages, striving to cast off the falsehoods and the formulas that are crushing out her very soul, groping, if often vainly, yet how nobly—for the effort itself was noble—after Justice and after Truth, after Liberty and Light. And to this nation, struggling in her birthpangs, crying to men and gods for some true guidance and true help,

the highest painter of her kingdom can only offer as *his* message of inspiration—a *Vénus sortant du Bain*!

The irony of History could go no farther. Yet, while admitting the anomaly, one cannot help some sympathy with the culprit; he is so helpless and so bewildered, so completely lost among the new forces and ideas that are surging up around him, and trying so hard to do his best to retain the old favour that has left him for ever. Was not this the theme that had won him men's applause in the old bygone days, these pretty nudities with their '*mignon*' heads and



HEAD OF SATYR.
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY DEMARTEAU AFTER BOUCHER.

dainty, sun-lit limbs, these pleasant pastorals of some impossible Arcadia? And what, O ye critics and *philosophes*, what could a rational man need more than these? Yet he will try and keep pace with his old brush, even with these new-fangled times; he, too, will endeavour to be 'serious' like the rest, and will show that he, as well as another, can touch a subject of history—'*traiter un morceau d'histoire*.'

It is pitiful, and would seem cruel, did we not know that Destiny, in the main, is just in her awards; but who, save perchance the inexorable Diderot, could refuse a grain of sympathy to the veteran victor, who now, broken by age and illness, seeks in vain for a word of sympathy from the pitiless spectators?

The Salon of 1769, where a *Caravane des Bohémiens*, in the style of Benedetto, was from his hands, was the last in which he exhibited. He had become aged rapidly in these latter years, and

'had for some time,' Grimm tells us, 'had the appearance of a spectre and all the inevitable infirmities of a life spent in work and in disordered pleasures.' On the 30th of May, 1770, at five in the morning, he expired in his studio, in the midst of the collection which it had been the pleasure of his later years to heap around him. He was buried on the 31st at Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois in the presence of his son and a few personal friends.

In the *Musée des Archives* at Paris, when we visit Boucher *chez lui*, we may see, M. Michel tells us, beneath the two pastorals of the Shepherds' Offering, the last letter of farewell written to Madame Elizabeth by Marie Antoinette; we may see, in the room where Love is receiving the lessons of Mercury, preserved beneath glass cases, the arrests of the revolutionary tribunal, the Act which condemned to death twenty-two deputies of the Girondins, and near them decrees in which the name of Buonaparte appears.

'Tis History herself who rises up to speak with us. An hour passed in that spot teaches us more than the heaviest tomes, and shows us with a tragical evidence how "this killed that"—*comment ceci tua cela*.'

Thus, amid the signs of coming anarchy, amid wild dreams and present misery and discord, the star of our artist's life, which had long waned, flickered feebly out at last. The stern and vigorous Romans of the painter David, the marble heroes of republican antiquity, had put to the rout his silken *bergères*, his amorous and yielding goddesses; his collection was broken up, his paintings scattered, and his fame sunk into contempt beneath the whirl of new ideas.

It is for us, who look at the art of his day from the safer standpoint which time and distance can give, to endeavour to form a better appreciation of its value, and, if we condemn its faults, at the same time to recognise and approve its merits.

These merits it has been the aim of the above pages to briefly indicate, and to place the artist's peculiar genius in the lightness and grace of his fancy, the gaiety and *abandon* of a style whose sources had been drawn from the spirit of the age and country in which he lived; and if we were to seek to analyse his faults we should, I believe, find them no less reflected in those of the age, in its frivolity and often forced and fictitious sentiment. We do but learn here again the true old lesson that art must be ever based on the deeper life of nature, and that it is only when she has her roots deep in that soil that she can become great and living, and as far as may be, almost eternal. Yet in an age in which false customs and men's vice or folly have closed their eyes to these simple verities such an art may have become well-nigh impossible; it has perchance flickered out in a noble but hopeless contest, or, like Boucher's, has drawn in with its

growth the weeds that have choked and soiled its beauty.

It is not, however, the object of the present writer to apply these few concluding remarks exclusively to the art of the eighteenth century; on the contrary, he would consider that they might be carried

a century later without much fear of losing anything in the point of their application.

'There is no place,' said Thoreau once, writing in the little village of Concord, 'for a work of fine art to stand amongst us until our lives, our houses, and streets furnish its proper pedestal.'

SELWYN BRINTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE new premises of the National Gallery were thrown open to the public on the first Monday in July. These consist of a new staircase, vestibule, and five galleries, with studios and store-rooms on the basement. A broad flight of steps, from which break on either hand staircases leading to the British section and to the French, Flemish, Spanish, and late Italian schools, conducts to the large group of galleries, eleven in number, headed by the new suite, wherein are hung the Italian pictures, according to their schools. The large Gallery I., sixty-five feet long by forty wide, is mainly appropriated to Tuscan masters, but here also finds place the great Da Vinci, *La Vierge aux Rochers*. At the end of the new series of rooms is the large Gallery VI., eighty-five feet by forty, given to the Umbrian and Roman schools, with the Blenheim Raphael closing the vista of rooms as seen from the entrance vestibule. On the eastward lies the block gained by the removal of the Academy in 1869. The Director (Sir F. Burton) and his staff must be congratulated on the space which now permits of the systematised and uncrowded disposition of the masterpieces under their care, and on the sufficiently imposing and tasteful structure and decoration of the new building. The next point is the issue of the complete catalogue, for which there would seem to be now no such reasonable cause of delay as has hitherto existed in the temporary placing of pictures.

MR. MONKHOUSE has compiled an instructive and well-timed manual on the group of Italian pre-Raphaelites represented in the National Gallery. Messrs. Cassell publish it at the popular price of one shilling, and numerous illustrations serve to brighten the text. It is not easy to combine a catalogue and commentary in an attractive style, but Mr. Monkhouse has a certain enthusiasm and freshness, and he instructs the audience for whom his little handbook is intended in a sympathetic way which should commend its use. It seems to us an excellent example of the kind of literary guide which, if compiled in the same spirit for other portions of the national collection, would greatly aid their intelligent enjoyment by the average visitor.

THE new Print Room at the British Museum was opened early in July, and the first exhibition of the treasures under Professor Sydney Colvin's keeping set forth in the galleries. In the lofty and well-lit upper rooms on the northern side of the Museum are arranged a consecutive series of prints to illustrate the history of the art of engraving, containing some six hundred pieces in all. Commencing with woodcut, we pass from early blocks and the work of Dürer and his school down to English Bewick; then follow engraving in line, mezzotint, stipple, &c. The examples close with a collection of lithographs by the most eminent English and French artists. The plates, with the exception of a central stand in one of the galleries, are hung flat to the walls, and uniformly framed in black. The corresponding galleries on the same floor are given to the open collection of the Coin and Medal Department. It is purposed to set forth subsequently selections from the rich national collection of original drawings. By such exhibitions from time to time, opportunity for study and instruction will be given to the public, who in their numbers cannot be admitted within the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Print Department.

A BACKWARD glance over the art season, which may be said to close with the end of July, recalls a somewhat brilliant spectacle. At the Goupil Gallery have been given gleanings from the French Salon and subsidiary Paris exhibitions, which have been supplemented in at least half-a-dozen other places by pictures and sculpture of every Continental school; while, to make the tale complete, pictures deemed sufficiently sensational to draw their own audience, by Faléro, Suchorowski, &c., have swelled the list of shows. Young England has put forth annual manifestation of feebleness at the Nineteenth Century Art Society, and made efforts of a distinct and advancing kind, much influenced by a certain Parisian *clique* of stylists, at the new English Art Club, under the leadership of Messrs. Sargent, Shannon, Kennington, H. Hacker, H. Tuke, and Percy Bigland. The somewhat indefinite link of unity in work of this very mixed guild of painters is an aim at neither aesthetic impression nor scientific or imitative truth, but a purely artistic scheme of representation on the basis of 'values' or relative intensity and truth of tonalities. It is needless to say that, like all theories, this also breaks into failure when overstrained; produces fine results when guided by the artistic faculty that is above and beyond it, and likewise is plentifully disregarded by its advocates when it suits them. Then we have had our Academy show, marked by increasingly clever technical skill, by increasing impudence and vulgarity among the clever, and increasing and grotesque feebleness among the respectable mediocrity; also, let us in justice state, by the various study of the infinitely various aspects of outdoor landscape, which is almost the only indication of reverence in our artists of to-day. We have had our Grosvenor Gallery, refreshing for character in success and in failure, and our hundreds of 'sole' exhibitions—valuable notes of individual effort whereby the community grows. Finally, we have had, in that very disappointing visitation, the American Exhibition, a reminder of what American genius looks like under foreign training, as of Beirstadt, the famous landscapist at Düsseldorf, and many more modern men at Paris or Munich or Antwerp; and some little work, which, by subject at all events, is indigenous—battle-pieces by Botherwick, 'buffalo-pieces' and American forests by Stirling, Trotter, Lakey, Lewin. Also portraits of the Queen, *apropos* to 'Jubilee Year,' painted by gracious permission some fifty years ago, by one Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia city, and now the property of a philanthropic society that acts under the shield of English St. George. When into this summary are brought the successive shows of the auction-rooms, through which the great things in art filter like life-blood to and fro from end to end of the community, and when is added the published evidence of labour from the studios of etcher and engraver, there is no escape from the truth that artistic production furnishes an ever increasingly active and absorbing factor in our social and commercial life, and that, despite the great strain of political and national events, the past season bears keen witness to this fact.

WE note with pleasure the new edition of the South Kensington Drawing-books, prepared under the careful supervision of the Director, Mr. Poynter, R.A., many of which have been sent us. Nothing can be better than the copies of natural growth, leaves and flowers, and of ornament, chosen for the

books of freehand first-grade elementary design, these leading securely to the more subtle and elaborate examples in the second-grade series of ornament, in the style of the great schools, given in flat and perspective views, and to the studies of the human figure in sculpture and in Raphael's cartoons. The appended notes for the guidance of the young student are explicit and concise, and the basing of the lessons in form upon the lines of the human figure and the natural growth of plants and flowers, assures right training of eye and hand. The old system began at the wrong end—the dead ornament instead of its living source and prototype.

THE Prussian Government has bought, for removal to the National Gallery at Berlin, the frescoes painted on the walls of the Casa Bartholdi in Rome, in 1815, by the group of enthusiastic young painters, Overbeck, Cornelius, Schadow, and Veit, in whom centred the German revival of Christian art. The subject of the series is the story of Joseph and his Brethren, and the four artists, who afterwards widely diverged in manner, here worked in singular unison, bringing their various divisions into a sound scheme of decoration. The frescoes vary in length from eight to seventeen feet, and average eight feet of height. In the 'Life of Overbeck,' published in 1882, by the late Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, that authoritative critic on all matters concerning German art, the writer noted the paintings to be, 'barring some surface cracks, in as perfect condition as when they came from the artists' hands.' The frescoes have been successfully detached from the walls at very considerable cost, and will thus be saved from the destruction incident to the possible demolition of the Casa Bartholdi.

LATE in the season the Burlington Fine Arts Club opened to members and their friends one of those choice loan exhibitions for which this club of connoisseurs and collectors is famous. The subject on this occasion was Hispano-Moresque or Hispano-Arabic pottery and Italian majolica, and probably such a splendidly select collection of objects in these connected branches of the Ceramic art has never before been brought together. Among the hundred and forty pieces of Spanish ware, flaming softly with unrivalled golden lustre glaze, were many of the open dishes figured with heraldic shields special to this fabric, those lent by Mr. Godman and Mr. Drury Fortnum being notably splendid. The drug-pots called Albarello display a noble disposition of floral ornament. The bowls and plateaux are covered with conventionalised flowers and foliage, or with freely treated geometric designs, while in a few cases birds and animals are introduced, the forms always boldly and even roughly drawn; the colour used is always golden lustre of various intensity, sometimes inclining to ruby, and dark blue paint upon a creamy ground of tin enamel. The date of this pottery spreads over the fifteenth century; it is held by authorities to claim parentage over the Italian majolica, which, though radiant with more various lustres, and ornamented and pictured by the luxuriant fancy of the Italian artists of the sixteenth century, cannot claim the palm for right application of decoration, or beat the glorious mellowness of the Spanish golden lustre. Mr. Drury Fortnum fitly headed the Italian side of the collection with his Della Robbia Tabernacle, probably the work of Andrea, and the pieces of majolica, nearly three hundred in number, included all the known forms of dishes, vases, tazzas, plaques, plates, pilgrim bottles, cisterns, drug-pots, &c. The ware of the different majolica centres was all worthily represented, including splendid examples of Gubbio from the hand of Maestro Giorgio, resplendent in coloured lustre glaze, pictured designs of Urbino by Francesco Xanto, priceless pieces of Castel Durante, Monte Bagnolo, Faenza, Pesaro. The plates and dishes decorated with heads were particularly fine. Mr. Leopold Rothschild, Mr. Massey Mainwaring, and Sir Francis Cook lent large elaborately figured cisterns of Urbino majolica; Mr. Drury Fortnum's and Mr. Salting's separate cases of various examples, but especially of Urbino, alone constituted an exhibition worth a pilgrimage. The only regret in connexion

with this beautiful collection is the disappointing nature of the catalogue, which by the absence of such a scholarly introduction or treatise as has always prefaced the club catalogues, and by the somewhat meagre notes makes a break in the series and mars the ends of the exhibition for student visitors.

WE are indebted to the Autotype Company for the concluding Part IV. of their sumptuous issue of facsimiles after Bartolozzi's prints. In all a hundred plates have been given, and the last volume, which is perhaps not the best in selection of designs, contains stipple engravings in various colours from the sentimental elegancies of Kaufmann, Cipriani, and others of the group, with a few from Guercino and one or two charming designs by Reynolds of somewhat robust fibre. The work, which is luxurious in margin and type, has been limited to an issue of 150 copies by Messrs. Sotheran.

MESSRS. SOTHERAN publish by subscription a splendid work on 'Musical Instruments, Historic, Rare, and Unique,' to which Mr. A. I. Hipkins furnishes the text—a congenial office admirably filled; and Mr. William Gibb draws the fifty chromo plates, after objects in the wonderful loan collection of instruments gathered at the Albert Hall in 1885. The general issue is limited to 1040, and fifty 'proof' portfolio copies, with plates on Japanese paper and text apart, are issued to subscribers only.

WE are sorry not to give more enthusiastic welcome to the well-intentioned issue of Scripture Prints by the National Society, for use as wall prints in schools and such purposes. These are adaptations from pictures by the masters of the Italian or Flemish schools, drawn by Mr. J. E. Goodall and chromo-lithographed by Messrs. Hanhart. Archaism is professedly eliminated and greater realism and accuracy in landscape and other detail are introduced. The intention is to preserve the religious impression of mediaeval Christian art while accommodating the design to modern knowledge and the attitude of the child of to-day. Mr. Goodall has doubtless done his task well and reverently, but we think the attempt a mistake, and the chromo colour is sometimes unmitigatedly vulgar. The basis of this scheme for teaching the modern schoolboy by religious art was doubtless a book, 'The Life of our Lord, illustrated from Italian Painters,' brought out by the same Society, under the auspices of Mr. Goodall as artist and, as author, Prof. F. T. Palgrave, who has been 'adviser' in the present publication.

THE fine points of the late Randolph Caldecott's genial talent were never more aptly applied than to the tales of Washington Irving—'Old Christmas' and 'Bracebridge Hall,' which Messrs. Macmillan have reprinted. Mr. James D. Cooper co-operated as engraver admirably, and schemed out the plan of illustrations. With some exceptions the cuts for the first tale are the best, more complete in character, drawn more *con amore* and with a freer hand; but there is a dainty, old-fashioned charm about all the series, and the bits of rural life, and especially any incidents of the hunting-field or the road, show the clever draughtsman's happy intimacy with his subject-matter. The same publishers issue a companion volume—our old friend 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' illustrated by Hugh Thompson. This artist has caught a good deal of Caldecott's manner in the treatment of open-air scenes, where huntsmen and hounds scamper across or down the printed page, and seem to bring the fresh breezes of the country side with them. His hand is heavier, but more directly picturesque in dramatic matter, and his caricature 'less typical and more narrative' is often overdone. In spite of a mannerism which gives a touch of monotony to his work, Mr. Thompson is, however, certainly one of the brightest skilled members of the school of illustration. The engraving of many of these drawings is particularly good, and it is a pity the name of the executant does not appear on the title-page, as has become the honourable custom.



BUST OF A CHILD, IN MARBLE.

THERE is nothing, except its animated and ingenuous air and expression, to distinguish this pretty and carefully finished piece of French sculpture from a host of similar examples by the accomplished artists of France who lived under the *régime* of Louis XV. These men attained their share of fortune in the second quarter of the last century when Cardinal Fleury distributed State patronage for art according to his light, and in a manner which was, on the whole, astonishingly fortunate, and placed the Académie des Beaux-Arts on a very solid foundation. It bears on its back an 'H,' which may stand for the name of Jean Antoine Houdon, who was born at Versailles and outlived his famous contemporary J. B. Greuze, one of the longest-lived artists on record, who was born in 1725 and died in 1805. Houdon, a Membre de l'Institut, died in Paris, July 15, 1828. A brilliant executant, with a turn for naturalism such as the bust displays, Houdon produced very numerous portraits of great merit and that high finish which he learnt in Italy to impart to all his works. One of his best-known productions is the anatomical figure the French call *L'Écorché*, and which has a considerable reputation on this side of the Channel. We do not

want the necklace and its pendant cross to tell us that the bust is a portrait; the *vraisemblance* and peculiar character of the features affirm a likeness to some individual. It may have been intended to represent a child in the character of one of the Seasons, if so Summer is alluded to by the flowers of the garland crossing the bosom and twined with a riband about the hair of the little one. It is one of nine busts (of which those of Marie Antoinette and the Princesse de Lamballe, to which we have already alluded, are two), formerly the property of Mr. John Jones, of 95 Piccadilly, who died in January 1882, and bequeathed to the nation his costly collections of *bric-à-brac*, sculptures, paintings, drawings, bronzes, ceramic works, and furniture, many hundreds in all. Mr. Jones was a tailor and army-clothier, who had accumulated nearly 400,000*l.*, 70,000*l.* of which he gave to the Convalescent Hospital at Ventnor. Having lived an extremely quiet life, and being abstemious and moderate in all things, this collector survived till his eighty-second year, and astonished the public by the gift of all his curiosities and works of art, which are now deposited in the gallery bearing his name at South Kensington.

F. G. STEPHENS.

HAARLEM.

THE debt of English to Dutch and Flemish architecture is greater than is generally admitted. The intercourse between England and the Netherlands, though frequently broken off by arbitrary decrees and the caprice of sovereigns, continued without serious interruption from the days when Edward III. called the brewer of Ghent his 'dear gossip' till the end of the War of Independence. Throughout this period the traffic of England with the Netherlands was greater than with any other country; there were constant immigrations of Flemish and Dutch settlers into England, and by the end of the sixteenth century the heroic efforts of the Dutch to assert their political and religious liberty had won a strong hold on the sympathies of Protestant England. As a natural consequence English architecture shows distinct traces of Flemish, and later of Dutch, influence. Not only was the reintroduction of brickwork in the fifteenth century due to the Flemish settlers, but certain peculiarities of English Perpendicular work along the east coast of England may probably be assigned to the same source. The extraordinary delicacy of detail to be

found in many of the fourteenth and fifteenth-century churches in Norfolk and Suffolk strongly suggests ecclesiastical work in the Netherlands of the same period, and, all the difference of style considered, resemble it more closely than the bolder but coarser work which was being carried out simultaneously in the west of England. It is probable that like causes produced like effects, that both in the east of England and the Netherlands this crisp precision of finish was partly due to the value of stone in districts where it was generally scarce. But even with this admission, there remains an identity of feeling only to be accounted for by a close contact of ideas. By the end of the sixteenth century the foreign element asserts itself still more strongly. The resemblance between Dutch and English Renaissance woodwork is unmistakable. An habitual and admirable use of turned ornament is common to both countries. Most of the Dutch churches contain quantities of screenwork formed of turned wooden balusters, and similar screens and railings used to be common in English churches, but in consequence of the repeated alterations of church fittings in this and the last century they are

now only rarely to be found in out-of-the-way country churches. One still more familiar feature, the great brass hanging candelabra that used to light our churches, proves the same relationship. Similar candelabra are found in the Dutch churches; for instance, the magnificent example in the Kinder Kerk at Haarlem. Instances might be easily multiplied, but it is only necessary to point out the resemblance of the two styles, together with the fact that Dutch instances anticipate the English by some thirty years, in order to show that Dutch sixteenth to seventeenth century architecture must be considered as a factor of more or less importance in any historical criticism of the style of our English Renaissance. It is not of course asserted that the Dutch or, for the matter of that, any other Renaissance style was the cause of the new departure in English art. The revival, which in England as elsewhere was literary in the first instance, gathered up the broken threads and wasted energies of earlier art and stamped them with a new purpose; its greatest work was to break

up the ground for fresh ideas; to produce, in short, that ability to let the mind play freely round its object, which has been defined as the chief end of culture. With this rare quality of mental accessibility the men of Elizabeth's time were richly endowed, and they were not slow to assimilate new ideas on art so ready to hand as the Dutch. It is a curious but significant fact that while the great noblemen's houses of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods show an obvious anxiety to follow Italian detail, the smaller houses of the gentry and the merchant classes persistently reproduce Dutch *motifs*. The Italian influence disappeared, while the Dutch retained its hold on the English vernacular style down to the very last days of its existence.

Excepting the churches, instances of architecture earlier than the end of the sixteenth century are rare in Holland. No doubt in towns whose area was strictly determined by canals, the inhabitants were

likely to rebuild on the old sites, but the sackings and burnings which accompanied each successful step of the Spanish arms sufficiently account for this poverty in early work. At any rate, the Spaniards were responsible for it at Haarlem. Most people will recollect Motley's description of the siege of 1572: how the very women fought under Kenau Simon Hanselaer, that grim-faced widow whose portrait now hangs in the Ryks Museum beside the cold, impassible countenance of Alva; how men, women, and children, tore down the statues from the churches to repair their walls; and how, after a surrender on honourable terms, the Spaniards, with their

customary observance of the most solemn pledges, put to the sword two thousand three hundred of the inhabitants. The town recovered with the withdrawal of the Spaniards, and, excepting the churches, the town-hall, and the water-gate, most of its buildings date from the era of its renewed prosperity.

Haarlem lies amid the rich pastures of Holland, about three miles behind the sand-hills, and almost within sight of

Amsterdam on a clear day. There is a small view of the town by Hollar, which shows its aspect before the Haarlemmer Meer was reclaimed. The Spaarne, a fine broad river, about as wide as the Thames at Windsor, runs through the eastern half of the town in an irregular zigzag line; and well-grown parks of beech and lime-trees, broken up by tulip gardens, surround the rest of the town. Most of the streets are paved with brick, kept with all the scrupulous cleanliness of the Dutch, for Haarlem is said to be the cleanest town in Holland; and the houses are built of brick and stone, with pantile roofs, a most welcome relief after the dreary, grass-grown squares of the Belgian towns, with their yellow, plastered houses, and abounding evidence of contented squalor. The market-place stands in the middle of the town, and contains most of the important buildings: at one side the old town-hall, on the north side the



Fleishers' Hall, and beyond this the mighty pile of the Groote Kerk.

The most remarkable thing about the 'great church' is its suggestion of tremendous size. Its design is simple, consisting of a nave and aisles, transepts, choir and aisles, on the orthodox lines. The architect seems to have adopted a straightforward plan, and to have devoted himself to the production of a church which should be impressive by its broad handling of masses rather than by multiplicity of detail. Thus above the strong arcades of nave and choir there are only single engaged shafts to meet the springing of the groining. The piers at the crossing consist of four engaged half-round columns, and the architect with admirable boldness

good, and probably a copy of earlier stone vaulting. The choir is separated from the crossing by a beautiful brass screen, on a stone or wooden plinth, it is difficult to say which, owing to the paint. The plinth is carved with the escutcheons of the donors, and has at each end two dogs facing the nave, but with heads turned backwards, one with a wallet, the other with a puppy bound to its neck. Two carved lions stand beside the entrance to the choir. Above the plinth is the screen of open brasswork, consisting of shafts, carrying florid but beautiful tracery of interlaced branches treated with a good deal of naturalism. People enamoured of the severer forms of early Gothic are apt to condemn such work as exaggerated and debased; it is hard to see why. There is nothing



carried up the columns of the nave and chancel arches in one unbroken sweep to the springing of the vaulting, passing without deigning to notice them, the capitals of the nave arcade and transept arches. True to his main idea, the piers of the choir are plain massive cylinders, with the curious feature of a simple necking instead of the usual capital, above which the piers die out into the mouldings of the arcade. The effect of this absence of capitals is not satisfactory; the eye wants some strong line to rest upon before attacking the intricacies of the groining, and this, and the feeble treatment of the triforium, are the weakest points in the design. The Dutch architects do not seem to have grasped the architectural possibilities of the triforium, and were often, as in this church at Haarlem, content with some insignificant arcade in its place. Like the Oude Kerk at Amsterdam, the Church of St. Laurence at Alkmaar, and many of the Dutch churches, the choir and nave have lierne groining in wood, and the design of the choir groining, which is dated 1530, is particularly

in the nature of brass as a metal which renders it less suited to this imaginative treatment than to the orthodox cusping and tracery borrowed from stone and woodwork; and though such freedom of design is dangerous in incapable hands, one might say with Bolingbroke,—

‘Ah, no! The apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.’

Art is not to be bound by the ill-considered formulæ of every antiquarian pedant, or the fanaticism of every purist.

The probable date of the screen is somewhere early in the sixteenth century, rather earlier than the elaborate wooden screenwork in the choir, which shows a curious renaissance version of tracery combined with balusters. The fine lectern and the two brass candle-brackets in the choir are examples of the Dutchman's traditional skill in brasswork when under purely Gothic influences. There is a delicately carved piece of fifteenth-century stallwork

tiful one in the Kinder Kerk, close by, is a little later, and there is one at Hoorn dated 1600 still on Gothic lines. Throughout the seventeenth century the Dutch continued building lofty belfries of wood covered with lead, which show a happy mixture of Gothic feeling and Renaissance detail; for instance, the fine example at Leyden, on the Steenschuur Canal opposite the Groote Ruïne. Baedeker habitually calls these seventeenth-century belfries 'broach-spires,' which is exactly what they are not.

In connexion with early Dutch art, the Episcopal Museum in the Kruisweg is well worth visiting. It contains some specimens of wood-carving quite equal to the best Flemish work, a fifteenth-century reliquary from the parish church of Sassenheim, with fictitious drops of blood made with red silk on linen and shown through horny glass, manuscripts, various church vessels, and some fine embroidered vestments of the fifteenth century. The subjects of the latter, which are taken from the Gospels, such as the *Childhood of Christ*, *Christ in the Garden*, &c., are all treated in the manner of the early Flemish painters borrowed from contemporary sculpture. They are usually set in canopy work, enriched with pearls and jewels. A beautiful effect is got in the earlier instances by laying down parts of the robes with horizontal lines of gold thread, and working over these in vertical lines of red and yellow silks, which gives the effect of hatching in red, yellow, and gold. The main outlines of the figures are emphasized with gold and silver thread in cable stitch. In later and inferior work a crewel-work stitch was substituted for the hatching upon gold; but that the art survived as late as the seventeenth century is shown by an exquisitely embroidered altar frontal of flowers in blue, green, and pink, on white satin, in one of the upper rooms of the Museum. Cabinets in the upper rooms contain an historical series of brocades and Utrecht velvets from 1300 to 1800; and a valuable collection of lace. The Museum also possesses some good illuminated manuscripts from various churches in Holland, many of them music manuscripts. There is a superb instance of the latter from Enkhuizen drawn in red ink on a yellow ground, and a similar design is shown from Purmerend on a single sheet, measuring 18 x 12, executed with brush and pen in red, green, white, and blue. The Flemish was the leading school of mediæval music in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. William Dufay was born at Chimay, in Hainault, in 1360; Ockenheim, at Termonde early in the fifteenth century; Josquin des Prés, at St. Quentin about 1450; and Orlandus Lassus at Mons between 1520 and 1530. The Haarlem Museum contains, amid a set of examples of musical notation from 1300 to 1500, a curious diagram called 'the hand of Guido of Arezzo' apparently executed

somewhere about 1500. This is a drawing of an open hand with the notes and their names written across it and on the fingers. Guido of Arezzo was a monk of the eleventh century, who invented the



term 'ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la.' 'He is said to have taken them from a hymn for the festival of St.



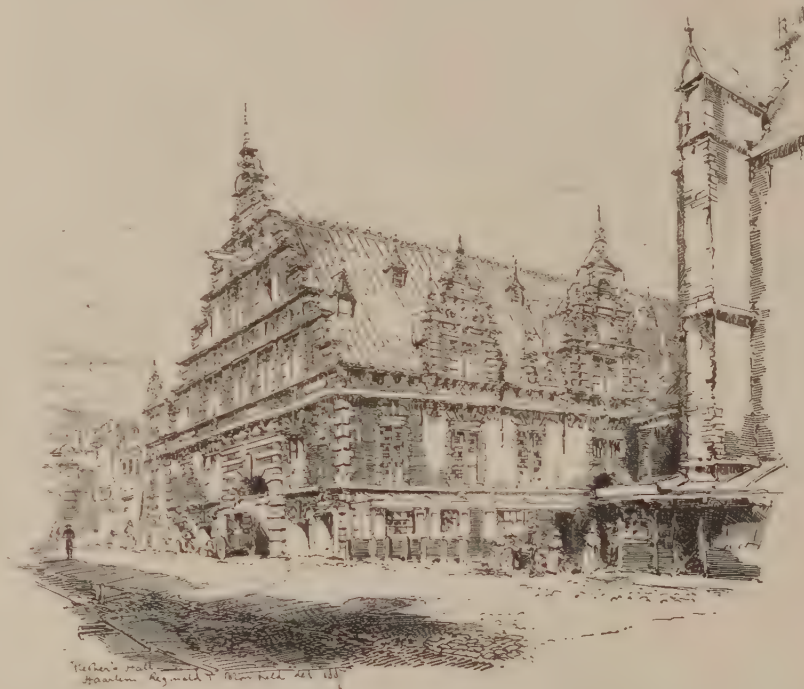
John. He proposed them as a sort of *memoria technica* to a brother monk as a means by which he could recall the melody of the hymn, each phrase of which rises a note higher, after the manner of the notes of the scale.* There are several instances of metal-work and other arts in the Museum, which afford further evidence that the people of Holland

* W. Barrett, 'English Glee and Part Songs.'

and the northern provinces of the Netherlands had a vigorous school of Gothic of their own.

The Groote Kerk at Haarlem is a good instance of this sound and little-known school of Dutch Gothic. It shows the faults of that school, especially in its inattention to the triforium, and in what seems to an English eye certain eccentricities of detail. Still it is a noble and impressive building, with a distinct individuality of character; immeasurably superior to such futility as the architecture of Antwerp Cathedral.

Close to the west end of the Church is the Fishers' Hall, built in 1603. It is a fantastic and effective building of brick and stone, with a lead-covered roof, and the elaborate dormers and gables characteristic of the more ambitious efforts of the Dutch Renaissance. In spite of its picturesqueness and undeniable beauty of colour, this building shows all the faults of that style when it was concerned with important work. Much of the sculpture is coarse and



heavy, quite out of scale with the delicacy of treatment suggested by the bricks; and a good deal of the ornament seems merely the result of a crude and exuberant imagination. As in our own Renaissance, the happiest instances of the style are to be found in its humbler domestic work. The old weigh-house on the Spaarne, a stone building with a steep slate roof built in 1598, shows the same clumsiness of detail. The weigh-house does not appear to have been much altered since it was built; the whole of the ground-floor is taken up with the old weighing machines, which are hung from the massive beams of an open timbered ceiling. The largest of these is a gigantic steelyard eleven feet long dated 1623, with weighing crates attached to it by chains; a smaller one close by is dated 1591.

Perhaps the most suggestive thing in Haarlem is its street architecture. Most of the houses date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and belong to one of two types. Nearly all the seventeenth-

century houses have an arrangement of stepped gables with molded coping-stones, flat pilasters, and three-centred arches of brick and stone over the window-heads, which is clearly a direct development from the Gothic gable with its corbie-steps. There is a good example of the latter in No. 92 Kleine Hootstraat. In this house the two lower arches are cusped; and instead of being flat, project from the face of the wall, and spring from short twisted shafts of brickwork on corbels. The date of the house is probably early in the sixteenth century. All the gables were tied back with rods and wrought-iron cramps of very varied designs; a feature which has been faithfully reproduced in modern English copies

of Dutch work, in spite of the fact that our bricks are half again as big as the Dutch, and our walls proportionately thicker.

At the end of the seventeenth century, the house with the stepped gable gave way to a gable with a straight top and curved sides, formed of a vertical segment of an ellipse, terminating in a knob

of foliage. These main types were generally adhered to, with variations, down to about the middle of the eighteenth century; and the interest of the old Dutch streets is mainly due to this diversity of gables. Close to St. Elizabeth's Gasthuis in Haarlem, there is a row of houses with twelve of the stepped gables, then two eighteenth-century gables, then six more of the stepped gables—twenty gables in all. Many of the houses have the signs of their owners carved on the fronts, and inscriptions in Dutch and Latin. The Dutch have a weakness for inscriptions: there is one in the Kinder Kerk which might interest the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings. It runs—

'Si Laudem nova qui struxerunt templa tulere,
Cur non qui renovant et vetus hocce ferant.

1639.'

Why not, indeed? except that the renovation was vile.

The Townhall, which stands at the west end of the market-place, is really about the oldest building



in Haarlem, and was originally the palace of the Counts of Holland. The only trace of this earlier building, however, is possibly the great hall, which retains its original open timber ceiling. The front was altered in 1630, and again quite recently, when, for no apparent reason, an open colonnade which used to stand under a projecting wing was walled up. A picture by Berck Heyde in the Museum at Haarlem, dated 1671, shows this colonnade open to the market-place. The most interesting thing in the Townhall is the superb collection of corporation pieces by Franz Hals. The Hals family had lived in Haarlem since the middle of the fourteenth century; and the painter himself, though born at either Malines or Antwerp in 1584, settled early in Haarlem, and passed the remainder of his life there. When Vandyck pressed him to come to England, he replied that he preferred the company of his friends and his bottle; to the latter, at any rate, he showed an unswerving fidelity. His work as an artist is more pleasant to contemplate than his private life. Nothing in its way can surpass the unerring draughtsmanship and magnificent mastery of colour shown in these great portrait pieces. The finest are those representing the banquets of the different shooting guilds (Doelen). No. 71, for instance, painted in 1616, shows an assembly of the arquebusiers of St. George, in black doublets and dresses relieved by

red and white silk sashes; in spite of its studied simplicity, the picture glows with colour. The workmanship of this picture is more solid than that of any of his later works. Probably the consciousness of great abilities made the painter indifferent to finish, and he seems to have been comparatively careless in composition. In a picture of the arquebusiers of St. Andrew, the most conspicuous point of colour is given by a tall man in the centre, with light blue sash and feather and olive-coloured hat and doublet; but the whole interest of the picture centres in the group in the left-hand corner which surrounds the colonel, a grand old officer in black velvet with an orange sash. There is an hiatus in the biography of Franz Hals, which has not yet been filled up. From about 1644 to 1662 little is known of his life, and there seem to be no dated works of his during this period. The painter, *more suo*, was probably under water; and the town did not take pity on him till 1664, when they granted him a pension of 200 florins. Perhaps it was in recognition of this that he painted the portraits of the governors and governesses of the hospital in that year—most melancholy works; showing a complete loss of the consummate *technique* of his early years, and the feeble effort of a worn-out man to replace by trick and recollection the fire of a vigorous genius. Two years later, in 1666, the painter died.



A short walk through the rambling streets and across the Spaarne brings one to the water-gate on

the Amsterdam side of the town—a red brick building with steep slated roofs, dating from the end of the fifteenth century, with later additions. It consists of a tower with a portcullis, under which passes the roadway; on the water-side the tower has a gallery with machicolations, and two tall octagonal turrets at the angles. Curtain walls project from the lower stage, enclosing an open ward, and terminate in two smaller towers which flank the outer gateway. The only ornament is a band of shields half way up these towers, worked in stone flush with the face of the brickwork, and its effect is due to the extremely happy grouping, a characteristic of all the old Dutch

of architecture, even if the value of its positive contribution to the art is questioned. That the architecture of the Dutch Renaissance is open to a good deal of hostile criticism on certain points one may readily admit, but criticism in detail is altogether different from that wholesale condemnation of the art of an intelligent and once powerful people, to which we have been so often treated. It is mere ignorance to persist in levelling facile sneers at 'High Dutch.' There is no such thing as a given style which is to be everywhere and under all conditions of transcendent beauty, and the first lesson of that wider artistic culture which we all affect, should be a sympathetic



water-gates. The noble instance at Horn, on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, is well known. The same town possesses another beautiful gate on the landward side, built in 1578, in a style suggestive of Spanish Renaissance architecture. By a curious coincidence the gate was built only five years after the signal defeat of the Spanish fleet off Horn by Admiral Dirk Zoon in 1573; and, perhaps with reference to this victory, it bears an inscription, characteristic of the solid piety and scholarship of the founders of the Dutch Republic:—

*' Nil prosunt vigilum excubiae, nihil arma minaeque
Murorum ingentes, Raucaeque tonitrua Cannae,
Ni Deus hancce velis regere ac tutarier urbem.'*

In spite of its wealth there is a happy continuity of tradition in Haarlem, such as is not to be found in the great cities of France and England, where the advance in material prosperity has thrust into the background the evidence of earlier but still recent habits of life, and hence the town is rich in suggestion to those who apply the historical method to the study

insight into genuine art, under whatever shape it chooses to display itself, and a revolt from the dogmas of that eloquent writer, who having found salvation in the art of a particular people, chooses to deny all efficacy to other forms of art, and conveniently ignores the fact that the latter were produced under totally different conditions. A study of the art of the Dutch Renaissance leads one to the conclusion that within its own limits, and in relation to its peculiar ends, the art has a definite value; its faults are obvious, but its happy ingenuity and the freedom of thought with which it fused the new principles of classicism into its traditional art are not so readily appreciated. If the continuous development of English architecture is to be resumed, and one may hope for a deliverance from the anachronism of modern Gothic, there is likely to be more value in the critical study of styles which have helped to give our art its peculiar character, than in magnificent flights of sentimental rapture about a style to which it never stood in any relation at all.

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

EVENING, NEAR HARROW.

ETCHED BY C. F. ALLBON.

THIS etching is a new instance of the sufficiency of an extremely simple subject if the artist has the kind of feeling which enables him to see the elements which are available. The composition is well known, though we do not easily tire of it, and it may be recognised in lake scenes and figure subjects as well as in this homely arrangement of tree and hedge and gate. A mass of some kind on each hand—one larger than the other, a distance seen in

an opening between the two, and some amount of picturesque detail in the foreground, make a description which, whilst fully applicable to this simple picture, is at the same time applicable to many others of a more pretentious character. This may be the reason why subjects of little definable interest have still, as in the present case, an attraction beyond the value of the materials represented. They are not in any way remarkable for novelty, but they satisfy the artistic sense.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

VII.—*John Phillip (continued); James Cassie; Edmund Thornton Crawford; Thomas Duncan; Alexander Christie; James Drummond; William Borthwick Johnstone.*

IN 1859 Phillip was elected an Academician, and twelve months later he was again in Spain, visiting Madrid, Segovia, Toledo, Cordova, and, of course, Seville. In Seville he spent most of the half-year of his absence, and, by the time he turned his face homewards, had begun, and nearly finished, twenty-five important pictures, besides twenty small ones and a large number of water-colour drawings and sketches. At Madrid he copied several of the finest of the works of Velazquez. Two of these copies—the *Las Meninas* and the portrait of Martinez Montañés, the sculptor (which used to be called a portrait of Alonso Cano)—were afterwards bought by the Royal Academy, and now hang in the painting school at Burlington House. A third was bought by the Royal Scottish Academy, and placed in the National Gallery at Edinburgh: it is from the *Surrender of Breda*, the picture so famous as *Las Lanzas*. The amount of work done by Phillip during this last sojourn in Spain was extraordinary. The pace of his brush must have been almost as great as that to which the Neapolitan who had worked on the same country two centuries before owed his name of Fa Presto. To this rapidity is, no doubt, due a certain want of modelled substance in his later works, as well as an occasional contentment with the obvious in design.

One of the twenty-five pictures commenced during these last six months in Spain was Phillip's masterpiece, the *La Gloria*, which deals with the strange Spanish custom of holding an uproarious wake over little children when they die. *La Gloria* was exhibited at the Academy of 1864,* where it

created a great sensation. It is a double picture. On the right, the canvas is occupied by the wall of a modest Spanish house; through the doorway we see into a darkened room, in which the dead child is laid out in the dull glare of a candle or two, while, in the broad shadow of the house, the weeping mother refuses to join the dancers, who turn in the sunlight which fills the left of the canvas. Few things, as a rule, are more fatal to the success of any work of art than a divided interest and a double technical scheme. But here Phillip has not succumbed. The shadow, by which the sombre half of his work has its significance enhanced, is won in the most natural way, while its junction with the Spanish sunlight, which falls unbroken on the gaudy skirts of the dancers, is contrived with fine skill. Of this subject, as a subject, it would be easy to make more than Phillip made of it. The contrast between real woe and the light-heartedness which seizes upon any excuse for merry-making, could, without much difficulty, be set more vividly upon canvas than he has set it. But, as an essay in colour and chiaroscuro, *La Gloria* will hold its own with the work of almost any modern master. The brushing has the rich, easy fatness we should expect from a worshipper of Velazquez who had not been jaded by too much familiarity, or perverted by the practice of the modern studios of Spain. And even as story it has some fine passages: the girl's head, for instance, who sits, half in light and half in shadow, twanging her guitar to the dancers and singing, while her tear-laden eyes are turned to the poor young mother on her left; and the face of the mother herself, which, without any approach to over-accent, exactly renders the piteous desolation of the moment.

* It is now in the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, lent by Mr. John Pender.

In the following year, 1865, Phillip sent to the Academy the large picture of *Murillo Painting in the Streets of Seville*, which was recently sold at Christie's, and hangs, as I write, at Manchester. Although, perhaps, his most ambitious picture, it is deficient as a creation. The subject was scarcely suited to his genius, which was at its best with themes that gave a chance for style, for balanced arrangement, and for simple arabesque. This may be seen in a picture painted in 1862-3, which, in spite of its comparatively small size and modest theme, is one of the very finest productions of the school to which its author belongs. The subject of *La Bomba* is merely a girl pouring out wine for

only to study the works of the great Italians, but also to paint the portraits of the Pope and Garibaldi. If this were so he was disappointed, but he did not waste his time while awaiting his opportunity. Engaging the best female model he could find in Rome, he painted such a telling head of her that he sold it at once to an English visitor for a sum which defrayed the whole expense of his stay in Italy. Other results of this visit were *Pascuccia*, *The Officer*, and one or two more pictures of minor importance. But, of course, much of his time was given to the study of Titian, Tintoretto, and other masters in whose productions he was likely to take a special interest. Most, if not all, of these he had seen almost



TULLY VEOLAN. FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER W. L. LEITCH.

two muleteers, but the arrangement of the three half figures, of their draperies and moving arms, is almost monumental; while in colour it displays to the full Phillip's peculiar faculty for winning a resonant chord from tints that most men have found, and left, too thin and poor. His management of pink is especially striking. A striped gauze of that colour was, and is, a favourite material with Spanish women, and in perhaps the majority of his pictures the painter of the *Gloria* has introduced it with fine effect. Yellow, too, he employed with skill; but after pink his favourite tints were a rich green like the enamel on Spanish earthenware, black, and a brown that is occasionally a little too opaque. All these he used with extraordinary vigour in the *Murillo*, but with a certain want of balance which prevents the design from being entirely successful.

In the spring of 1866 Phillip went to Italy. It is said that his object in making the journey was not

as well in Madrid, but there they had to contend with the more entirely sympathetic art of Velazquez. In Italy, on their own stage, they reigned alone, and so we feel no surprise to hear of Phillip perched for hours together before a Titian in the Pitti, looking into its substance to see how it was done. We may guess that if he had lived a few years longer the fruits of this expedition would have appeared in his work. Seeing what Spain did for him, we may even regret that he never made his way to the true East, where the air would have carried new life into his enfeebled frame, and where he would have found a blaze of light and colour with which he had wider powers to cope, perhaps, than any other painter of his time.

All through life Phillip's health was precarious. After every careless exposure to cold, or to rapid changes of temperature, he had a 'dread warning' that his lungs would not bear anything but the most careful

use. One patriotic biographer insists that it was a yearly visit to his native country, to the rain-washed Highlands, that kept him going. But the fine air of Seville had no doubt much to do with the energy he developed in spite of his fragile constitution. A letter, which lies before me as I write, is dated from Seville, in March, 1857. It is written immediately after the crisis of an attack of pneumonia, caught by the sudden change from a hot ball-room to the cold outside; and in it he speaks of his health in such a way as to suggest the ever-present sense of a precarious hold on life. It was during this stay in Spain that Ansdell was his companion, and in the

more rarely get the credit. In selling his pictures he was curiously diffident. The friend who acted for him during his absence in Spain, more than once asked and obtained on his behalf double, and more than double, the prices he himself had placed upon the pictures he sent home. This same friend was Phillip's executor, and to him occurred the happy idea of having all the pictures he left unfinished in his studio photographed, so that indisputable evidence should be extant of the condition in which Phillip had left them. Phillip's peculiar mode of work made these very numerous. When a scene or a subject struck him, he seized one of his dark grey canvases



EDINBURGH FROM CRAIG LEITH QUARY. FROM A LITHOGRAPH AFTER W. L. LEITCH.

same letter he speaks of the Spaniards' astonishment at the amount of work put through by the latter. 'The worthy Sevillians,' he says, 'look upon him as one endowed with supernatural powers, they are unaccustomed to see men or mules work so hard as he has done since he came here.' And yet Phillip himself, not only worked as he must have worked to show the results mentioned above, but he also contrived to enjoy the humours of Spanish life, to share the excitements of the bull-ring, to loiter in fairs, to 'shake his leg' at a masquerade, and, in short, to get some notion of that popular life of the South from which his more matter-of-fact companion kept himself aloof.

Phillip's character was delightful. Warm-hearted, generous to a fault, simple and single-minded, he could not make an enemy, while on his intellectual side he had a large share of that quiet humour which his countrymen seldom lack, but for which they still

and set down as much as he wanted to preserve the idea or the facts, putting off the completion to any convenient season. Fifty-six of these half-finished pictures were taken from his studio at his death. They were photographed by Mr. Barlow, who gave sets of the prints to the British Museum and the Royal Academy, and so provided a check on the presumption of those who think that a picture is nothing if not finished.

When he set out for Italy, Phillip's health was even worse than usual, and not long after his return he was struck down with paralysis in the house of his friend, Mr. Frith, R.A. From this he never recovered. His death took place on the 19th February, 1867. For the moment Phillip's art is, in some degree, out of fashion. It is too simple, too direct, too blissfully content in its appeal to sense, to please those who like a picture to be a little mysterious. Phillip recognised the power in chords of colour and rhythms

of line, and was content with them to stimulate the subtleties of sense. He had no wish to rival poetry or to invoke association. His frank enjoyment of the popular picturesque seemed to him a sufficient foundation for an *œuvre*. And so to a generation which accepts Rossetti, and Burne Jones, and Watts, and Holman Hunt, his pictures are a little unexciting. They have had the bad luck, too, of setting a fashion which has only been followed by men of mediocre talent. Phillip's imitators have been more faithful to their model than those, perhaps, of any other English painter; faithful, I mean, according to their lights, for in none have his splendid colour and his broad, simple brushing reappeared. To know what Phillip's permanent rank will be in English art, we must find an answer to the question: For how much do fine colour and technical ease count in the fame of a painter? In colour alone Phillip has been surpassed by some of his own English contemporaries. Nothing he did can be put quite on a level with the *Chant d'Amour* of Mr. Burne Jones, or even, perhaps, with the *Vanessa* of Sir John Millais. To these men some, no doubt, would add Rossetti, but I think they would be wrong. The masterpiece of Rossetti hangs at the present moment at Manchester, not many yards from three pictures which may be taken as showing Phillip at his best, the *La Bomba*, the *La Gloria*, and a small picture of which less has been said than it deserves, namely, *El Cigarillo*. The colour in all these is infinitely more commonplace than in *The Beloved*, I might say than in any Rossetti. It attempts no complex harmonisation. There is no deliberate research into the byways of the palette. The most obvious tints are accepted as good enough for every purpose of the painter, and his effect is won by the insight with which they are marshalled, and the skill which carries each to its fullest power. It is clear that vastly more thought has gone to the making of the Rossetti, that it carries some message for the mind far more complex than ever entered into the brain of Phillip; but still, in pictorial force and unity the palm lies with the latter. Perhaps an example will convey what I mean more clearly than argument. Well, it appears to me that a Phillip is to a Rossetti—the *La Bomba*, for instance, to the *Dante*—what a song by Burns is to a poem by such a man as Landor, 'The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman,' for example, to 'Regeneration.'

Phillip was superior to most English colourists, both as a draughtsman and as a practical painter. His brush had a breadth and decision which has always been rare in this country. His facility was even too great. He began a picture straight away on the canvas, rarely making any preparation beforehand beyond the merest blocking out of masses on a sheet of note-paper. Of his more important works, however, he sometimes made painted sketches, but this

was not enough to cure him of that readiness to put up with the second-best in arrangement which prevents not a few of his works from having their full effect.

None of Phillip's better pictures have yet found their way into our public collections. The National Gallery of Scotland, indeed, possesses an unfinished canvas on which his facility, his animation, and some hint at his power as a colourist, are to be read. The subject is *Spanish Boys playing at Bull-fighting*. Besides this the same collection includes several of his water-colour drawings and three portraits, as well as the copy from Velazquez already mentioned. The portrait sketch of Sir John Millais, which we reproduce (*see* August number of the PORTFOLIO, p. 158), was painted in 1843, when Millais was fourteen years old. It was used in *Wallace*, a picture exhibited by Phillip at the Academy of 1846. The picture called *Aqua Bendita* or *Holy Water*, which has been etched for us by Mr. George Rhead, with the kind permission of Mr. James Orrock (*see* PORTFOLIO for June, p. 111), was painted in 1857, and repeated four years later on a larger scale.

In 1873, six years after Phillip's death, a comprehensive exhibition of his work was held at South Kensington. The number of pictures brought together was two hundred and twenty, and the catalogue compiled by Mr. Oldham Barlow will always remain a 'document' for the painter's biographers.

Among the pictures hung at this Exhibition was a portrait by Phillip of a fellow-townsmen, James Cassie, who painted *genre* pictures, portraits, and landscapes for most of his life at Aberdeen. He was born at Inverurie in 1819, but went early to the granite city, and there spent most of his days. His last years, however, were passed in Edinburgh, where he and his broad, reposeful sea-scapes were held in high favour. He died in 1879, a few months after his election to the full membership of the Scottish Academy. There is a good example of his work in the Edinburgh Gallery.

Six years later died an older artist who looked at nature with somewhat of the same eyes, but with more insight, than Cassie. This was Edmund Thornton Crawford, who had been born at Cowden, near Dalkeith, in 1806. Crawford as a boy had been apprenticed, like so many more of the men of whom I have spoken in these articles, to a house-painter in Edinburgh. This engagement was soon put an end to, however, for the lad showed a bent towards fine art which was unmistakable. He entered the Trustees' Academy, and soon after he was twenty began to exhibit at the Royal Institution. In 1831 he contributed for the first time to the show of the Royal Scottish Academy, and two years later paid the first of several visits to Holland. For years he was content to paint on a very modest scale, but in



1848 he sent a landscape to the Exhibition which at once gave him a high place among the Edinburgh painters. He was elected an Associate of the Scottish Academy in 1839, a full member in 1848, and died at Lasswade on the 29th September, 1885. During his stays in Holland Crawford made, perhaps, too close a study of the Dutch landscapists, and became, like so many of his compatriots, over-enamoured of tone. His pictures are, therefore, monotonous, and wanting in that vitality which has since become a distinguishing mark of the school to which nominally he belonged. His place is rather with Thomson of Duddingston and other members of the old school than

Academy. He succeeded Sir William Allan as Master of the Trustees' Academy, and in 1843, after the exhibition of his pictures for three successive years in Trafalgar Square, he was chosen an Associate of the Royal Academy. Altogether he exhibited eight pictures with that body. Perhaps the best things he did are *Prince Charlie entering Edinburgh after the Battle of Preston Pans*, and *Prince Charlie Asleep and a Fugitive after Culloden*. He had begun two important pictures—*Wishart administering the Sacrament before his Execution*, and *Queen Victoria at Taymouth*—when he was attacked by a disease, which killed him on the 25th of May, 1845. His pictures show a considerable



LANDSCAPE BY S. BOUGH. FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

with his own contemporaries. Three of his pictures are in the Edinburgh Gallery.

A year later than Crawford, Thomas Duncan was born at Kinclaven, Perthshire, on May 24th, 1807. At first intended for the law, he was placed by his parents in the office of a Writer to the Signet, with whom he remained until his twentieth year. His drudgery at deeds had not prevented him from keeping up a certain familiarity with the pencil (a love for which he had shown, of course, in babyhood); and when his time was out, he made for Edinburgh, where he entered the Trustees' Academy, then under Sir William Allan. While a boy at school he had painted scenery for the play of 'Rob Roy,' which was acted by himself and his school-fellows, and now that he was on the road to be a painter in earnest, he showed the facility that achievement would lead one to expect. Of his early pictures the best were *Sir John Falstaff* and *Sweet Anne Page*, and the reputation they brought him led to his being elected an Associate of the newly founded

faculty both for colour and arrangement, and it is probable that his premature death cut short a career which had not yet reached its zenith. In the South Kensington Museum there is a small picture by him—*The Waefu' Heart*. The subject is from the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' and represents the young wife hanging despondently over the cottage fire.

Alexander Christie was born at Edinburgh in 1807, the same year as Duncan, and, also like him, served an apprenticeship in the office of a Writer to the Signet. In 1833 he gave up the law for art, and enrolled himself among the disciples of Sir William Allan. Afterwards he worked for a time in London, but returned to Edinburgh, and settled there. When Duncan died, in 1845, Christie was appointed director of one branch of the Trustees' Academy, and in his new capacity did much to keep the study of decorative art in the right grooves. He died on the 5th of May, 1860. In the Scottish National Gallery there is an *Incident*

in the *Great Plague of London* by him, and an interesting panel on which some figures of saints were painted from his design by Mr. T. Faed, when a pupil in the school.

Ten years later than the two last was born James Drummond, a native of Edinburgh, who devoted his life to the study and illustration of Scottish history and tradition. He first exhibited in 1835, and from that year onwards was a constant contributor to the annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. His pictures have much of that brown, leathery quality which is to be found in too many productions of his School. They are painted, too, without finesse, and their drawing is mannered. On the other hand, they are careful as restorations, and often full of bustle and vitality. Several of his most characteristic pictures are in the Edinburgh Gallery. Perhaps the most notable is the *Porteous Mob*. This tragedy, which would no doubt have been forgotten long ago but for the 'Heart of Midlothian,' took place on the night of September 7th, 1736. Many of its incidents had been handed down by history, letters, and traditions, and of these Drummond was a careful collector for the purposes of his work. On a canvas about five feet wide he has painted the old High Street of Edinburgh as Porteous was being dragged along it to the place of his lynching. The street is crowded with the two mobs, the determined men who supply the backbone to the whole proceeding and those who aid and abet them, on the one hand, and the frightened lieges who make the best of their way out of danger on the other. As art the picture may be compared to the early works of Maclise, such as *Merry Christmas in the Barons' Hall*. Both depend on the animation with which the story is told for any interest they possess. Seven more pictures by Drummond hang at Edinburgh, but they all suffer from poverty of colour and monotony of handling, like the *Porteous Mob*. Their author died, after a long illness, in 1877.

A contemporary of Drummond's, though a few years his senior, William Borthwick Johnstone began life as a solicitor. He had not long followed the law, however, before he began to give unmistakable signs that Nature had meant him for art. He accordingly quitted the high desk for the easel, and worked with such a will that, late as he began, he became an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1840, and a full Member in 1848. His time after that was given as much to the literature and history as to the

practice of art, and when the Scottish National Gallery was established in 1858 he became its first Curator. During the latter years of his life he wrote much himself on art and artists. He died in 1868. In the gallery over which he presided, he is represented by a large *Death of Rizzio*.

In a series of articles like these, it would clearly be impossible to notice all the painters of the second rank who have helped to give Scotland a school. The last six names I have mentioned are those of men who fairly represent the rest of the rank and file. Some of them had more ability than the rest, but to none was there granted either that touch of genius which raises men like Phillip, and Wilkie, and Raeburn, to a pinnacle in spite of drawbacks, or the fine tradition which makes good painters out of poor materials. Readers of these pages may have noticed that in almost every instance Scottish artists began life in some other trade or profession. Not only were they, as a rule, discouraged in boyhood—that, unfortunately, has been the lot of nearly all British painters down to those of our own generation—they were in three cases out of four compelled to seriously embrace some other calling, from which they only escaped at a period so late as to handicap them in the race for perfection. The weak draughtmanship of our English school has been noticed and abused often enough, but it has seldom or never been pointed out how greatly it is due to that national dislike to art as a calling which is only now dying out. This prejudice puts off the commencement of study to so late a period of youth that the scholar scampers through what ought to be the most steady part of his training. At the present moment there are scores of clever painters and a few of genius, living and working and lamenting every day that the prejudice of a parent had wasted on some impossible trade the years in which they might have learnt to draw. In Scotland this took place still oftener than in England. There both prejudice and paternal authority were stronger, and so painter after painter entered ill equipped on his profession at an age when he should have had ten years' steady work behind him. In saying this I have, I think, indicated the chief cause of the undeniable inferiority of Scottish painters as draughtsmen, even to their brethren on this side of the border. I shall have to return to the subject when the characteristics of the existing school come in their turn to be discussed.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

CERTAINLY if an important picture-gallery is to be visited by us with advantage we must have time at our disposal. Hurry and bustle are not merely inimical, they are directly fatal to an attempt to be duly interested in works of art. The Fine Arts acquire their distinctive name as contrasted with the useful, and if we are to be haunted by intrusive utilities at every moment we stand before one work of genius after another only in vain. Into these precincts we must bring no besetting annoyances; we have to leave our very fidgets with the sticks and umbrellas at the door, and even forget, meanwhile, that we must of necessity resume them on going out. It may have happened that in the rush of a short and much-prized holiday we have made the most of an opportunity, and given limited minutes to a masterpiece, but, like other gymnastics, the feat implies a strain. We have imposed a duty on ourselves, and take a pleasure and a pride in being equal to it. But neither the best enjoyment of art, nor the truest appreciation of it, is consistent with the guarded state of self-possession, which is only gained at the cost of a struggle, and, after all, held precariously.

Among the influences of a gallery are some which emanate from the rooms themselves, which ought to be neither monotonous nor perplexing, as little confused as utterly undiversified. There is a certain fitness of relation between magnitudes, and even forms of apartments and the works exhibited in them, which conduces to the desired state of mental composure. We would rather not be introduced to the finest collection of small Dutch masterpieces distributed upon the walls of an enormous saloon; the incongruity is quite as disturbing as if the walls of a moderate apartment should each be covered with a canvas of abnormal area. The impossibility of taking a sufficiently remote position from a large canvas is an inconvenience that declares itself at once; but the fretting irritation may be quite as real when attention alternates inevitably between surrounding space in vast proportions and pictorial details that are almost microscopical.

We are even apt to feel deprived of a comfort which we are entitled to when Fine Art galleries are too labyrinthine in plan, when the various apartments diverge and intercommunicate in a manner that does not readily explain itself, and is not so easily and naturally kept in mind that we are not perplexed by uncertainties in finding our way about, in knowing where we are or where to go next. We would desire, then, that the special decoration of the several rooms should be so varied as to give a degree of relief, but with differences to be accepted grate-

fully rather than be particularly observed. This chiefly concerns rooms which differ both in magnitude and proportion, and therefore do not fall into immediate sequence or come into perspective view together.

It is well known how the general colour adopted for walls may contribute importantly or be a disastrous drawback to the effect of paintings displayed upon them. Something, in either case, will depend upon the extent of wall left uncovered by the pictures. When the best selection of colour is made its chief merit will probably be that which Pericles desired in the feminine society forming a background to public life at Athens, that it should come as little into notice as possible, either for good or evil. There is no reason to suppose that only a single colour or tint will answer these conditions. A glossy surface is above all to be eschewed, and then considerations of climate are to be entertained. In a cloudy climate a colour which absorbs or deadens light too positively had better be avoided, for a clearer colour will not be without effect in brightening to advantage the general atmosphere of the room. When the external atmosphere, which it is impossible to exclude, is laden with besmirching particles, it becomes important that the adopted colour, whatever it may be, should have a surface that as little as possible invites their lodgment.

There has for some time been frequent occasion to observe that the scientific spirit of the time—the dominant and specific scientific spirit—has asserted itself somewhat obtrusively within the pale of the Fine Arts. We find ourselves far more frequently and persistently urged to study art than invited or encouraged to put it to its proper use and enjoy it. Doctrine is pressed upon us not merely as of more importance than delight, but even with a silent assumption that to suspend the search for knowledge is to be frivolous, and all this in seeming unconsciousness that delight has any claim to be considered in the matter. That science has its function in relation to art is known and admitted, but for the most part it stands outside. The more the pity that the two should not be brought into such relations as would be legitimate, and confined to them. Art will go to Science for its colours, but will have its own word to say as to what characteristics it requires in them besides permanence. Art may even apply to Science to test its building-stones, reserving a right of protest when the stone supplied by authority for a metropolitan building proves to be ‘soluble in soot and water.’ Geometry, strictest of sciences, will give complete formulas of perspective for which painting will express her

thanks, but nevertheless at times—as in the projection of shadows—will only adhere to them as it suits her picturesque purposes. Nay, the whole noble field of aesthetics is open to the student of mental science. Better things, however, are to be expected from its culture than the crops chiefly raised hitherto, more of straw than grain, dogmas based on such inadequate observation of the conditions of achievement that they are liable to be cancelled any day by Genius, which entirely disregards them. It is quite in accordance with this scientific intrusiveness that a National Gallery is supposed to be visited primarily for purposes of study. A wonderful work of art is no sooner added to it than it is recommended to our interest above all things as an object of science, perhaps in history or ethnology; in any case it is made to fall into some scheme of evolution, the whole subject being thereby withdrawn from artists and connoisseurs, and appropriated by the philosophers.

In the arrangement of a large collection there may be excellent and cogent reasons for placing the works of the same master and the same school together, and even in strict chronological order. But when we are told that this is enjoined imperatively by the requirements of study, we may demur to study being allowed the final decision. Then we ask, What is the kind of study that makes this a necessity? It seems to be the study of one picture relatively to others, and as explaining and explained by others, particularly for the sake of that class of explanations which Science values as capable of being formulated in definite terms. Matters of technicality and treatment are those which lend themselves most favourably to these results. So it is that the scholastic value philology before literature, because comparative mastery of grammar is easily estimated and tabulated, being expressible in marks, but not so poetical sentiment or rhetorical expression.

The Sistine Madonna of Raphael at Dresden is one of the masterpieces of the world. It is, above all, impressive; those who have had the happiness of seeing it have often observed, and observed independently, that visitors on coming before it yield at once and involuntarily to its influence. They breathe more calmly, and seem incapable of breaking silence. How is it that the artist has reinforced the dignity of the Mother and the Divine Child? General visitors, being happily more receptive than analytic, might seldom be able to give an explanation, even if they cared to attempt one. Even a critic has gone so far astray as to describe the attendant Pope as extending his right hand to direct the attention of the Virgin to the faithful, and recommend them to her protection. But, guided by the sympathetic effect adverted to, we may per-

ceive that the gesture of the Pope's significant right hand is not an attempt to divert the Mother from the thought 'within her heart,' but a warning to calmness and quiet in the very spirit of 'the Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the world keep silence before Him.' The two cherubs below are very impersonations of instinctive silence. One indicates this by so resting his chin that his mouth is closed—the displacement of the chubby cheek may be remarked; and as the other leans on his elbow one finger unconsciously comes across his lips.

It may be gravely doubted whether the study—the study in the best sense—of a single artist is best pursued in the midst of a numerous collection of his principal works. As regards enjoyment, the case is pretty clear; at least, there are those who have much true delight in contemplating a single Rubens, but find themselves cloyed when they have passed from one to a second, a third, a fourth. It may be especially difficult to do justice to one picture of a great master when it is among a crowd of his other works more suggestive of similarity than contrast, and the task might be easier if it were juxtaposed with as numerous a series by other men. The value of a work of merit will tell to advantage among surroundings which do not interfere with concentration of attention, and this is only the case when the juxtaposition of excessive diversity and that of a too general resemblance are alike avoided. We were surprised, and very justly, some years since, to find how wonderfully Reynolds held his own under the disadvantage of exclusive exhibition. This was scarcely true to the same extent with Gainsborough when a large number of his works were exhibited together. It was still less the case with Vandyke, and the same test seems to have been almost fatal to the previously extravagant reputation of Blake.

The progress of our analysis seems to conduct us to this conclusion, that the directors of galleries of chief importance are confronted with a task of enormous difficulty in giving full effect to works which they know well how to appreciate, even when they are in less than the usual difficulty about space. We must acknowledge that their problem has often, and in many cases, been solved with distinguished success; all the more do they deserve our sympathy when collections are so housed that comparative failures are inevitable.

In the meantime, it is for those who form private collections to exercise under easier conditions such art in selection and arrangements that each of their apartments may be an example of the enhancement which beautiful works receive from and render to each other, whilst they contribute by happy contrasts and subordination to set off those which are best worthy to the best effect.

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

SOME MINIATURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE study of the works of the 'painters in little' possesses a fascination peculiarly its own. The art is now practically defunct, for Science has intruded upon Art's domain, and by means of photography almost extinguished miniature painting. It had come to be regarded, in some sense, as a national art, for England in the past produced a long line of famous miniaturists, at first, in water-colour, and afterwards in enamel—the foremost in the world in this class of art—beginning at a time when in all other branches of painting native professors were very inferior, and reaching down to a recent date. The works themselves, when from the best hands, have such exquisite delicacy, and are so minutely executed, that a magnifying glass is often necessary for the full appreciation of these qualities. They possess, moreover, in many instances, apart from their value as likenesses, some historic interest, having shared in the various mutations of fortunes which have befallen the families with which they are connected.

It is a matter for regret that there is in existence no public collection of miniatures even approaching completeness; but at South Kensington we have several fragmentary collections which help to illustrate this art. Some of the choicest specimens have come to us with the munificent bequest of the late Mr. John Jones; others are to be found among the Dyce and Plumley bequests; and amongst the miscellaneous acquirements of the Directors. A manner of collection, which can only be described as hap-hazard, necessarily occasions many gaps, to fill which we have nothing but a few stray examples in the Diploma and National Portrait Galleries. Some of the best masters are imperfectly represented, while many of the minor workers are entirely absent.

Miniature-painting is evidently the descendant of the ancient missal painting; Haydocke, in his translation of Lomazzo (1598), has a note:—'Limnings much used in former times in church books, as also in drawing by the life in small models: of late years by some of our countrymen, as Shoote, Betts, &c.' This introduces us to the names of two miniaturists of the time of Elizabeth, of whom very little is known; the first was John Shute, painter and architect, who wrote in 1579 (or 1587), 'The first and chief groundes of Architecture, used in the ancient and most famous monyments, with a farther and more ample Discourse uppon the same than hitherto hath been set out by any other.' In the Dedication he asserts that he had been maintained in Italy under the best architects by the Duke of Northumberland. As for Bettes, his name occurs in

the Revels' Accounts, Xmas, a° xv°, Elizabeth (1575), when the play of 'Fortune' was performed, 'To John Bett and his wiffe for one day and one night spangling of the head peec^s . . . iijs.' Mr. Richmond, R.A., exhibited under his name a male portrait in oil, dated 1545—the year of Holbein's death—at the Academy some winters ago, and the Duke of Buccleuch has some miniatures both by him and his brother Thomas, but there is nothing of these three early men in any of our public collections.

In the curious preface to the book of Haydocke just quoted, the author regrets his lack of literary ability, and wishes that words came easily to him; for 'then would M. Nicholas Hilliard's hand, so much admired by strangers as well as natives, strive for a comparison with the milde spirit of the late world's wonder, Raphael Urbine; for to speak truth, his perfection in ingenious illuminating or limning, the perfection of painting in them is so extraordinary, that when I devised with myself the best argument to set it forth, I found none better than to persuade him to do it himself to the view of all men by his pen, as he had beforeunto by his very learned pencil, which in the end he assented to; and by me promiseth a treatise of his own practice that way with all convenient speede. Whose true and lively image you may otherwise behold, more than reflected uppon the mirroures or glasses of his two schollars, M. Isaac Oliver for limning and Rowland Lockey for Oyle and Lim: in some measure.' Whether Hilliard ever did write the work spoken of is not clear. There is in the Harleian Collection a MS. (No. 6000) which is entitled on the cover, in a much later hand—'1679: Hilliard of Limning.' It is, however, merely a copy of another and earlier MS. in the Additional MSS., No. 12,461, of which the name of the author, D. Martin, is given in the dedication.

By Mr. Jones' bequest the nation became possessed of a very good specimen of this painter, which came from the Strawberry Hill Collection. It is one of the many portraits of Queen Elizabeth we have from his hand, painted, according to the terms of his license, without shadows. As in every known case where his work has been exposed, the colours have largely faded out. Little remains here but the white, grey, and gold; but there is sufficient to display his almost microscopic pencilling—the minute delicacy of the collar is only to be matched in the works of 'his well-profitting scholar,' Isaac Oliver. There are three other pictures at Kensington which are ascribed to this painter; but none of them, I should think, correctly so. The National Portrait Gallery has also a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, which seems rightly attributed to Hilliard.

Hilliard was not only a portrait-painter. There is in the catalogue of Charles I.'s collection the entry of a drawing that would be of much interest if it could be discovered. 'Item: y^e *Spanish Fleet*, in limning, of 88th: in a black frame with a shiver with a glass, done upon y^e right light: 6" by 1' 1½". Done by Old Hilliard, which y^e king had of Sr James Palmer.' The record of its sale is found in MS. Harl., 4898: '*The Spanish Fleet in 88*, in water colour,' valued at 3*l.*, and sold for that sum to a Mr. Bass, a very extensive purchaser at this sale. It is, of course, a contemporary picture of the Spanish Armada, and is very much larger than anything in existence from the hand of this painter.

We have no example of the Rowland Locket mentioned by Haydocke; but by the generosity of Mr. Jones again we possess what is probably the finest existing work by Isaac Oliver, viz., his full-length portrait of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset (1539-1624). It is of large size for a miniature, being 9¼ inches high by 6 inches wide; and is signed in minute gold characters, 'Isaac Olliuierus fecit 1616.' He is standing in an apartment near a table on which is his helmet, the rest of his armour being on the matted floor. The head and hands are wrought to a pitch of most exquisite finish, while the lace collar and the cuffs are marvels of delightful delicacy. The hideous costume is minutely embroidered in gold; the carpet, matting, and curtains, are all, even to the furthest corner, finished with the same extreme fidelity which characterises the work on the figure. We are very fortunate to possess so admirable an example of this painter in our most accessible collection; it has some further interest, as affording a commentary on the durability of water-colours, a question much discussed recently.

For the present there is lent to the Museum by the Earl Spencer a skilful oil copy, apparently early, of another of Oliver's most remarkable productions. It represents Anthony, second Earl of Montagu, and his two brothers, with a page, and is dated 1588, æt. 24. Judging from this copy, the original, which belongs to the Marquis of Exeter, must be an excellent performance, with all the minute delicacy characteristic of the artist's finest works; the heads preserve a strong family likeness while marking the separate individuality, and the black draperies are most ably rendered.

There are also in the Jones Collection two little heads of Sir Philip Sidney and Henry, Prince of Wales, both signed with Oliver's monogram. They are dainty in execution, but with nothing of the phenomenal finish of the larger picture—specimens, in fact, of his ordinary portrait work. The mention of Prince Henry reminds us that this amiable prince was a frequent employer of Isaac Oliver's pencil. In the 'Accompte of Sr David Murray' (1610-1612) we

find that 'Mr. Isaake' painted ten pictures for the prince at a total cost of 144*l.* One of them, 'the greate picture,' priced at 38*l.*, may be *The History of the Entombing of Christ*, so highly praised by Vander Doort, Sanderson, and Norgate. When the Royal collection was dispersed by Parliament during the Commonwealth, it was sold for no less a sum than 100*l.*,—a very significant price. These exquisitely finished works cost the painter much time and pains. Norgate has this note: 'A Madonna of Mr. Isaac Oliver's limning cost him two yeares as himselfe told me.'

Isaac Oliver's will is dated 1617, a year later than the portrait of the Earl of Dorset, and in it he refers to his son Peter: 'All my drawings allreadye finished and unfinished and lymning pictures, be they historyes, storyes or anything of lymning whatsoever, of my owne hande worke as yet unfinished . . . I give and bequeathe to my eldest sonne Peter, yf he shal live and exercise that arte or Science which he and I now doe.' Peter Oliver was then sixteen years old, and his father's words reveal to us his son's early proficiency. When Charles I. came to the throne Peter was employed not only on portraiture, but also in copying the finest pictures in the noble collection formed by that unfortunate monarch. The inventory of Abraham Vander Doort mentions ten such productions, which were kept 'in double shutting cases with locks and keys, and glasses over them.' Of this series was the beautiful copy of Titian's *Riposo*, obtained with the Jones Collection. Here is Vander Doort's entry: 'Done by Peter Oliver after Titian. Item, done upon y^e right light, the third being a copy aft^r Titian in a Landskip where our Lady holding X^t afore her upon part of a hill, and Joseph leaning upon his right hand upon y^e same hill, which is dated (1628) whereof y^e principall is in y^e middle privy Lodging Room. 8½ in. by 9¾ in.' At the Commonwealth sale it appeared among the pictures at St. James's: 'The Egyptian Madona after Tytsian [valued at] 050*l.* Sold Mr. Emery y^e 21st May 1650 for D^o.' Many years afterwards it was sold at the sale of Mr. Halsted's collection, May 1726.

The richly tinted draperies have retained their original beauty without any fading or damage, except where the colour has been rubbed from the lower part of the Virgin's robe. It is hardly possible to overpraise the exquisite delicacy of the pencil in this work. The colour, it is true, does not recall Titian: Oliver has followed the master's line and his tints, but he has lost his tone and his chiaroscuro. The picture is signed 'P. Olivier fe. 1628.' This spelling by both the father and the son has raised a question of their nationality. The spelling is certainly French, and Isaac Oliver was conversant with the French language, but this is not sufficient warrant for assuming the painters were French also,

Strict 'Certificates of aliens' were kept in these times, and neither name occurs in any of them, nor is there, so far as the writer has been able to discover, any grant of denization in existence which might have reference to this family. Further, they are never alluded to by any of their contemporaries but as Englishmen. It may be simply that the father Latinised his name, after the manner of the time, and the son followed his father's version. Both of them spelt in the English fashion in all written documents.

The Museum possesses another copy after Titian by Peter Oliver. This is much smaller than the above, and does not belong to the same series, though it was in the same collection, and is described in the same inventory, 'Item, upon y^e right light y^e picture of a Lucretia with a Dagger in her right hand, in a green and white drapery, a Tarquin being by: which by varnishing y^e green colours overflowed and y^e ground wrinkled, being in a black ebony frame with a shiver over it, given to y^e King by Sir James Palmer, whereof y^e principal being in oyl colours, and remains in y^e third privy lodging room at Whitehall, above y^e door being No: 15th there. 4 in. by 3½ in.' The MS. has in the margin, 'Done by S^r James Palmer after Titian; gave to the King.' This is undoubtedly an error of the scribe, which should read, 'Done by Peter Oliver, after Titian; gave (*sic passim*) to y^e King by S^r James Palmer.' There can be no doubt that the picture at Kensington is by Peter Oliver, and very little that it is identical with that described in Vander Doort. The head and bust of Lucretia, her golden hair falling on her shoulders, are beautifully pencilled, as is the swarthy, lustful face of Tarquin, gleaming over her shoulder. These two heads are the noteworthy portion of the miniature; the rest is more or less damaged — the white drapery on the right shoulder of Lucretia has especially suffered. This condition is to be accounted for, in all probability, by the removal of the varnish mentioned by Vander Doort. Like the previous example, it is signed in gold, 'P. Oliuier, Fe.'

Three other miniatures by Peter Oliver, from the collection of Charles I., have recently appeared in

(To be continued.)

Christie's sale-rooms. The *St. George*, after Raphael, and half the size of the original, which is now at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, was bought at the Hamilton sale for the Queen, and is now in the splendid collection at Windsor. The *Venus and Cupid with a Satyr* and *The Education of Cupid* (the original now in the National Gallery) were both in the Bohn Collection, and at the sale were bought by Mr. Holmes, presumably for the Royal Collection. These several examples exhibited much variety in manner of execution. The *Riposo*, in delicacy of touch and minuteness of finish, is carried to a degree which nearly rivals that of his father; the *Lucretia* is of a freer type; while the two Bohn pictures, respectively of 1633 and 1636, are much fuller in pencil and broader in touch, exhibiting an air of higher power, which is visible in their rubbed and much-damaged state.

There are other specimens of Peter Oliver at South Kensington. The Jones Collection displays two portraits of Charles I. and his queen, Henrietta Maria, which came from the collection of Queen Charlotte at Frogmore, and are said to have been previously in that of Louis XVI. They are both in full length, on balconies. The Queen has three dogs at her feet. Behind the King is a page, bearing hat and cloak, and at the foot of the steps is an equerry with horse, the round tower of Windsor showing in the left distance. Both are very pleasing and well preserved, but neither display the same delicacy of work nor feeling for colour that is found in the other example. They are broadly, even rapidly, painted, with much detail, but little finish. There is no mention of these pictures in any of the royal catalogues of this date; they were possibly painted for presentation to an ambassador or to the French Court. The originals are probably referred to in the following:—'In y^e Crosse Gallery at Somerset House. 312. King Charles at Length, Queen Mary at Length, by Vandyke. [Valued at] 60*l*. Sold Col. Webb, y^e 19th Oct. 1649, for 60*l*.'

Finally, in the Dyce Collection there is a little head of Isaac Casaubon, which is signed in gold.

ALFRED BEAVER.

ART CHRONICLE.

DR. PERCY GARDNER, Disney Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge, has been elected to the Professorship of Classical Archaeology at Oxford.

SIR J. C. ROBINSON has presented to the Art Gallery of Birmingham the nine pilaster capitals from the palace of Mandolfo, belonging to the Dukes of Umbria, and attributed to Pontelli, *circa* 1470–1486, which he had lent for the benefit of the students in the art-schools. The enthusiastic appreciation testified for these beautiful examples of decorated structure has induced the 'Keeper of the Queen's Pictures' to turn his loan into a free gift.

THE great picture by Couture, *Romains de la Décadence*, long conspicuous at the Palais de Luxembourg, has been removed to the galleries of the Louvre.

THE winner of the *Prix de Rome* this year is M. Camille Henri Danger, pupil of Gerome and Aimé Millet, a Parisian of Paris.

AMONG the promises for the winter art season is an exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery of the works of M. Wereschagin, to be held by the artist himself, whose truly remarkable pictures illustrating the conquest of Asia, attracted such comment when

shown at Sydenham some years since. It may be remembered that a recent performance by the painter in religious art—a *Nativity*—was ‘banned’ by the Archbishop of Vienna for its irreverent naturalism.

THE artistic prestige attaching to the designs of the late Randolph Caldecott is testified by the issue from Messrs. George Routledge’s publishing house of an *édition de luxe*, in issue of 750 copies, of the well-known ‘Picture Books.’ Austin Dobson writes a preface, and the plates are printed on hand-made paper from the original blocks.

THE scheme of decoration in the chapel at Eaton Hall entrusted to Mr. Frederic Shields, illustrating the *Te Deum Laudamus*, will be completed by the marble mosaics now being carried forward in Paris after the artist’s designs. These comprise twenty-six figures of prophets nearly life-size, with a composition or plaque below each picturing an incident in the life. The cartoons for these mosaics, which are to cover the south wall, unbroken by lights, were shown during August at Messrs. Burke’s marble works, in Newman Street. The decoration in its entirety will form one of the most beautiful and homogeneous pieces of modern decorative art.

THE Guild of Lady Needleworkers, called the Leek Society, has, by the hands of thirty-five of the members, executed a remarkable piece of embroidery, being no less than a *facsimile* copy of the Bayeux Tapestry. The drawings were lent by the South Kensington Museum, the wools were dyed expressly, and the stitches imitated exactly. Perhaps future antiquarians may puzzle their heads over this *replica* of the famous embroidered chronicle, and invent strange stories to account for it, after the inductive method dear to latter-day writers.

APROPÓS of flower-farming, a pretty example of the economic phase is given in the ‘Society of Arts Journal’ for August 5th. At Seillans in Department Var, thirty-three acres of arid calcareous soil, 3000 feet above the Mediterranean level, yielding an uncertain harvest of olives, and watered by a barely utilised spring in the rocks above, were taken as a flower-farm in 1881. The ground was dug up and terraced, the stony ground giving rocks for support; on the margin of each terrace a shallow ditch ran from end to end. Thus treated 2000 yards of terrace over eighteen acres gave seventeen acres of planting ground. Forty-five thousand tufts of violets and a hundred and forty thousand roots of jasmine first took possession of the beds, to be followed by roses, geraniums, jonquils, &c. &c. In 1882 the land, which had yielded a rent of 23*l.* per annum, produced perfumes valued at 8630*l.*, and the net profit was 1553*l.* An altitude of five hundred to two thousand feet seems essential to the success of the scent-giving flower plantations, a calcareous soil and aspect sheltered from cold winds next. The flowers used or preferred are the simple old species; the varieties of later introduction are not so reliable for growth or scent.

THE ‘Riforma’ publishes an eloquent protest from the hand of Signor Giacomo Boni against the disfigurement of the palaces on the Canal Grande at Venice by the sign-boards and advertisements of hotels and *bric-à-brac* shops. The indignant Venetian reminds his fellow-townsmen that a sumptuary law was passed in the days of Paolo Veronese forbidding the occupation of palaces on the Grand Canal by those who trafficked in its beauty. This seems a timely protest in the

right spirit against the hideous utilitarianism abroad in modern Italy.

TWO volumes entitled ‘Juvenilia,’ being reprinted contributions to periodical literature, by the lady who writes under the *nom de plume* ‘Vernon Lee,’ have, at all events, the charm of individuality, which stamped ‘Belcaro,’ ‘Euphorian,’ the ‘Eighteenth Century Studies,’ &c. Vernon Lee’s utterances are unmistakable, they are intensely and curiously egotistic; the writer is so profoundly interested in her own mental processes, and so convinced of the importance of their results upon the world of thought, that while we laugh at her self-conscious pose, we are fain to be interested and convinced with her. We are impressed in spite of ourselves at the earnestness with which the mountain labours to produce a mouse, and are tempted to allow that the intellectual fauna is hereby enriched with a strange and invaluable addition. Nevertheless, after we have worried ourselves with the authoress over a hunt after the why and wherefore of some train of associated ideas, we are thankful when she drops the chase and gives us in vigorous, picturesque style some droll group of eighteenth-century personages, with dilettante Mécénas of the stage, *primo uomo*, dramatic poetaster, and so forth, some vivid scrap of autobiographic recollections, or, best of all, some graphic sketch of local scenery and people in the Italy which she knows so well and so sensitively. It is worth noting that in proportion as her subject-matter comes from without, does the style of this oddly constituted writer gain concentration, and become keenly, even subtly, appropriate; while in proportion as her pen is set to chronicle the movements of mental analysis does it become involved even to verbosity. With great power of accumulating knowledge at first, and be it added at second hand, with an analytic faculty of no common order, with humour that sees all absurdities save her own, and with aesthetic tastes and sympathies that enable her to write for those who, like herself, stand peering on the threshold of art and count the pulse-beats of sensation, this writer wearies while she excites, or stirs an irreverent smile into the midst of our respectful admiration. Vernon Lee has discovered that there are other and more important cares than the care for things beautiful and artistic, hence the essays that deal with such things are ‘Juvenilia’—things of youth. We hope the ‘Carlo,’ to whom in prefatory note and elsewhere the lady poses as Mentor, will take his lesson to heart. Meantime we pray Vernon Lee to write more such papers as ‘Botticelli at the Villa Lemmi,’ ‘Lombard Colour Studies,’ ‘Don Juan (con Stenterello),’ ‘Signor Curiazio,’ and the like, and to check that ‘worrying,’ introspective trick of hers, and to take a healthy outlook upon what is done and written outside the magic circle of cliquedom.

MR. J. W. OAKES, A.R.A., an able and sympathetic landscape-painter, has passed from the ranks at no advanced age. He came from Liverpool, where he was for some years Honorary Secretary to the local Academy. In 1859 he removed to London. He took his subjects almost entirely from Welsh scenery, and his treatment was distinguished by careful and delicate drawing, a searching study of subtle, atmospheric effects, and of the multitudinous variety of nature within familiar areas. Of late years, under the loss of a certain touch, the attempts to render detail sometimes became blurred by a fumbling manner, but at his best few could express the limpid lights and fresh beauty of moorland and wooded mountain-sides under our changeful skies so well. He was elected A.R.A. in 1876, and was a constant exhibitor at the Academy Exhibitions.



SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

VIII.—*William Leighton Leitch ; Sam Bough ; George Manson ; George Paul Chalmers.*

BEFORE going on to discuss the latest development of Scottish art, I must hark back for a moment to say something of some men, lately deceased, who belong more or less to the past.

William Leighton Leitch was born in Glasgow in 1804. His father, a manufacturer, sent him first to a private school ; secondly, to the school of the Highland Society ; and thirdly, to the high stool of a lawyer's office. From the last post, he moved, on his own responsibility, to the workshop of a scene-painter and decorator, where he at least learnt the names of pigments, and picked up some knack with the brush. About 1824 he was engaged as scene-painter to the Theatre Royal, Glasgow ; but came to London soon afterwards, and became the friend of Stanfield and David Roberts. Acting, no doubt, on their advice, he went to Italy for some years, returning about 1830, and settling in London. In 1832 he sent his first contribution to the Academy, but it was long before he attracted any public attention to his work. In 1862 he was elected successively an Associate and a full Member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours ; having previously been teacher of painting in that medium to the Queen and several of her children. In the course of his engagement by the Royal Family, Leitch produced a great number of drawings in which grace, facility, and agreeable colour, were combined. Many of these were commissions from the Queen, and are now in her possession ; others were executed against time, as practical lessons. Leitch also taught the Princess of Wales. In the list of his humbler disciples he numbered several of the well-known aquarellists of to-day ; among them Mr. James Orrock, who, although in his work in colour he has deserted his old master for the example of David Cox, still bears witness to his early training by those strong, well-organized drawings in pencil, three of which are here reproduced. Of him a little more will presently have to be said. His master, Leitch, was for many of his later years Vice-President of the Institute. He died at St. John's Wood on April 25th, 1883. Leitch's art was essentially one of balance, subordination, and thoroughness, so far as it went, rather than one of any special originality of outlook. His sympathy with nature was shallow, but his skill in using her for his own needs was great. Seldom brilliant as a colourist, he had a sense of harmony, and few of his drawings lack the repose it gives.

Sam Bough—the name has become so familiar that it would be affectation to lengthen it—was not a Scot, but I may be allowed, perhaps, to call him a

Scottish painter. His life was mainly passed in the country of his mature choice ; he was a Member of the Royal Scottish Academy for three-and-twenty years ; he died in Scotland ; and—a still more important consideration—his art has a *cachet* about it that is thoroughly northern. Bough was born at Carlisle in 1822. There he worked for two years in the office of the Town Clerk, after which he contrived to scramble into art. He never had any systematic teaching, and his first artistic efforts were in decorating interiors and in painting scenery. In 1855 he migrated to Edinburgh. A year later he became an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, but had to wait nearly twenty years for promotion : it was not until 1875 that he was elected a full Member, an honour he enjoyed for three years. His death took place in Edinburgh in November, 1878.

The most unexpected thing in Bough's art is its freedom from any taint of the amateur, of the self-taught man. As a colourist, no doubt he had his defects. None of his pictures, either in oil or water, are fine in that respect, while not a few are positively bad. But in handling, in composition, and in drawing, he is invariably excellent. In the last number of THE PORTFOLIO a landscape by him, now in the possession of Mr. Oldham Barlow, was reproduced with that gentleman's kind permission. It shows a grip on reality that is scarce even in these days, combined with an instinct for arrangement that is always one of the rarest endowments of the artist. In scenes like this Bough followed the tradition of Constable, and with finer colour and a larger manner would have come very close to the great Englishman. Mr. Barlow's picture is richer and warmer than most of Bough's, but otherwise it is a fair example of his powers as an oil-painter. The sketch *facsimiled* in the same number of THE PORTFOLIO has been lately added to the collection in the Print Room of the British Museum. It is about as good an example of impressionism, or rather as good an impression without the *ism*, as could readily be pointed to.

As a sketcher, Bough might even be called great. His eye for the essentials of a scene, and his faculty for recording them, were alike rapid. With deeper sympathies and a richer instinct for colour, he might have become one of the best of modern painters in his own *genre*. As a man, his character was of a type not uncommon among those gifted with artistic facility. The responsibilities of life sat easily upon him. He was too absorbed in his art to be greatly alive to the more irksome conventions of society.

He was, when in the humour, an excellent companion. A Scottish laird, whose home occupies one of the most delightful sites of the Border, told me, some years ago, a story which will illustrate this. Strolling down one summer morning to the river which rushed tumultuously by within a few hundred yards of his 'house-end,' he espied, on his own private ground and perched on a favourite boulder, an unkempt stranger with a sketching-block, who turned a deaf ear to his shouts to 'Come out of it!' Stepping near, the laird looked curiously over the intruder's shoulder. A glance at the work was introduction enough, for my friend, like so many of his race, had much unexpected culture. 'Ah!' he

they must be included among the shaping causes of the present originality of Scottish art.

Here, perhaps, would be the right place to notice the life and work of a painter whose very name is unknown in England, although his influence upon his countrymen has been considerable: I mean J. Milne Donald. On the whole, however, it will be more convenient to say what is to be said about him in my next article; and to confine myself now to those who are more obviously clear of the existing phase of Scottish art. Among the latter must be included a painter who died in 1876, aged only twenty-six. George Manson was born in Edinburgh in 1850. After working for a time with a punch-cutter,



Edinburgh Aug. 1875.

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY J. ORROCK.

cried, 'you're Sam Bough!' A brusque nod was his answer, and another followed an apologetic excuse for the roughness of the summons, and an invitation to lunch at the house when the morning's work should be done. At three o'clock or thereabouts, however, Bough duly appeared, and the two sat down to lunch. They did not rise from the table until, at five o'clock the next morning, they sallied out for a saunter in the early sunlight. Conversation and whiskey—I know the tale of tumblers, but I dare not tell—had filled the interval.

In Bough's pictures the earliest signs of what has now become a characteristic feature of Scottish landscape appears. I mean, research into the scintillation of light. He was fond of painting under the sun, and of bringing his work together by the jewelled network of isolated light that is so obtained. His lights were too white, and the colour passages in which they occurred too often colourless. His pictures were consequently cold, but nevertheless

making dies for type, he took to wood-cutting, in which he acquired much proficiency, taking Bewick for his model. When he was twenty-one he began practice as a professional painter, working chiefly in water. In the same year he paid a first visit to London, and two years later to the Continent. On his return to Edinburgh symptoms of lung disease manifested themselves; and early in 1874 he was ordered to the south. He went to Sark, and twelve months later to Paris, where he began to etch. On his return to England he settled for a time at Shirley, near Croydon; but the last hope of better health had vanished, and, moving to Lymington, in Devonshire, he died there in the first weeks of 1876. His life is the subject of a sympathetic monograph by Mr. J. M. Gray.

George Manson may in some respects be compared to Frederick Walker. His life was shorter, and his energies were still more oppressed by precarious health; but in his art, so far as it goes, there

is the same tenderness of feeling, the same insight into colour quality, the same deficient sympathy with line, and the same modesty of conception. With ten years more of life and health, he would probably have left behind him an *œuvre* on which his name could rest as securely as that of Walker will rest on the idyllic pages with which he has enriched the art of England. An exhibition of water-colour pictures by George Manson was brought together at No. 133 New Bond Street in 1881; when they excited great interest among those to whom his work had been unknown during his life.

Another Scottish painter whose career was brought to a premature end was the far more famous

his *genre* pictures show a strong resemblance to the work of Israëls; but Chalmers was the finer colourist of the two, and his pictures excel those of the Dutch painter in warmth and transparency, and even, in the last year or two of his life, in design. Within the last few months an unfinished picture by Chalmers has been on exhibition in Bond Street, which combined the simple pathos of Israëls with a luminous harmony of colour not to be equalled by any member of the neo-Dutch School, not even by Matthew Maris himself.

The first picture exhibited by Chalmers after his establishment in Edinburgh was a boy's head in crayon. In 1863 he sent a portrait of John Pettie,



FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY J. ORROCK.

George Paul Chalmers. Chalmers was born at Montrose in 1836; and again, in his case, it has to be noted with regret that the most valuable years of youth were wasted on an uncongenial trade. After serving an apprenticeship to a ship-chandler he migrated to Edinburgh, and became a pupil of Robert Scott Lauder in the Trustees' Academy. There he worked for some years without showing much promise; and even after he had embarked on his professional career it was long before his art threw off its early looseness. From the beginning, however, he gave evidence of great insight into, and sympathy with, colour. His first works were landscape 'bits' and fancy portraits, and in these the colour was always good. As the years passed on, his pictures became less like beautiful ghosts. They became more solid and more generally complete. Besides portraits and landscapes, he painted any subject in which an opportunity for the exercise of his gift could be found. Many of

R.A. In after years his best works included *The Favourite Air* (1864), *Prayer* (1871), *The End of the Harvest* (1873), *Running Water* (1875), *The Love Song*, *The Potato Harvest*, and *The Legend*. The last-named is now in the Edinburgh National Gallery. Its subject is an 'auld wife' telling a ghost story to a semicircle of awestruck children. It displays much of the loose, almost nerveless, handling which is too common in the early works of Chalmers, but its colour is delicious. Cool greys and deep, rich shadows, passages of silvery light and notes of glowing warmth, are reconciled upon the canvas with unerring skill; and, from the whole, the passion of the moment exhales like a scent. *Prayer* was etched by Rajon for THE PORTFOLIO in 1877. Though one of the less masterly of its author's works, it shows the directness and simplicity of his appeal to the heart. Chalmers was fastidious to the last degree, and so the work produced in his artistic life of some twenty years was small in quantity,

His mysterious death took place on the 28th of February, 1878. A few evenings before he was at the dinner of the Scottish Academy. Thence he walked to the Artists' Club in Castle Street, where some conversation of a kind that would, and did, greatly affect his excitable nature took place. Be-

thief who had found him there after a fall caused by his own lack of watchfulness, there was nothing to show. He was carried to the Infirmary, but his skull was badly fractured, and on the last day of the month he died.

With Chalmers I come almost to the end of my



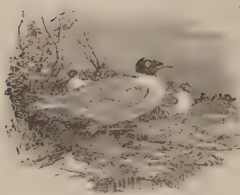
FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY J. ORROCK.

tween one and two in the morning he left to walk home, and the next that was seen of him was his unconscious body, lying at the foot of some area steps at the corner of Rose Street and Charlotte Square. His pockets had been rifled, but whether this had been done by robbers, and the painter afterwards thrown down the steps, or by a sneaking

list of deceased Scottish painters. His art, unlike that of some of those named, with him here, belongs by no means to the past. We shall find an echo of its beauties in the work of Mr. Orchardson, of Mr. John Pettie, of Mr. T. Graham, of Mr. Hugh Cameron, and of many others; and so this is not yet the place to discuss its principles.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE MERES OF EAST ANGLIA.



DURING the last few years the Norfolk Broads have attracted to themselves a considerable amount of public attention. Following in the wake of Mr. Christopher Davies (the Columbus of the district), a host of minor navigators have portrayed their tranquil beauties with pen and pencil, and enriched the world with *naïve* descriptions of adventurous voyages to nowhere in particular among the winding waterways of Bure and Yare. The result is that a quaint corner of the kingdom, hitherto known only to a stray antiquarian in quest of rood-screens, or a spectacled entomologist with net and pill-boxes, has achieved a sudden popularity which is viewed by its former admirers with something like dismay. The cockney excursionist, and, worse still, the cockney sportsman

ἀρίγνωτος, ἀρίπρεπής, ἀρίπικρος,

is there in all his glory, and on a summer afternoon the silvery expanses into which our placid rivers 'broaden' are beginning to wear the holiday aspect of Surbiton or Sunbury.

It would, however, be churlish to lament that another playground has been added to those which already afforded rest and refreshment to the jaded Londoner; and when all is said and done there still remain plenty of secluded lakelets, even in the Broad district, where the heron fishes unmolested and the curlew's eerie whistle alone breaks in upon the profound silence of the marsh. It is a fortunate tendency of the British tourist to keep to well-established routes and to regard with disfavour the less hackneyed localities whose charm consists in loneliness. A thousand sight-seers are whirled through the Trossachs for the dozen who find their way to Loch Hourn or Loch Assynt; and, as regards our humbler Norfolk scenery, the many prefer the cheerful vivacity of Wroxham to the sober solitudes of Horsey or Martham.

Outside the Broad district, too, there are other sheets of water in East Anglia which only surrender themselves to the determined lover of nature, and can never be 'opened up' to the travelling public. We are alluding to the Meres which form the subject of these pages and constitute a distinct feature in the unambitious landscape of Norfolk and Suffolk.



Considering the somewhat extravagant eulogies which have been pronounced in recent guide-books upon their rivals, it is really remarkable that these more picturesque pools should have remained so utterly unnoticed.

To account for this neglect, we may observe, in the first place, that the Meres are far less numerous, the Broads (of which there are some thirty, all told) being in a majority of about three to one; and, secondly, that as they are not all situated in a single district they have to be sought out in detail. Certain other points of difference between the two classes of East Anglian lakelets are also noticeable. The Meres are associated for the most part with the upper boulder clays of the inland country, and thus occupy a higher level than the Broads, which are met with among the flat and comparatively monotonous scenery of the sea-coast and its ancient estuaries. Instead of being surrounded by fat pastures and yellow corn-fields, the Meres are to be found in the midst of desolate uplands, where pines and birches form the prevailing vegetation in place of poplars and willows, and the landscape which includes them is (mountains alone excepted) Scotch rather than Dutch in character. Unlike the Broads again, the Meres are unconnected with any river system, but are fed partly by springs, partly by runnels in the rainy season. They are consequently exposed to the liability of shrinkage at all times, and some of them in a prolonged drought have been known to disappear altogether. Geologically speaking, there seems but little doubt that, like the Broads and other more famous lakes in Europe, they are due to glacial action, which is most marked in the case of the mere at Diss, a circular basin scooped out of the overlying strata down to the solid chalk, and in places over twenty feet deep.*

A typical specimen of a mere, in the Norfolk sense of the term, is that which has been selected for our full-page illustration. In this Mr. Speed has caught and reproduced with singular success the charm of these isolated pools, by whose banks one may lie and dream a whole summer day through without fear of disturbance. It represents the Lang Mere at Wretham—a remote village situated on the sandy tracts, or 'Brecks,' as they are locally called—to the north of Thetford, once the old civil and ecclesiastical capital of Norfolk. A happier combination of wood and water could scarcely be imagined, and the eye follows with delight the graceful curve of the shore-line, and the clustering columns of the fir-copse.

The Lang Mere has several shy sisters hidden among the neighbouring woods, for the discovery of

which an afternoon's ramble will amply suffice. Of these, perhaps, the most notable is the Great Mere, whose banks are shaded by exquisite masses of foliage, and whose winding inlets are still utilised as decoys. That venerable device of almost diabolical ingenuity (the introduction of which into Norfolk is attributed by the county historian, Blomfield,* to a certain Sir William Wodehouse in the reign of James I.), is by no means an unpicturesque object, its long, snake-like convolutions lending themselves kindly to the artist's pencil.

But the Wretham meres possess an antiquarian as well as an artistic interest, and in the former respect also they are well worthy of a pilgrimage. The Great or 'Mickle' Mere—of which we have just spoken—lives in the annals of Norfolk agriculture as the scene of an unusual experiment in fancy farming, its waters having been drained off some years ago by a late proprietor of the estate, who was struck with the original notion of making use of the rich mud it was supposed to contain as a means of fertilising the waste lands of the vicinity. This engineering enterprise, carried out with great ingenuity, and at a considerable expense, did not indeed meet with the success its audacity deserved; but in the course of the drainage operations the bed of the lake, which is something over half a mile in length, yielded a strange harvest of buried treasure in the shape of skeletons of *Bos longifrons*, *Cervus elaphus*, and other old-world inhabitants of the primæval forest, which clothed, and clothes, its banks. An earlier investigation of one of the other Wretham lakelets, known as the West Mere, undertaken by the same gentleman in 1851, produced even more striking and valuable results. An excellent account of the discoveries that were made in it occurs in a pamphlet† by Professor Newton, from which we have the author's permission to make the following quotation:—

'Near the centre of the mere, lying below the black mud, was found a ring or circular bank of fine white earth . . . sufficiently solid to allow Mr. B. to ride upon it without yielding to the weight of his pony; indeed, it seems to have been about as firm as average sea-sand when damp. Outside this ring the bottom of the mere was so soft and deep as to be almost impassable until the mud was cleared away. The ring or bank was some twenty or thirty feet across, a foot wide, and about four feet

* See an interesting paper in the 'Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society,' 1871-2, by J. E. Taylor, F.G.S.

* Blomfield is here quoting from Spelman, and his statement must not be understood to refer to the invention of decoys, which is traceable to far earlier times. Thus certain celebrated decoys in Lincolnshire were the subject of litigation in 1280; and proceedings were instituted in the tenth year of Henry IV., which set forth that, on May 12th, 1432, a mob came armed with swords, sticks, bows and arrows, and took 600 wild geese (*anches*) out of the Abbot's decoy at Croyland.

† *On the Zoology of Ancient Europe*. A paper read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, March 31st, 1862, by Alfred Newton, M.A., F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c. Macmillan & Co.

in height. Not far from its inner circumference was a circular hole, about four feet and a half in diameter, some six feet deeper than the bottom of the mere, and, as my informant states, almost like a well to look at. The mud it contained was even softer than that elsewhere. This was marked out by a circle of stout stakes, or small piles, apparently of alder (*Alnus glutinosa*), and it bore traces of having been wattled. It was not in the centre of the ring, and between the two circles were the remains of a wall, composed of flints packed together with marl and soft chalk. In the same place was some earth of a bright blue colour, which, when dried, crumbled to powder, and was not preserved. . . . In this interspace a still greater number of bones were found, and also the remains of a rude ladder, but in such a state of decay that it could only be pulled out piece-meal. I must add, that no weapons or implements of metal, which can be referred to a period at

shaped and pointed by human art.' It is recorded that some remains of a similar kind were found at Livermere, near Bury St. Edmunds, and discoveries closely resembling the above have also been more recently made in Yorkshire.

Leaving the Wretham sisterhood with this brief description of its peculiarities—though fain to linger by the banks of the Ring Mere and Fowl Mere—let us betake ourselves to the very centre of the county of Norfolk. There, on the high table-land between Watton and Hingham, unknown to all except a few ornithological enthusiasts, lies the curious sheet of water called Scoulton Mere. It covers over seventy acres, and is of an irregularly circular shape, the centre being occupied by a large,



DECOY ON GREAT MERE.

all remote, were brought to light in this or any of the adjoining meres, but a great number of flint disks were found, which according to the description I have received (for, unfortunately, none of them seem to have been preserved), must have closely resembled those known to the Danish antiquaries as "sling-stones," from the probable use made of them.'

That these remains were analogous in character to those of the *Pfahl-bauten* of Switzerland can hardly be disputed by anyone after reading this circumstantial description of them, compiled from notes taken at the time by an eye-witness. The similarity between the East Anglian and Swiss antiquities is indeed fully recognised by M. Troyon in his work on 'Lacustrine Habitations,' though he was only acquainted with the results of the drainage at the Mickle Mere, which comprised, as Sir Charles Bunbury informs* us, 'numerous posts of oak-wood,

swampy island, or-'hearth,' the chosen haunt of a colony of Black-headed or Laughing gulls (*Larus ridibundus*), which breed there undisturbed in countless thousands. In the 'Account of Birds found in Norfolk,' written by the author of 'Religio Medici,' more than two hundred years ago, we read that in his day 'great plenty of these Gulls have bred about Scoulton Meers and are thence sent to London,' and the settlement doubtless dates from the very earliest times.

The island on which the birds 'have their habitation,' or rather one corner of it, is shown in our illustration. It exhibits the characteristic vegetation of the original marsh, a luxuriant growth of reeds and water-plants alternating with dwarf alders and stunted pines, wherever the ground is sufficiently firm to support them. Between these 'hards' (as the natives call them) are wide expanses of quaking morass; and it is there that the gulls love to congregate, secure from invasion by the treacherous nature of their watery stronghold. As the boat in which the

* 'Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London,' vol. xii., pp. 355, 356.

visitor warily approaches is making its way through the emerald patches of weed that glisten upon the surface of the shallow mere, one or two outlying scouts of the main army may be heard screaming overhead, with the elf-like laughter from which they have acquired their name. But when the far end of the lake is reached, where the reeds are thinner and the green level is broken by 'plashes' of water, a sight presents itself—so far as the writer is aware—absolutely unique in kind. For very acres the ground is literally covered with gulls, as with a cloth of ermine, the piebald hues of the adult birds

blending with the soft greys and yellows of their fluffy nestlings. Another moment and they catch sight of the intruder; then follows a short interval of perfect silence, and forthwith, with one accord, as Homer has it in his inimitable manner,—

"Ενθα καὶ ἔνθα ποτῶνται ἀγαλλομένα περὺγεςσιν,
Κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δὲ τε λείμων.

Il. ii. 462-3.

The air grows hoary with innumerable wings and loud with inextinguishable laughter, as they rise swerving and shrieking in all directions, to settle down once more in orderly battalions when the boat has passed on and the coast is clear.

Every year, as March comes round, the birds return to their ancestral abode, and during the breeding season, which continues from first to last for about six weeks to two months, an incredible number of eggs are taken. The earliest are laid by the 18th

of April, and they are then collected for the first month at the rate of from 1500 to 2000 a-day, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; later the number rises to 3000, or even 4000, and in an exceptional season as many as 44,000 have been gathered and

sent to market. Occasionally a year of grace is given, to prevent undue decrease of the colony, and it is worthy of note that this has been done at the request of the neighbouring farmers, who appreciate the services of the gulls in keeping down the grubs that prey upon their crops. A very pretty sight it is to see them following the plough

for food, and the amount of slugs and worms they destroy on these excursions must be prodigious. By the end of July the young are ready to fly, and towards the middle of August the entire settlement breaks up and the mere is left in utter desolation until the spring comes round again.

From Scoulton, like its feathered inmates, let us take a long flight seaward, and on crossing the

Waveney at St. Olave's into the detached portion of Suffolk known as Lothingland, make our last halt at Fritton Decoy. This charming lake is often classed as a broad, owing to its proximity to the district where broads are numerous, but it is, properly speaking,

a veritable mere, and so falls within the scope of this description. The locality bears a strong resemblance to the country round Wretham. There are the same tracts of heather, the same belts of pine and birch, the same plants and insects as are met



RING MERE.



SCOULTON MERE.

with in that quarter; and the mere itself, like those first described, lies at a considerable elevation above the sluggish streams and sleepy pastures of the neigh-



FRITTON DECOY.

bouring fens. Take it altogether, Fritton must, we think, be regarded as bearing the palm of beauty among the East Anglian meres; and as it is close to Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and easily accessible by train, it is already well known and needs no fresh advertisement at our hands. It is fully two miles in

length and unwinds itself like a river in three exquisite reaches, past heathery knolls and wooded promontories, from Ashby to Herringfleet. In our sketch a glimpse is given of the thick forest-growth that fringes its southern shores and of the bleached skeleton of a deserted yacht which, like the *phaselus* of the Roman poet,—

‘Nunc recondita
Senet quiete’

among the waterflags that lend a charm to its decay. Situated so near the coast Fritton is a very paradise of water-fowl, and it would be a lengthy task to enumerate the various species that from time to time have been observed ‘taking their pastime’ in and about it. Prominent among them are of course the members of the duck tribe, of which a great quantity are annually inveigled into its decoys; and, though of late years the supply has shown some symptoms of diminution (owing to the drainage of the fens and other causes), it can never wholly fail. The ‘pipes’ at Herringfleet have been worked by the family of the proprietor for 160 years, and as many as 600 fowl have sometimes been taken in a single day.

Much more might be written upon the varied attractions of these interesting lakelets, some of which we have been compelled to pass over altogether. Our main purpose has been to distinguish them from the Broads, with which, if they meet with any notice at all, they are invariably confused, greatly to their disadvantage; and to point out to all lovers of nature a new type of English scenery, which, although to some extent paralleled in other parts of the island, is in certain respects altogether *sui generis*, and seems to merit a special and independent recognition.

H. F. WILSON.

INTERIOR OF THE HALL, LINCOLN’S INN.

BY A. E. PEARCE.

THE New Hall of Lincoln’s Inn stands on a raised terrace which, shortly after the Restoration, was formed along the western side of the Society’s Garden. Occupying this elevated position, the building is very conspicuous from Lincoln’s Inn Fields, and with the adjacent Library, which was erected at the same time, constitutes one of the best-known architectural objects in London. The architect was Philip Hardwick, whose initials, and the date of the foundation, 1843, appear in the southern gable of the Hall. It is scarcely necessary to say that the entire structure is a Tudor design of brick, with stone dressings. Our illustration represents the interior of the Hall, viewed from the dais or upper

end. The screen is of carved oak, in five divisions, comprising a central doorway, and two compartments on each side, formed of arches and tracery, and glazed in the intervals. The buttresses rising from the floor between the arches of the gallery are surmounted by pedestals, on which stand figures representing six eminent members of the Society. The persons represented are: Sir Matthew Hale, who bequeathed to the Inn his library, including a valuable collection of legal manuscripts; Archbishop Tillotson, once Preacher of Lincoln’s Inn; Lord Mansfield; Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; Bishop Warburton, one of the Preachers, and founder of the Warburtonian Lectures, delivered in Lincoln’s Inn



Chapel; Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls. Five windows of stained glass on either side of the Hall contain in the upper lights the arms, crests, and mottoes of other distinguished members from 1450 to 1843. Beneath the windows is oak panelling, in the compartments of which these ar-

morial bearings are continued down to the present time, with the addition of the arms of Bishops who have held the office of Preacher. The roof of the Hall is remarkably handsome. The height of this stately chamber is 62 feet, its length 120, and its width 45.

LETTERS FROM THE ENGLISH LAKES.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HULL.

Coniston, September 20th, 1858.

IT was not without many regrets that I left Heysham on the 13th of September, where I had spent six very pleasant weeks. The calm and expansive beauty of its seaward prospects, bounded by those ever-varying lines of far-stretching blue hills, will, I trust, add considerable wealth to that 'store-house for all lovely things,' which Wordsworth so fervently wished to be the portion of his 'dear, dear sister.' I am now in the midst of scenery of an entirely opposite nature, both in its general aspect and in its way of appealing to the



TILBERTHWAITE.

imagination and mind. It no longer seeks to win attention and admiration, either by the soft grace of undulating lines or by the ineffable delicacy and purity of horizontal distances. It at once commands attention even from the most indifferent by the grandeur and mystery of its features, quickens the imaginative, and creates a feeling of awe in the minds of the thoughtful and contemplative. I say this because I have made a sudden plunge into the most romantic part of the Coniston scenery, having been located at once on my arrival at the foot of the Old Man, and thence had all my first rambles directed to his rugged sides; and so attractive have these been that I have not even yet been down to the lake-side, but have been content to view it from these craggy heights.

My first walk, early on Wednesday morning, was to Tilberthwaite. I arrived at the opening of the valley, just before you enter a gate, about seven o'clock, and there I came to a standstill, not from fatigue but from satiety. I felt persuaded that in

that one scene there was enough to satisfy the appetite of vision for one morning at least, and accordingly I halted, pulled out my sketch-book, and devoted an hour to an attempt to preserve its freshness and unity in my memory. I give a slight echo

of it at the head of this letter. I will forbear a lengthened description, as I should undoubtedly fall into the raving style of the guide-books in the attempt, thereby tending little to your edification. You, and some others of your number, know the features of the scene, which you must imagine subdued with the tender light of

morning, the filmy mists 'curling with unconfirmed intent' up the steep sides of this little 'happy valley.' Of higher Yewdale I have only yet had distant but tempting peeps, and, indeed, so lovely have been some of these that I have almost refrained from going too near for fear they should prove less beautiful.

On Thursday, being up early, and wandering towards the mines, the white stream shooting its way down the sides of the Old Man tempted me to mount higher and reach the hollow whence it proceeded, and accordingly I found myself on the margin of Low Water, nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea, about 7.30 a.m. As I did not feel in a condition to wish for a repetition of such a long climbing up, I gave myself a quarter of an hour to cool and half an hour to make a sketch, of which I send you a slight copy, and by nine o'clock found myself at home with a tolerably good appetite for breakfast. I again forbear description, and leave the sketch to do its best.

Friday I devoted to an expedition in search of the remaining tarns, Levers Water, Seathwaite Tarn, and Gaits Water. I had visited Levers Water on Wednesday afternoon, and send you the result in the sketch for the book. On reaching it a second time I looked about for a track which should lead me over the steep declivities that flank the tarn to the north and west, having understood that Seathwaite lay in that direction. I followed one that led me to the opposite side of the tarn, but becoming 'small by degrees, &c.,' it at length left me to the mercy of the bare turf, crags, screes, and bog. I found it about the toughest bit

of climbing I had experienced since our ascent to Stickle Tarn three years ago. When I arrived near the summit of the ridge the silence and solitude became almost awful, the effect of which was increased by a dark cloud settling on the Old Man and rolling in my direction, darkening the air with a preternatural gloom. In this profound gloom and silence, relieved, however, by the beautiful, remote shining valley, lake, and tarn below, my ear was startled by the cries of a

human voice and the barking of a dog, and through the dim mist I could discern a shepherd springing with great agility from crag to crag, giving orders at every jutting point to the faithful creature who was doing his duty with zealous alacrity many yards below. On completing the ascent I found a doubtful summit; it was a smooth turf ridge of about fifteen yards width, which descended in one uninterrupted slope to the valley in which lies Seathwaite Tarn, and which is an offshoot from

Seathwaite proper. Here I fell in with the shepherd who was a most welcome guest under the circumstances, for he supplied me with a good deal of topographical information, which was of great assistance in my journey forwards. The day was not good for seeing great distances, but it enabled me

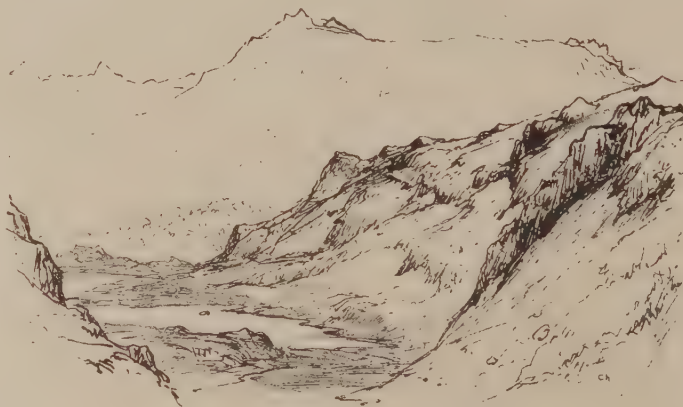
to see what I came purposely for, Seathwaite Tarn and the hills immediately surrounding it, of which the fine form of Birker Fell is the most prominent. After refreshing myself and making a sketch, I proceeded to the left along the back of the Old Man, that having been pointed out to me by the shepherd

as the nearest and easiest way to Gaits Water, the screes of which were visible from this point. I again became enveloped in mist, but as there was

a fresh breeze driving it along I felt pretty certain it would soon rise like a curtain and present some new scene to me. However, the darkness remained longer than I anticipated, and the black-faced sheep I passed assumed almost megatherian proportions. I suppose I must have appeared a Brobdingnagian to them, as they



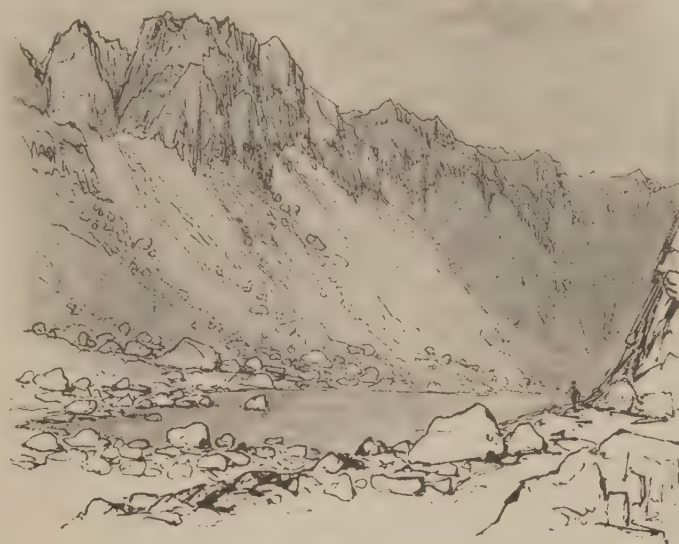
LOW WATER.



SEATHWAITE TARN.

gazed on me with a wondering stare, then took to their heels and plunged into chaos. However, I descended, at a slight angle, but getting on rocky ground I thought it best to sit down and await the rising of the curtain, when lo! it came with a startling, sudden brightness, disclosing directly in front of me the steep screes, crowned with black columnar precipices, that rise in their ascent from the dark tarn below with wreaths of mist flying over their barren sides. Judging from sketches and descriptions of

Wast Water, I should say this is a miniature presentment of it, so utterly verdureless is it in its character. I had still a considerable descent to make, which having accomplished, I picked my way over the countless loose stones and boulders to the foot of the tarn, and then selected the point of view for a sketch, a copy of which I send you. My way now lay over the moors at the foot of the Old Man, affording far-stretching views over Yewdale and the mountains beyond Windermere, and I reached home in the evening delighted with my day's ramble, and satisfied with having encircled the huge bulk of the old monarch of Conistoun.



GAITSWATER.

Conistoun, October 12th, 1858.

Since the last meeting I have but little to write touching scenery. Such unmitigated, drenching rain as we have had here for the last week or two I have not witnessed since the first fortnight of my last visit to Grasmere. Two days of out-door work are all I have achieved since I last wrote. I send you a pen-sketch of what I have so far discovered to be the finest picture scene in the neighbourhood, but up to the present time I have only about two inches of colour laid in. I attempted a third visit on Saturday, but no sooner had I got seated and at work than up rose a black mass of cloud from behind the distant mountains, came straight away across the fells as if making a direct aim at me, and unceremoniously warned me off, with pelting rain so heavy and continuous that I had no

resource but to trudge home again. This, with the shortening days, is discouraging enough, but there is nothing for it but to wait a little longer. The Fells, from which the above view is taken, certainly afford some of the very best points for obtaining fine pros-

spects of the surrounding mountains. From the highest part of them can be seen the entire chain of the mountains of the district, in the following order:—Black Combe, Old Man, Wetherlam, Wrynose, Crinkle Crag, Scawfell, Bowfell, Great End, Langdale Pikes, Silver How, Helm Crag, Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, Fairfield, Nab Scar,

Rydal Head, Scandale, Kirkstone, High Street, Kentmere, Yorkshire hills round to Morecambe Bay and Duddon Sands. Out of this range I have selected the Pikes, which rise majestically out of the sea of

mountains about them, from a point above what are called the Tarns, a few marshy pools lying in a hollow of the fells, whence issues a little stream running through a sort of gorge into Yewdale. The fell beyond is Oxenfell, over which lies Little Langdale, and beyond that Lingmoor and Langdale.

The mountain to



LANGDALE PIKES FROM THE TARN.

the left of the Pikes in the distance is Great End; to the left of that lie Bowfell, Scawfell, &c., to get in which I shall extend my picture a little more to the left. I think the peculiar feature of the scene is the number, variety, and gradation of the distances. Thus, you see, there are no less than seven gradations of distance, all varied in their forms, and in colour there is a lavish profusion of autumnal tints,

without one trace of cultivated green throughout, except in the wood. I have certainly set my mind on making out of this subject my *chef-d'œuvre* of this year, the issue of which remains, however, yet to be seen.

The drawing I send for the book is of a scene from the same moors, but nearer Yewdale; the end of which lies to the left, with the road leading into Langdale, in which a part of Elterwater is seen. Behind the smoke are Red Bank and Silverhow, behind which, as you know, lies the vale of Grasmere.

Loughrigg is the low dark hill to the right of the tall trees, and the mountains behind are Fairfield and Seat Sandal, backed by Helvellyn, the hollow between being Grisedale, the footway to Ullswater from Grasmere. As this is a study for a larger picture I shall be obliged to beg for the use of it awhile, and shall be glad to hear of any suggestions from members that would help to improve it. Of course the details will be much more positive near the foreground.

A MODERN SCULPTOR.

‘Non, je ne suis pas le premier sculpteur du monde. Je ne suis qu’un observateur, un enfant de la nature.’—
Letter of Carpeaux to M. Gounod, 1874.

ART biography, when it lacks the charm of personal reminiscence and the spice of personal gossip, is apt to become very dull. We are all ready to read a Cellini or a Berlioz when they profess to indite the story of their own lives, but we really regard their volumes rather as masterpieces of that most fascinating species of literature which goes under the name of *Confessions*, than as a faithful mirror of the inner drama which lies behind their art. And yet no form of genius requires more delicate and searching treatment from the biographer. The statesmen and the soldier live *en évidence*; even the man of letters leaves behind him in his books a world of living men and women who account for their own existence, as the creations of the poet who expresses himself through the symbols of colour, form, or sound, can never do. But the artist not only leads the life of a recluse; in his case will and intellect and imagination are more subtly interwoven than in that of the word-poet; the threads are much harder to disentangle. The critic, therefore, who undertakes to lay bare the springs of a great artist's energy deserves our sympathy; the critic who succeeds in his task renders a great service both to his hero and to his reader. Some five years ago M. Ernest Chesneau achieved a success of this kind in the memoir which he published of his friend the sculptor, J. B. Carpeaux. And a recent visit to Valenciennes, the sculptor's birthplace, where a beautiful collection of his work has been housed in the Hôtel de Ville, prompts me to say a few words, with the Editor's consent, about this remarkable man.

Carpeaux sprang from a soil which has been for centuries a hotbed of artistic talent, the old borderland between France and the Netherlands, Flemish at bottom in blood, though French by adoption since the wars of the Grand Monarque. Three hundred years ago this country sent a troop of sculptors, Giovanni da Bologna, a native of Douai, at their

head, to swell the tide of Italian art, and to lose on Italian soil all tincture of their origin save their Flemish exuberance of style and fertility of production. Carpeaux's nature, too, never expanded till he reached the sunny South, and moved in its living school of form and gesture; and we find him when already within the grasp of death bent upon a last visit to that paradise of pleasure-loving temperaments, the Bay of Naples. Yet he was passionately attached to his home, and a true son of his native land,—French by virtue of an indefinable spontaneity which is bright and swift as quicksilver, Flemish in his intense preoccupation with the more violent phenomena of life. It is this latter element in his work which stamps him the compatriot of the giant genius that for three centuries has dominated Flemish art, and inspires to-day sculpture as well as painting in the city of his fame. But perhaps he recalls another compatriot who was also in part a contemporary more vividly than he recalls Rubens. I mean that brilliant though eccentric comet, Wiertz, a native of Dinant, which lies about the same distance from the frontier of France away to the south-east that Valenciennes lies from the frontier of Belgium, a famous fortress like the latter, with tragic passages in her history. The one, it is true, was a painter, the other a sculptor; but the painter lost none of his fire when he wrought in the cold stone, and the sculptor breathed a new soul into his own art by his exquisite practice of what painters know as the mystery of *values*. Valenciennes itself, even to-day, in its comparative decline, has much more character than many a place with twice its number of inhabitants.

And it is impossible to dissociate Carpeaux's art from his consciousness of citizenship. Throughout his life this remained one of its animating principles, and with him sentiment knew how to crystallise in hard fact. At his death he bequeathed casts, papers, designs, sketches, all of his work, in fact, that still

remained within his own possession, to his native town. And there is another work which testifies even more directly to his passion for it,—I mean the statue of Valenciennes '*défendant la patrie*,' which now surmounts the new Hôtel de Ville. Breathing defiance through her whole frame, she turns with desperate valour upon her country's foes. This concentrated rage of gesture and expression seems an almost unholy thing, so utterly different is it from the ordinary motive of such compositions. But as a symbolic conception it is wonderful, beautifully obedient to the laws of architectural symmetry, and yet warm with the life of passionate thought. The thirst for military glory, that prodigality of life and treasure in a great cause, which is the nobler aspect of what in the French we foolishly regard merely as a vice, could desire no higher embodiment. This statue is a 'page of heroic art.'

Carpeaux's early years need not detain us. He was born of poor parents: his star was the star of toil and poverty. Of them we know nothing save what may be gleaned from his mother's devotion to him during his long agony, and the beautiful study of her head which he left on paper. But his obscurity of origin left two indelible marks upon his character: the one noble, the other, alas! strangely unworthy of him—the capacity for toil, and the desire for rank and wealth.

'Où l'œuvre sort plus belle
D'une forme au travail
Rébelle,'

sings Théophile Gautier in his subtle little poem, 'L'Art;' and Carpeaux needed in the sculptor's



CARPEAUX'S MOTHER. FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.

studio the iron muscle, the indifference to fatigue, of the labourer's son. But he would have been happier without that taste for glitter which prompted him on the occasion of his marriage to ask Napoleon for the dignity of a baron, and to turn his art too

often into a sort of private mint by the reproduction of the same motives for mere purposes of profit. Poor Carpeaux!

'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.'

Speculators made his latter days so wretched by



THE TOWN OF VALENCIENNES REPULSING INVASION.

worthless commercial exhibitions of his work that he was driven into making a public repudiation of all reproductions without his signature, and even now his reputation suffers from the circulation of such copies quite destitute of his vital touch.

Perhaps an unexpressed conviction that the foundations of his art must be overhauled, and in some sense laid down again before he could build securely on the new lines, lies at the root of his prolonged adherence to the old traditions, for instance in the work* with which he won the *Grand Prix de Rome*, and of his very late appearance in his true character. Ten years had elapsed since he entered his name at the *École des Beaux Arts*, when he set out for the Eternal City.

I am not going to relate the long tale of struggle and suffering which forms the background of his previous period of probation. Suffice it to say, that his physical and nervous powers of endurance were tried to the uttermost. Now he works as a common porter, now he slaves upon the lowest rung of the

* The *Hector* imploring the gods on behalf of his son Astyanax (1854).

mechanic's industrial ladder. He drinks to its dregs the bitter cup of a poor man's ambition. With Béranger, the literary idol of his youth, he might have sung,—

'Du malheur seul les leçons m'ont forme.'

But he never despaired. He drew, so the story runs, from the veteran, David d'Angers, one of his famous *quots*, 'You might cut off Carpeaux's head, and his hands would go on modelling.' He somewhat startled his unsympathetic relative and compatriot, Lemaire (also of Valenciennes, where he has some fine works at the Hôtel de Ville, but better known as the sculptor of the *fronton* at the Madeleine) by the high-pitched retort, 'Monsieur, you are a Maréchal in the ranks of your art, but who has told you that I shall not be a Prince?' And better still, he absorbed first from Rude



STUDY OF HANDS. FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.

his lyric exaltation and his faultless construction of the human mechanism, then from Duret that balance, refinement, and purity of form which made him a regenerative force in the development of French sculpture. Yet spite of all this, the '*Sturm und Drang*' were fierce without as well as within. It is not true that Carpeaux lived, as M. Muntz asserts,* after the battle of naturalism had been won, and reaped only the fruits of the victory. A single fact disproves the assertion. He had to wage a bitter war with the Director of the Roman Academy over his masterpiece, the *Ugolino*.

It is time to speak of the works which established Carpeaux's fame, and which gave promise of a future that he never redeemed. His true genius, as I have said already, awakened very late and on a foreign soil. He felt, indeed, that he had been wronged by destiny in not having been born a native of Italy. His new life, too, at the Villa Medici, the very sense of inhabiting an old Roman palace, and even its material luxury and pomp so strange a contrast to the hard, cramped struggle for existence at Paris, could not fail to affect his sensuous temperament. Let us put together the sensations of a poor scholar at reaching an English University, and mixing on equal terms for the first time with those for whose

society he was born, and the sensations of the artist who finds himself for the first time in the Eternal City: we shall then in a rough way realise his situation. Nor should we forget that Carpeaux was an ardent Catholic, and devoted to the Pope. Religion in him, as it proved at his end, was a living force, though his fiery nature broke for a time from its restraints. And his religion was an utterly different thing from the outwardly cold and intellectually timorous faith which is fostered by Protestant habits of thought. Unreasoning, perhaps, and materialistic to a fault, it may have been, but a warmth and depth which embraced the whole man. To churches and palaces and their treasures of art I may add one more haunt of Carpeaux's—the Ghetto. Papal Rome, when Carpeaux first knew it, after the failure of the '48, and the withdrawal

of Pius IX. from the rôle of Italian Protector, and the accession to power of Louis Napoleon, was in all its old glory, and Carpeaux never missed a Sunday in the dancing saloons, till, all unsuspecting of the harm which he had done by

looking handsome and dancing well, he was warned by a jealous Italian lover, knife in hand, to make himself scarce. All this time, however, we must not think of him as idle or indifferent about his work. He had a happy way of working hardest when he seemed to be doing least, of striking out his creations in the first warm blush of fancy, and while he roamed through the streets on the arm of a friend he was storing his memory more than his note-book, and unconsciously carrying out Leonardo da Vinci's maxims of study to the letter.

The fruits of this new Italian life were long in forming. It was not at least until 1856, two years after the *Grand Prix*, that he sent the bust entitled *Palombella*, a reminiscence not of Rome but of the old Ausonian land rich in stern and stately beauty,—

'Magna parens divom hominumque.'

Palombella was a Sabine girl whom Carpeaux had found stitching the tattered garments of her poor rustic brethren, a type of the simple charities of southern life. The sculptor did not hesitate to seize this opportunity of treating the picturesque peasant

* In the '*Gazette des Beaux Arts*' for 1875.

head-dress (how he must have shocked our fastidious Gibson!); but he went deeper than the surface of his subject, and he has touched the sweet dignity, the noble, unconscious grace of these daughters of the soil. The carriage of her head, a characteristic trait of Italian beauty, is skilfully expressed by means of the simple bust. Altogether, it is a charming work, and we cannot feel surprised that it should have given rise to a whole family of similar busts, some too facile, perhaps, others very interesting, but far too numerous to allow of further comment here.

Carpeaux's next *envoi* to the École des Beaux Arts was even more characteristic than the last. M. Chesneau discovers in the *Palombella* a twin sister to the *Graziella* of Lamartine's strange 'Confidences.' The Sabine maiden was dead before the age of twenty, and whether with her was buried an unspoken romance of his own the sculptor has not told us. The *Neapolitan Fisher-boy with the Shell* carries us, at least in thought, straight away to the scene of the Poet's adventures. This boy might be *Graziella's* brother, in whose company Lamartine nearly suffered shipwreck, and who on that memorable night upon the island of Ischia after their escape led him to her whose love for awhile became the beacon of his life. Crouching there in a childish transport, what is it that the fisher-boy hears within his shell? Is it not the echo of Nature's ceaseless music on those shores whose sunlit waters, carpeted to the very edge by clambering plants, the poet has exquisitely likened to some vase of *verde antico* creamy with foam, and festooned with tendrils of the ivy and the vine? This little statue is a true poem, not a new one, indeed, for Rude's gem now in the Louvre is father to its thought, but more sharply cut—of more lustrous brilliancy. We may well pardon Carpeaux for what he has borrowed in conception. Δις ἡ τρις τὸ ἀγαθόν, said the Greeks, and the motive of this figure is as fresh to-day as it was thirty years ago, because it comes from the heart.

In Paris it made a great sensation, hitting just the taste of the time. Not that its beauty is irreproachable. Unerring taste was not one of Carpeaux's gifts. Here there may be possibly an excess of movement in the features, almost amounting to a grimace in the opinion of the fastidious. But the shiver of delight which ripples through the body and breaks into a perfect sea of gaiety upon the boy's face is not less true to Neapolitan human nature than it is characteristic of the richly endowed artist. Carpeaux was destined to contribute a new element to the sculpture of modern life: it is this fact which makes his work far more interesting than that of other men equally

talented, and which has inspired these brief notes of his career. In this statue, too, we have what is called the best example of his first manner. That manner is distinguished from its latter modifications chiefly by the sculptor's profound feeling for anatomical structure. But we have reached the date of Carpeaux's *chef-d'œuvre* in that respect—the famous *Ugolino*, which now stands in bronze within the Gardens of the Tuileries.

Carpeaux pronounced it on his death-bed to be the most powerful of all his works, and he never,



NEAPOLITAN FISHER-BOY WITH A SHELL.

perhaps, came again so near to attaining that sort of success, which is beyond criticism, by sheer force of its originality. What audacity! to commence a monumental group of five figures from one of Dante's most terrible images—Dante, who never meant us to realise his scorching thoughts save through a mist of tears.

Carpeaux has chosen his moment in *Ugolino's* story from a passage in those thirty lines which are unequalled, according to Walter Savage Landor, by any other thirty in the whole dominion of poetry. The Count's foreboding dream of the boar-chase upon the Luccan hill and his children's terrible cries for food in their sleep, followed by that dread locking of the tower-door, at which

'I wept not, I within so turned to stone,'

—all these are of the past. Another* day and night have passed away. Another sun is rising over the world. He stops short, too, of the revolting doom which the poet conceived for these two arch-offenders in a hell where, what Lord Bacon calls, a 'wild kind of justice,' and what we know as the passion of revenge, outlives the loss of all shame and all compassion. But he has woven Dante's successive pictures into a single moment of time, and unconsciously adopted one of Chaucer's pathetic touches in his free paraphrase of the story,—

'They laid hem in
his lappe adown
and deide.

This single line seems to contain the pith of Carpeaux's motive. His group, indeed, can hardly fail to suggest a comparison with the Laocöon, opposite to a copy of which it stood in the Universal Exhibition, and stands now again in the Tuileries Gardens. But the comparison is really a contrast. Nothing could well be wider than the difference between these two works in point, both of conception and execution. The

antique group presents us with a picture of perfect physical beauty and strength suddenly summoned to combat with overwhelming death. No doubt it is profoundly pitiful, but of death in its naked truth there is no hint; of the serpent's bite we hardly think. The real subject is life, and not death. The modern sculptor, on the other hand, has depicted a form of death in which all its most terrible features have time to develop, in which life slowly suc-

cumbs to the inroads of waste and atrophy. Every note as it were in the scale of resistance is there, from the infant boy, nipped like the bud by a single frost, to the stern warrior, like an old tree that battles with advancing winter and dies by slow degrees. The gradation in these five figures is extremely skilful; without any trace of calculation each seems to succeed the last by a sort of spontaneous inspiration. The climax is reached,

of course, in that of Ugolino himself, on which Carpeaux has put forth to his utmost the anatomical science and imagination in which he excelled, and which alone could express the plastic value of his subject. Lastly, this is emphatically a work which supplies its own chiaroscuro, and depends thereon mainly for its effect. No doubt the *silhouette* of the group is one of its most striking features, and would tell in any situation. But it is characteristic of Carpeaux to be preoccupied with his light and shade. On paper he was a master of the *stump*.

Look at his pre-

vious studies for this group in pen and ink, and you will see how even in that ungrateful process he has worked for this effect.

After a work like this, notwithstanding all its sins of excess, produced at the outset of his career, we look upon great ultimate triumphs as assured. The sediment in his genius would subside, its froth would evaporate, so men believed. The pure flame would burn away its baser elements. But it was not so. From this day forth the great redeeming virtue of the *Ugolino*, its passion, burnt ever dimmer in the sculptor's art. Here he realised more perfectly than ever hereafter his own dream of an art which should beat high and fast in sympathy with modern life.



STUDY FOR THE GROUP OF UGOLINO. FROM A PEN AND INK DRAWING.

* 'And now,' &c. (Longfellow's version). Carpeaux's prose rendering of the original verse is full of energy. He has caught in his rhythm the tones of struggling pride and pity, in which the bitter confession is wrung from the stern sinner.

Listen to his own words, '*Emotion est voulue*. We can no longer make statues without a motive, merely for the sake of their beauty and for the luxury which they minister to our senses. . . . We want works like the *Descent from the Cross*, the *Massacre of Scio*, the *Wreck of the Medusa*,* . . . humanity swept away in a blind whirl, generation trampling on generation, as the dust flies before the storm.' Such is his conception of the office of modern art.

Two works appeared shortly after the *Ugolino* and established Carpeaux's reputation at once in quite a new *genre*. There is no part of his work indeed which will live longer than his busts: his busts alike—and this is noticeable—of men and women. He was possessed of two great qualities which assured him success in portraiture. First, a profound feeling for *character*—character, I mean, not only in the restricted sense of human character, but in its wider meaning, of that which marks the individual as distinct from the type; and secondly, a quick sensibility to that subtle play of thought throughout the living form, which is ever the sculptor's despair, and which reaches its climax in the human face.

There is one point about his feminine portraits which requires a passing allusion—his treatment of the bust. In form it is a revival of the sumptuous style of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but Carpeaux avails himself of the old fashion with a freedom and a feeling for effect which bespeak more intellectual intention than we find in the work of Coyzevox or Hondon. Between him and them lies an art which disdained *accident*, and disdained it longer in sculpture than in painting. Carpeaux loved it with a painter's love, but he always uses it in subservience to a higher aim,—that of imparting to his work the colour and motion of life.

* Carpeaux is referring, of course, to the masterpieces of Rubens, Delacroix, and Géricault.

It is their wonderful *abandon*, dancing in the eye and breathing through the parted lips, which makes these busts irresistibly fascinating. You see, not a block of marble cunningly wrought into a human likeness, but an imprisoned soul on the point of speaking and telling you the secret of her smile. But the bust of Mdle. Eugénie Fiocre, a *danseuse* at the Opéra, which appeared at the *Salon* in 1870, is the flower of Carpeaux's work in this *genre*. The youthful freshness of his sitter has enabled the sculptor to cast aside the accessories with which he relieves charms more *passé*. A soft gauzy veil, from whose folds peeps a blossom, falls about the shoulders; the throat is slender, but moves with a swanlike grace; and over the features, in themselves piquant rather than beautiful, breaks a delicious smile. A painter could not have caught more perfectly the ripple of light and shade upon the face: and yet the bust is true sculpture, no painted marble.

After work like this, what shall we find to repay our study in the statue of a boy-prince? The motive is simple enough. He stands quite square, and, looking to the front, his right arm hanging easily by his side, his left round the neck of a beautiful dog, who, half seated on his haunches at his little master's heels, curls his long neck round the small legs so that he may look up into his face. We can see that the likeness must have been striking; its simplicity carries with it the stamp of truth. But this is a case of the *ars celare artem*. Look again at the execution, and you perceive how searching is the chisel. The sculptor has felt, and you feel too, the lissom grace of the small fine body through the trivial details of boyish dress which he scrupulously preserves. There is a piece of delicate life beneath those tiny garments. The sculptor has understood, and he makes us understand, the history and the nature of the boy-prince.

S. UDNY.

SOME MINIATURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

TWO very ably executed portraits representing Louise de Kerhouël, Duchess of Portsmouth, and Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans (daughter of Charles I.), may next claim our attention. They are both of excellent workmanship in the rich colour, being frequently heightened with gold. A comparison will satisfy any one that they are both by the same hand, which, from the style of work, might be that of a pupil, or at all events an emulator, of Peter Oliver. The Duchess of Orleans came to the court of Charles II. in 1670, Louise de Kerhouël being one of her ladies in attendance, which date probably indicates that of the miniatures. The first-mentioned is signed in small gold capitals 'HANS F.' but this is

an insufficient clue as to authorship, for it does not point to any known master of the art.

Among the contemporaries of Peter Oliver were the two Hoskins and Sir Balthasar Gerbier. The latter was a professor of, or at least a pretender to, nearly all the arts and sciences, amongst them painting, architecture, and diplomacy, and was freely satirised by the wits of the time. He was appointed painter to the Duke of Buckingham, and of his artistic powers there is a pleasing little example in the Jones Collection. It is a delicately executed miniature in pen and bistre, signed '*Gerbier fecit, 1616*.' It represents, according to the inscription placed in an ornamental framework, Prince Charles,

afterwards King, and has been worked with much labour and patience in every part. It does not much recall the sad face of the unhappy monarch with the shadow of doom upon it, but resembles more the portrait of his brother, Prince Henry. It is the more interesting from its early date.

The two Hoskins are not adequately represented; of the elder painter, who marked his works with a monogram, there are two; one in the Jones Collection—Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke—gives no idea of his real power, but the other, the portrait of an unknown, in the general collection of the Museum, is of very superior workmanship, the head being but little inferior to the productions of Isaac Oliver. The elder Hoskins is the painter of whom Kenelm Digby said, 'By his paintings in little he pleased more than Vandyck.' He was much employed by Charles I., receiving from him the very handsome salary (as times went) of 200*l.* a-year, 'provided that he work not for any other without his Majesty's licence.' Among other things he made designs for the Great Seal. Of the younger Hoskins, inferior as an artist, and comparatively rare, there is no example in our public collections. He signed with initials, 'I. H.,' and imitated his co-disciple, Samuel Cooper, rather than his father.

Towards the end of Peter Oliver's life the last-named became a very formidable rival; he was the nephew as well as the pupil of the elder Hoskins. In 1647 we hear of him painting a portrait of Richard Cromwell, and in 1651 he is so busy at work for the Protector and his family that he asks for time before setting about some other commissions. He was fortunate enough to obtain Court favour on the Restoration, and took his place as the most famous of English artists. Both those genial diarists, Pepys and Evelyn, have preserved anecdotes of his career at this period. Under January 10th, 1662, the latter has—'Being called into his Majesty's closet when Mr. Cooper, the rare limner, was crayoning of the King's face and head, to make the stamps for the new milled money now contriving, I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candlelight for the better finding out the shadows. During this his Majesty discoursed with me on several things relating to painting and graving.' Under July 10th, 1668, Pepys wrote:—'To Cooper's, and there find my wife, and W. Hewer, and Deb., sitting and painting; and he do work finely, though I fear it will not be so like as I expected; but now I do understand his great skill in musick, his playing and setting to the French lute most excellently; and he speaks French, and, indeed, is an excellent man.' Again, under August 10th, we find a note which gives us Cooper's charges at this time:—'To Cooper's, where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end of her picture, which he

did to my great content, though not so great as, I confess, I expected, not being satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment, but it is certainly a rare piece of work as to the painting; he hath 30*l.* for his work, and the crystal, and case, and gold case comes to 8*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, and which I sent him this night, that I might be out of his debt.'

The Museum is not rich in Coopers. The most interesting is the portrait of John Milton, in the Jones Collection, with pale blue background, delicate stippling on the face, but weakly handled and faded. In the Dyce Collection is a large portrait of Cooper—said to be by himself—about nine inches high by six wide. It is undoubtedly intended to represent Cooper, and is not ill done, but not up to the accepted standard of his work. Also in the Dyce Collection are some other miniatures undoubtedly by Cooper's hand: one representing the painter at a later period than the above, very delicately touched, and another presumed to be his wife, less able than usual, being hard in touch, and with a feebly painted landscape background. Perhaps the best specimen of his powers possessed by the Museum is the small portrait of the Earl of Sandwich (in the same collection), signed and dated 1669, in which the work on the face is in good style. But Cooper is not well represented, and only a meagre idea of his powers can be formed from the examples at South Kensington. As a portrait-painter undoubtedly he stands as the king of miniaturists. Pepys in more than one place throws a doubt upon his accuracy in likeness, but the works themselves display so much variety, such distinct individuality, and so entire an absence of any taint of conventionality, that one cannot but believe them to be perfect likenesses. Here, however, praise must stop. Either from deficiency of education or from volatility of temper, he rarely finishes a portrait to perfect satisfaction: draperies are scamped or left unfinished, backgrounds are plain coloured or otherwise unsatisfactory. Herein he presents a contrast to his predecessors, who finished with equal minuteness the least important as the most prominent parts of the picture.

A very interesting relic of Cooper has been lent to the Museum for some years by Mr. Edwin H. Lawrence, of Abbey Farm Lodge, Hampstead. It consists of fifteen miniatures in various degrees of finish, and also a pocket-book in which they have been preserved. One of the pictures is a drawing in Indian ink; others are only just sketched in; others, again, have the head finished, and the remaining parts only indicated; the rest more or less approach completion. The writer has not been able to find out anything of the history of this relic, but it has occurred to him that the painter may have made them and kept them by him to illustrate his lesson to his pupils.

In connexion with this painter we may mention two excellent portraits of Charles II. and his successor, James II. The latter is signed 'W. P.,' and, according to the catalogue, they are both dated 1665. A comparison of the two works proves at once they are by the same hand—an artist of no mean power, and evidently a follower of Cooper. They are on a larger scale than he usually employed, but exhibit a reflex of his defects as well as his powers. The faces are very fine, while the draperies and accessories, though not carelessly done, are still somewhat neglected; the landscape backgrounds, too, remind one of Cooper's. The question arises, 'Who was the artist of these able pictures?' Evidently, from the subjects, he held some position in his day. The signature might stand for W. P[inxit], but more probably for the initials of the Christian and surname

of the artist, in which case they do not coincide with those of any known painter of this time. In 1663 '— Piggott, a picture drawer in Blackfriars,' was apprehended for causing some verses, apparently seditious, to be printed and distributed, and for which he was ordered to be kept in custody. After such an incident, it is not likely that this 'picture drawer' would be employed to paint royalty, and otherwise the writer has not met with any name which might be suggested to agree with the initials above. These two pictures prove that there is at least one able English artist of the Stuart period of whom we know nothing, and are a sufficient proof of the necessity and desirability of further research in the history of English art prior to Hogarth—the more especially as not a few similar instances might be cited.

ALFRED BEAVER.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE exhibition of the works of M. Wereschagin at the Grosvenor Gallery will precede, and not supersede, the usual winter gathering.

SIR F. LEIGHTON's picture of this year's Royal Academy show, *The Last Watch of Hero*, has been bought for the Manchester Art Gallery, where it is now on view.

THE series of nine wall paintings, in the Candelabra Gallery of the Vatican, to illustrate the Triumphs of St. Thomas Aquinas over modern errors, commissioned of Herr Ludwig Seitz by Pope Leo XIII., is completed.

AT the Fine Art Society's Rooms, during the late summer months, when Londoners are supposed to be out of town, were shown a number of Mr. Hugh Thompson's clever drawings, illustrative of Addison, Gay, &c. We have recently commended the 'Sir Roger de Coverley Series' in the published form, but, as with all genial and artistic draughtsmen, somewhat of the freshness and charm of Mr. Thompson's line is lost in reproduction, and this little gathering of his capital characteristic work made a pleasant spot in the uneventful 'dead season.' In the winter programme of exhibitions at the same Gallery figure drawings of Winter Resorts by Mr. G. Q. P. Talbot, an artist who has commended himself to Mr. Ruskin; in November, more of Mr. Ernest George's clever drawings will be shown, and in December, Mr. Boughton, A.R.A., illustrates Sport in the Highlands.

MR. GAMBART has presented to the Royal Picture Gallery at Madrid the large picture by M. Alma Tadema called *A Siesta*, which was shown in Bond Street a while ago.

THE Art critics of the Brussels press appear to have remonstrated with such success against the facility with which inferior pictures were admitted to the Belgian *Salon*, that this year the committee of selections had only 800 paintings submitted to the ordeal for the exhibition now open, instead of the average of 1500. The French papers, following suit, have appealed to the *Société des Artistes Français* to show equal independence and desire to maintain a high standard, and thus to diminish the huge bulk of the Paris *Salon*. Here, in London, the cry has been on the contrary side, and our artists are more given to clamour for increased exhibition room. Yet, no one who walks our picture-galleries with any discriminating glance, can fail to deplore the indifference to all but questions

of sale opportunity with which many painters of good repute will place their inferior work on view.

THE Annual Report of the British Museum places on record the immense indebtedness of the National Museums to Mr. A. W. Franks, Keeper of British and Mediaeval Antiquities. Through his influence have been received many valuable gifts, such as the Slade, the John Henderson, and William Greenwell collections. Mr. Franks' own munificent donations the Trustees value at 20,000*l.*, while the objects obtained through his good offices are appraised at three times that amount.

A RECENT dispute brought the vexed question of Art copyright forward again, and out of the judicial decisions pronounced something like definite result was evolved, although the particular case is, as to detail, still liable to appeal to the House of Lords. The Art-publishers, Messrs. Tuck, brought an action for infringement of copyright against a Berlin printer, Herr Preister, who had struck off private impressions of an engraving which he had to make from a picture belonging to them, the copyright being at that time not yet registered, and for having sold the prints in England after the registration. Under the provisions of Section 4, of the Act of 1862, the defendant pleaded that the publishers had no right to sue or recover penalty for action done before registration, and that they were not entitled to the benefit of the Act before registration; but the plaintiffs claimed their copyright as existing by common law before registration and demanded damages. Justice Day decided for Messrs. Tuck as to damages, and for the defendant as to penalties; the case then went to the Divisional Court, where this judgment was reversed in favour of the defendant; thence to Court of Appeal. Here Justice Day's decision was restored, two out of the three judges, namely, the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Lindley, holding that, although no copyright exists apart from the statute, yet that copyright arises at the time of the execution of the work, and the benefit of the Act spoken of in Section 4 as not applicable before registration refers only to the right to sue; and the publishers in this case had a right to damages, although the work in this instance, having been done outside the jurisdiction of the Statutes, they could not claim penalties. From this judgment the third judge, Lord Justice Lopes, disagreed as to the allowing damages for unlawful sale after registration, inasmuch as the copies were made before registration, and he held the words of Section 4 to preclude all benefit of copyright before registration. It is hoped that, if the case goes to the Lords, the decision of

the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Lindley will be confirmed. Anyhow, as the legal adviser of the plaintiffs in this suit has pointed out, the principle has, during the contention, been established that, as in the case of literary works, a right analogous to copyright exists by the common law in a work of art before publication, but that this does not refer to published works, to which the Statute alone refers.

THE other day, at the request of a French painter, M. D'Entraignes, the Paris police swooped down upon a shop in the Rue de Rivoli, and confiscated some pirated reproductions of his popular picture, *Fin de la Journée*. Photographers are open to penalty who reproduce and sell, without leave of the painter, copies of his work, but the thing is done continually. In some cases artists may be tempted to wink at a proceeding which scatters their name and fame broadcast, and may end in bringing 'grist to the mill.'

AMONG illustrated books announced for the coming season is a fresh translation of the 'Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini,' by Mr. J. Addington Symonds, with etchings by F. Laguillermie, and other illustrations, in two vols., from Mr. J. C. Nimmo. Messrs. Cassell publish the first instalment of their 'International Shakespeare,' an *édition de luxe* in the style of their 'Romeo and Juliet,' of 1884, which was illustrated by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. The same artist will take 'Othello; 'King Henry IV.;' the issue of the current month, is assigned to Herr Ed. Grützner; 'As You Like It,' to M. Emile Bayard; 'King Henry VIII.' to Sir James Linton; and 'Twelfth Night' to Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A. The same publishers announce a new edition of Professor Church's 'Colour.'

MR. RUSKIN'S publisher, Mr. Allen of Orpington, has issued from his rural dépôt the welcome reprints of the examples of 'The Architecture of Venice.' No new numbers are added, and the original promise of twelve therefore still stops short at three.

WE receive, through Messrs. Trubner, a volume on art by Mr. T. C. Vandyke, librarian of the Sage Library, New Brunswick, and published in New York by Messrs. Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. This book, dealing with the 'Principles of Art,' in history and in theory, strikes one as stamped American by its frank self-confidence, its freshness of manner, the background of literary rather than personal experience, and the astonishing pace at which the writer travels over the ground, comprising compactly within less than three hundred pages what would take an ordinary English writer at least double the space, and a German quite a small library of production. Mr. Vandyke's aim has been to set forth the theory—not quite a new one, we must admit—that art, although it influences the age, is primarily and mainly an outcome and expression of the age; not so much a measure as a reflection of civilisation. With astonishing agility the writer runs over the main facts in the history of the development of art, side by side with literature and the progress of political institutions, from primæval man to the poet and painter of the Victorian era and France of to-day; supporting his statements on a rather mixed company of authors, whose names appear in foot-notes. The second part of the volume deals with art in theory; and the divisions—Art and its Aims, Pictorial Ideas, Pictorial Subjects, Pictorial Expression, the Artist's Individuality—indicate the line of thought. It follows on the condensation required for the writer's purpose in this work, that he ignores or bridges over what does not suit it. He also commits himself occasionally to some very funny statements. The high-handed way in which he puts aside received authorities, and sets forth his own view, reminds us, (with due apology be it said) of a very young clergyman who told his congregation that the doctrine of the Trinity was 'often considered difficult and not easily understood, so he would ex-

plain it to them in a few simple words.' Such remarks as the following indicate that more haste is not always best speed. Speaking of Christian art: 'Mosaics of Christ, the Madonna, and the Evangelists, accompanied by such symbols as the angel, eagle, bull, and lion, came in during the fifth century; and as we near the tenth century, the influence of Byzantine or Eastern art began to make itself felt strongly.' We imagine that critics of German literature will be a little astonished to find that Goethe reflected, rather than initiated, the phases of intellectual development in Germany; and that the Romantic movement taught that art was founded not on nature, but produced from inner consciousness. What, again, does the writer mean by saying that 'architecture, from its limited nature, is not calculated to embody much of the designer's individuality?' And what odd notions he must have about our great landscape-painter, Turner, to include him among a list of artists who, 'like the poets,' 'looked to the East for heroes;' or, in another place, to symbolise the painter's glorious setting forth of the splendour of the sun, as an 'echo of a life and an art both unapproachable' and 'unstooping to the baser crowd.' In spite of great efforts to be clear, Mr. Vandyke becomes a little 'mixed,' and not a little contradictory. The intention of the theoretical part of his book is to establish what the aim of art is, and what painting therefore ought to be. So he starts by proving, as he thinks, what art 'is not;' not imitation or copyism, not truth to nature or statement of facts, not a lesson of morality—though it ought to include moral purpose; not an expression of the ideal—that is, of the archetypal—though it is nothing if not an idea, an embodied thought; not an 'expression of technical skill,' which the writer thinks a fond fancy sprung up in Continental studios, and by which he apparently means only well-arranged colours skilfully put on in a pleasing pattern. This negative side of the argument, if positively accepted, would end in the destruction of art altogether; but we must in charity suppose the writer to mean that art does not consist in any one of the above functions, though each should enter into the action. At the same time he does not say so. The aim of the artist is finally set forth as the conception of pleasure-giving pictorial ideas, *i.e.*, thoughts which admit of suitable artistic treatment; and the aim of painting as the expression of such ideas. This sounds very well; but we should like to know what a painter can be expected to make of a statement on the same page, that the artist, like a prophet, has a mission to reveal the beauty which others cannot perceive for themselves, beauty of thought or idea, but that his object must not be to produce before us only the facts in nature which embody his conceptions, nor to offer us an imitation of others, because if we cannot see beauty 'in the original, how will it be possible for us to see it in any counterfeit presentment of the original?' We may meekly ask, then, what becomes of the interpretative faculty of the executive artist; or how is he to set forth his 'ideas' and fulfil his mission, if he is to make no object of reproducing the very facts in nature which embody them? Truly language has not inaptly been said to be invented to conceal thought. Nevertheless, we believe that the author before us, here and elsewhere, falls into traps of his own innocent setting. In many places he both argues and writes well and eloquently; and though we cannot always agree with the application of his theories to practice, we follow with interest his argumentative talk. If he has fallen into confusion over the divided functions of the artist as 'seer' and mechanical exponent, he is not the first clever writer on art to mislead where he seeks to guide the 'general reader.' Books about art will always offer weak places to the technically trained; but every volume as intelligently discursive and suggestive as the volume before us, helps to make people think, helps to increase the number who can enjoy the creations of the artist, not only with the senses, but, in a really Pauline significance, 'with the understanding also.'



A FLOWER GIRL.

ETCHED BY P. RAJON FROM THE PICTURE BY MURILLO.

THE pictures of Murillo are broadly divisible into two classes, one dealing with real and common life, such as that of peasants and beggars, the other aiming at an ideal representation of religious subjects. In the humbler walk of reality Murillo was perfectly at home, and he elevated it to some degree by his easy and graceful style of execution, which in its breadth and simplicity is far superior to modern English and French realism. The religious pictures, though wanting in ideality, are saved from being commonplace by the same qualities of style carried to higher perfection.

The picture of the *Flower Girl* is a favourable example of the realist class of work. It is, in fact, no more than a simple study from nature of a

girl with a pleasant, though not exactly pretty face, and a graceful costume and attitude, whilst it is entirely free from what is sometimes rather repugnant in the too decided naturalism of Murillo's beggars.

The association of girls and flowers has been understood by all the poets, and is very well understood, too, by the girls themselves, who know the art of heightening their own charms by adding some floral decoration. From the business point of view a girl knows that she has a far better chance of selling flowers than a man could ever have, and the prettier the girl is the better her trade is likely to be. There is a good deal of poetry even in ordinary human nature.

SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

IX.—*John Milne Donald.*—*James Docharty.*—*Alexander Fraser.*—*W. M'Taggart.*—*John MacWhirter.*—*David Murray.*—*Colin Hunter.*—*Hamilton Macallum.*—*Peter Graham.*

IT is never safe to attempt the establishment of too close a sequence in the growth of any phase of art, or to declare this man or that to have been its founder. It is, therefore, with much reserve that, before going on to speak of the Scottish landscape-painters now living, I refer to Horatio Macculloch and John Milne Donald as, in a fashion, the fathers of the school. In a previous chapter I ventured to speak of Macculloch's works in terms that were far from praise. His shortcomings as a colourist have always made them unattractive to me, and the accident, that upon them men of finer artistic constitution have built a truer art, does not seem to make up for their intrinsic faults. Not that Macculloch's colour was always bad. Now and then he painted a picture in which it was nearly good, and some of these appear to have been the models on which Donald formed himself.

John Milne Donald was a Highlander. He was born at Nairn in 1819, so that he was the junior of Macculloch by fourteen years. His father and mother moved to Glasgow shortly after his birth, and there the boy was educated and taught the beginnings of art. About 1840 he paid a short visit to Paris, after which he settled for a time in London. Here he made the acquaintance of Samuel Rogers, who encouraged him and gave him commissions for two pictures. His stay in London came to an end in 1844, when he established himself in Glasgow. There he died in his forty-seventh year, in 1866. Donald

chiefly painted scenes in which the boldness of the Scottish Highlands is combined with the softer beauties of the Lowlands. Many of his pictures consist of tracts of broken ground, with patches of culture and scattered flocks of sheep, and in the distance rugged slopes and mountain sides. His colour, though seldom brilliant, was nearly always delicate and luminous, being in that the reverse of Macculloch's. His landscapes are mostly well composed, though often showing signs of haste. This fault sprang, no doubt, from the want of appreciation their author met with during his lifetime. He sold his pictures for very small prices, and, like many of his less-gifted comrades, was glad to eke out his income by painting panels for the ships built on the Clyde. Many of these were landscapes on glass, and not a few have since been transferred to canvas from the surface on which they were painted, and sold for considerable sums. For Donald was a born painter, and had he lived a generation later might have done much. In character he was reserved, even diffident, and so failed to make the most of such acceptance as he won. So far as I can discover, no picture of his hangs in any public gallery; they exist mostly in small private collections in Glasgow and its neighbourhood.

The immediate influence of Donald is to be traced in the work of, among others, James Docharty, who died at Glasgow, still young, in 1878. The son of a calico-printer, he was born at Bridgeton, Glasgow, in

1829. He began life as a designer, and to perfect himself in that calling studied for a time in France, where he contrived also to find leisure for painting from nature. When he was over thirty he abandoned industrial for fine art, and was elected an Associate of the Scottish Academy in 1877. He enjoyed his honours but a few months. Docharty's best works are distinguished by the quiet harmony of their colour, and by a sympathy with nature which is not to be mistaken. They often fail as compositions, as he had no unerring sense of what to leave out. His pictures, like Donald's, are entirely in private hands.

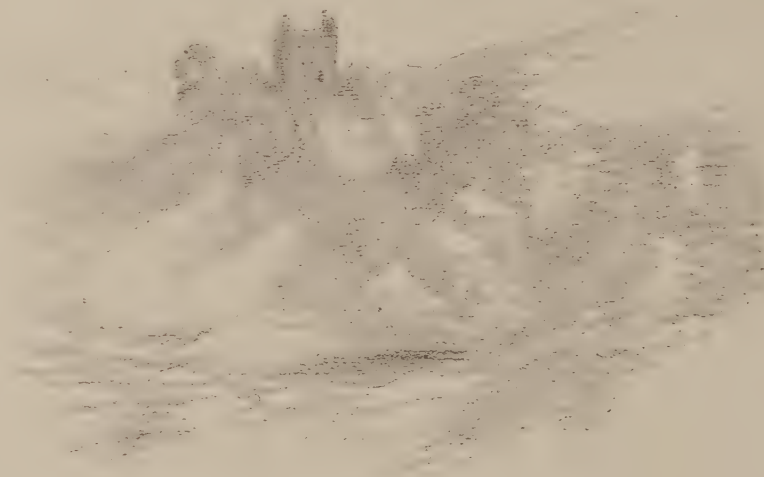
Still pursuing the same thread of development we come to such living artists as Alexander Fraser, Alexander Vallance, William M'Taggart, John MacWhirter, and David Murray. Between these men the differences are, of course, very great; and to some it may seem that two at least among them should not be put in the list. But they have a bond of union in their desire to seek out and record the more subtle tints of landscape. Macculloch was a conventional colourist; Do-

Donald tried frankness in colour, but combined it with much of the old systematic picture-making. His successors were franker still, and set colour truth in the forefront. Mr. Alexander Fraser, in his best work, has more affinity with Mr. Hook than with any one else. His colour is apt to be a little hot and red, but his brush is facile, and his pictures have much depth and solidity. Mr. Vallance, an old fellow-student of Pettie, Orchardson, and Chalmers under Robert Scott Lauder, is more eclectic in his art, but he shows the same general preoccupation. He began with figure pictures, which he has followed up with landscapes and seascapes. In 1875 he was elected an Associate, and in 1881 a full member, of the Scottish Academy. Mr. William M'Taggart, who is perhaps bolder in his dealings with colour than any other living Scot who has resisted the charms of the highroad to England, is a native of Campbeltown. He entered the Trustees' Academy in 1852, and only seven years later was elected an A.R.S.A., to be promoted to full member-

ship in 1870. His pictures have too often been oversight in subject, and of late years he has outdone the impressionists in the looseness of his handling; but his colour is always fine, and his work as a whole full of movement and vitality.

The fullest development of the notions upon art embodied in the work of all these men is to be found, perhaps, in the pictures of Mr. MacWhirter. Often weak in design, never robust in constitution, they breathe a sympathy with the subtlest forms and tenderest tints of nature which is scarcely to be seen elsewhere. Judging from his pictures, Mr. MacWhirter's feelings are most readily enlisted by all that has to do with trees. His birches are famous, but perhaps his knowledge and insight are shown most thoroughly when he paints a various wood, a wood of birch and pine, or a forest

in which those sharply contrasting allies share the soil with trees of less marked character. One of the distinctive features of the school to which he belongs is to paint in as high a key as possible; and this Mr. MacWhirter carries farther, perhaps, than any one else. His range



FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY J. MACWHIRTER.

of tones is from pure silvery whites to shadows that are no more than greys. Such a contracted scale compels an infinite modulation, and demands a peculiar refinement of eye in the man that makes use of it. That Mr. MacWhirter has such an eye is his title to fame. He, too, was among the pupils of Robert Scott Lauder. Born at Inglis Green, near Edinburgh, in 1839, he went through the course at the Trustees' Academy, and migrated southwards in 1869. Ten years later he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Of all his pictures *The Lady of the Woods* and *The Three Graces* have, no doubt, been the most popular. In the first a single birch raises its graceful head in the clearing of a wood; the second was painted from three exquisite trees which stand about half a mile from the head of Loch Katrine, and are now pointed out to every tourist as 'The Three Graces of the Trossachs.' The pencil sketches here reproduced are very slight, but they are enough to hint at their author's refinement of taste.

The strongest characteristic of Mr. David Murray's art is the freshness of eye it betrays. Like the rest of his countrymen, his preoccupation is almost entirely with colour. He has a good instinct for composition, and many of his pictures are excellent in their linear organization. Of this I may name a *Loch Linnhe*, which was at the Academy two seasons ago, as an example. His drawing, too, especially of trees, is good so far as it goes. It is, however, with the hues of things that his heart is engaged, and I doubt whether the real appearance of a spring landscape has ever been much better suggested than in some of his later works. A few months ago a series of pictures from the peat-fields of the Somme was exhibited at the rooms of the Fine Art Society. In some the drawing was perfunctory, in others there was insufficient relief and depth, but in nearly all a peculiar frankness of colour and a fine sense of atmosphere combined to produce something like illusion. Mr. Murray has a curious skill in the use of blue. In one of these Picardy landscapes he sketched a sky of unbroken blue over a flooded *marais* in which

its colour was repeated. There was nothing to divide the two but a low line of distant hill, and, in the foreground, a waving breadth of dying and yellow reeds. But the whole shimmered in warmth and sunlight, reminding us of an English painter, Mr. Henry Moore, whose blue seascapes have much in common with Mr. Murray's work. David Murray was born in Glasgow in 1849, and lived there until a few years ago. His family belongs to Appin, Argyleshire, and in his youth he did not escape the struggle which nearly every artistic Scot has had to pull through before getting fairly on the road for which Nature meant him. For ten or eleven years he was in the office of a Glasgow merchant. During all that time he worked at art in the early morning and late evening, and at last acquired sufficient confidence in his powers to face the opposition of his friends, to throw up commerce, and to embark in the boat which has hitherto carried him bravely.

What I have just said of David Murray applies to so many of those with whom these papers are

concerned that the phrases might be stereotyped. Wilkie is almost the only important exception to the long list of Scottish painters who have had to pass through the purgatory of trade to the paradise of art. Now and then the probation is varied by the lawyer's stool, but the selling of law is to an artistic soul a still more barren source of satisfaction than the selling of things to eat or wear. It was from a lawyer's office that art enticed Mr. Colin Hunter. Born in Glasgow in 1841, he was taken, when still a child, to Helensburgh, where his father was Postmaster. There he made his first acquaintance with the sea and his first attempt to paint. In the latter he was encouraged, and to some extent helped, by Milne Donald, with whom he used to go on long sketching excursions in the country between Glasgow and the mountains. Like most men of original

ability, Donald was not much of a teacher, but a youth with brains could not frequent his company without picking up hints enough to help him past the rudiments. At first Mr. Hunter painted elaborately careful studies of rural lanes, corners of fields, fag-ends of moors, and so on. These



FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY J. MACWHIRTER.

were afterwards varied by portraits—portraits of men, portraits of horses, portraits of houses—anything, in short, that would bring grist to the mill, and enable him to cling to the profession he had chosen until practice should bring skill, and with skill power to pick and choose. When about five-and-twenty years of age he spent a few months at Paris in the studio of M. Bonnat, a curious supplement to his desultory training under Donald. It was a few years afterwards, in 1868, that he made his first appearance at the Royal Academy. The picture he sent was called *Taking in the Nets*, and from that year his devotion to things of the sea, or at least of the sea-board, has been almost unbroken. From very early years he had been accustomed to cruise about the mouth of the Clyde in small boats, so there was nothing surprising in his choice of a theme. The sea is a difficult sitter. In a landscape the aspect of one day is lost the next, but on the ocean the colour-changes from hour to hour are always great. By one who wishes to make them the base of his art

infinite patience, infinite observation, and a memory that is infinite too, are required. "No subject leaves the door so wide open to mannerism, and, until our own time, nearly all those who had painted the sea had taken refuge in conventionality. Even Turner had epitomised it. What he tried to do was exactly what the contemned Dutchmen had attempted a century and a half before. Between him and them the difference was one of degree. The principles underlying the *Calais Pier*, the *Shipwreck*, the *Spithead*, were identical with those on which the vituperated, and, I allow, the vituperation-deserving, Backhuysen, had acted as he sat in his famous boats off the long rampart of Holland. Those principles were imitative. Their aim was to make something which should look like

and *Sailing Free*, he was already well known. A year later his *Trawlers Waiting for Darkness* attracted much notice, and has since become widely known through the etching of M. Chauvel. I may here, perhaps, be allowed to quote an observation I made *à propos* of this picture some years ago:—

'Both the act and the sentiment of waiting are thoroughly suited to treatment in paint. There is nothing to make us rebel against the immobility of the material, and when the subject allows us to see not only the people who wait but the event for which they wait, the perfection of a theme is reached. Mr. Hunter has used his opportunity in the happiest way. As we look at his picture we enter into the feelings of the silent fishermen in the foreground, we watch the light upon the cloud edges, and we almost expect to see it die away and the brawny arms and chests set to start the boats down to the darkened water.'



OVER THE BORDER. FROM A PEN AND INK DRAWING BY J. MACWHIRTER.

the sea as a whole, to conventionalise without allowing the conventions to appear; to reduce the ocean, in fact, into something manageable, and to imitate that. In the pictures of Mr. Hunter, and of those upon whom his example has not been lost, no attempt of the sort is made. Certain aspects of the sea which are within the grasp of paint are selected and rendered with all possible vigour, the rest being frankly left out. Mr. Hunter does not attempt to transfer the waves to his canvas. He understands that paint can grapple with the sea as colour, and as colour he is content to take it. The result is, that although he does not touch all those chords in us which sympathise with the sea, he moves one of them to a deeper vibration than it can receive from an art more diffuse.

To Mr. Hunter success came at last with fair rapidity. In 1866 he exhibited his first picture in London with the Society of British Artists. In 1868, as I have already noted, he appeared for the first time at the Academy. In 1872, when he sent *Herring Trawlers*

In 1879 Mr. Hunter exhibited *Their only Harvest*, which was bought for the Chantrey Fund Collection. A little later he produced *Mussel Gatherers*, which now hangs with the rest of Mr. G. C. Schwabe's magnificent gift in the Gallery of Hamburg. Since then his best things have been *Lobster Fishers*, of which a rapid sketch by himself appears on page 211. *Waiting for the Homeward Bound*, tugs lying out at Ailsa Craig to take ships into the Clyde; *The Herring Market at Sea*, now in the Manchester Gallery; and *The Upper Rapids at Niagara*, of which also we reproduce a sketch. In the autumn of 1884 Mr. Hunter made a pilgrimage to America to paint the last-named picture. When it was seen at the Academy of the following year, it made a strong impression upon all those to whom a vigorous originality is not a cause of offence.

Mr. Hunter is not only a painter; he is also among the best of modern etchers. His etchings have mostly the disadvantage of being interpretative, but, on the other hand, being after his own

work, they are treated with much of the freedom of the *peintre-graveur*. Just as his work in colour is strong by selection from nature, so his etchings are strong by selection from his work in colour. It must, however, be confessed that they do not, as a rule, show much sympathy with that very subtle quantity, the 'etched line.' In this respect the best etching he ever did, no doubt, is the *Lobster Fishers*; on the other hand, that falls short, in the important matter of colour, of the brilliant little plate from *A Banffshire Harbour*, which was published in the August number of the PORTFOLIO. In this plate, and in many others of his etchings, Mr. Hunter gives proof, too, that, although he can scarcely be called a trained draughtsman, he has a strong instinct for form. The figures introduced into his pictures are

place. In some of his pictures the sun palpitates through the vaporous air with a truth not surpassed by Cuyp. In presence of this great beauty much rudimentary composition and much weak drawing may be forgiven. Mr. Macallum was born at Kyles of Bute, in 1843. When he was twenty-two years of age he entered as a student of the Royal Academy, but his art has been won without much assistance either from individuals or schools. His system has for years been to work in the full daylight, either in the open air, or in the glass-house which he had built for himself at Hampstead. Mr. Macallum's body colour has a curious brilliance of effect.

Another painter from the neighbourhood of Glasgow, who has something in common with all



FROM A PEN AND INK DRAWING BY COLIN HUNTER.

roughly built, but they are right so far as they go, while his boats are always buoyant and beautifully drawn.

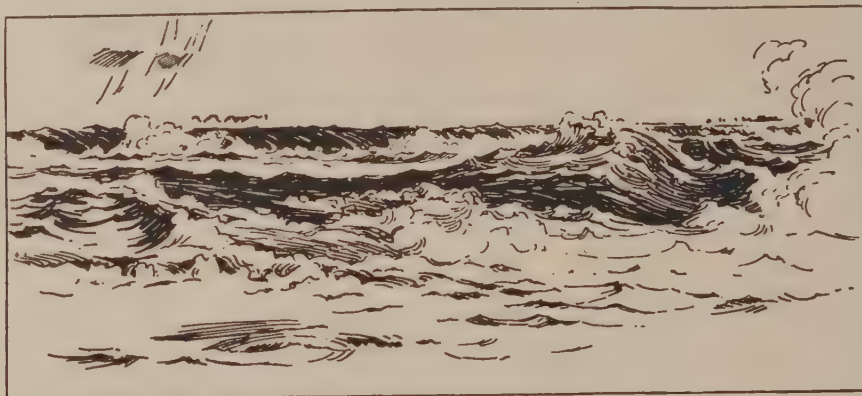
Superficially, there is much in common between the art of Colin Hunter and that of Hamilton Macallum. But there is one great difference. The former gives his attention mainly to colour; he sacrifices other things to colour; while the latter gives the first place to atmosphere. Of course every painter looks first to colour, in one sense. It is his material; and atmosphere, aerial perspective, even form, depend upon it. But nevertheless there is no difficulty in seeing when colour for its own sake is not the one preoccupation of an artist. In colour Mr. Macallum's work is sometimes false. It has a metallic resonance of which I, at least, can find no echo in nature. And this can only come from a colour instinct in which there are flaws. As studies of light and air, however, I confess that to me the best works of Macallum seem to deserve a very high

these men, is Mr. Joseph Henderson. Born at Stanley, in Perthshire, in 1832, he was educated at Edinburgh in the Trustees' Academy. In 1852 he moved to Glasgow, where he has lived and painted ever since. For many years he was almost entirely occupied with portraits and figures, but about fifteen years ago he began to paint subjects from the sea-coast, and with those he has made his mark. His work is characterised by cool, silvery colour, and by careful technique.

One of the best landscapes of the last thirty years is *The Spate in the Highlands*, the picture with which Mr. Peter Graham became famous a good many years ago. It now hangs in the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester, and there I saw it last summer. Unlike too many works of the school to which it belongs, it is carefully considered and successfully balanced. The mountains which enclose the narrow valley, which in turn confines the swollen river, have a coherent rhythm of line which is helped by the

shapes of the drifting clouds and by the tortuous course of the stream itself. The colour is rich and deep, the painting solid and masterly. Had Mr. Graham always painted like this he would have held a commanding position in our modern school. His name would have been coupled with Mr. Hook's in answer to those who lament that landscape proper, as distinct from seascape, has now fallen upon evil days. Unfortunately it is long since he has painted such a picture as *The Spate*. His later works, whether of sea or land, have had in them much to admire, but they have been comparatively cold in colour, comparatively thoughtless

any time, and whose appearance together in a district so small as that formed by two or three Scottish counties is a curious phenomenon. It is difficult, even after the experience of three centuries, to say confidently what the true effect of education is upon art. Such evidence as we have seems certainly to show that a training which is at once easily obtained and very severe, like that of the *École des Beaux Arts*, crushes original genius and deprives a country of those great artists who should stand above the ruck like steeples above a town. On the other hand it creates an enormous class of painters who are thorough workmen, who say what they have to say in such



FROM A PEN AND INK DRAWING BY COLIN HUNTER.

in conception, and without the depth and fatness of that fine creation.

But even in *The Spate* Mr. Graham was not original; that is, he did not there give token of any originality in his view of nature or of his feeling for art. All that he did was to paint on the old lines with refreshing vigour and with a happy result. In all but what is known as quality, *The Spate* might be a Macculloch. In quality it is immeasurably beyond anything that artist ever did, but it is built on his system, and, as far as theories go, belongs entirely to his school.

In tracing what seems to me the chief modern development of Scottish landscape, I have had to omit not a few names which should find a place in a more extended notice, such as those of William D. McKay and John Smart among the older men, Thomas Scott and Austen Brown among those who have but lately found their legs. But the painters I have found space for are representative men, who would have attracted notice in any country and in

a fashion that fault is only to be found with the tale they tell. Whether the Scottish artists named in the present paper would have lost or gained by earlier and more systematic teaching it would be hard to decide. To me, however, it certainly appears that they would have gained. To most of them a proper training in the use of line would have brought a fuller sense of its power, and I can see no good reason to fear that it would have blunted their sense of colour. Over-insistence on drawing destroyed colour in France, because it was accompanied by deliberate disparagement of the colourists. Young Frenchmen were taught, as a gospel, that there was something essentially noble in line and mean in colour. Untiring pains were taken to divorce the two beauties in their minds, and there to crystallise the notion that the one was incompatible with the other. That such teaching had results which, even yet, with the more rational ideas which govern the present generation, is not extinct, who can wonder?

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

A MODERN SCULPTOR.

II.

BUT we must hasten to glance at another class of Carpeaux's work, its most striking and perhaps also its most delightful, but certainly not its most faultless feature,—I mean his treatment of the nude, and that the female nude. His first essay was at the Pavillon de Flore. See how he goes to work. He will have nothing to do with the dried-up con-



CUPID WOUNDED.

vention of an architectural goddess: in her place he gives us a breathing, beautiful woman stooping amid a shower of roses, the very incarnation of flower-laden Summer. About her sport a troop of joyous children, who recall to me some happy words of Jean François Millet, in which he speaks of childhood's 'delightful greediness.'

I have already drawn the inevitable parallel between Carpeaux and Du Quesnay, both sculptors of Flemish blood and genius, though living at an interval of two centuries, and absorbed into two very different art-systems—the one of Cinque-Cento Italy, the other of Modern France. Both, too, excel in the caressing graces of childhood, its soft forms, its reckless jollity. But there can be no doubt whose

is the more refined and the less mannered art. And Carpeaux has this excuse for the defect of his quality (in both there is a tendency to excess), which Du Quesnay has not, that his aim is essentially decorative rather than plastic. Has Carpeaux, then, fulfilled the primary task of beautifying the Pavillon with appropriate ornament? Certainly he has used great freedom, and indulges largely in picturesque effect; but we must keep in mind the enormous height of the frieze above the street, and the absolute necessity of striking out great force of light and shade beneath its deep cornice. The figure of *Flora* herself needs no defence; if the pose is somewhat momentary, if the elasticity of limb and the gracious relaxation of the smile exceed the ordinary limits of monumental sculpture, Carpeaux has gently pressed them into his service with a charm of effect, for the sake of which we pardon his infringement of the critic's canons.

He was already busy with another work, which ought to have been his finest, and which is the least satisfactory of all, but which possesses at least the interest of illustrating the second or extreme phase of his art, which afterwards in its third period tended to return to the manner of his first. I refer, of course, to his group, *La Danse*, on the right hand side of the great façade at the new Opera House. This, however, I ought to add before going further, that the original model is said to have been far finer than the existing translation of it in stone; and it is a remark which applies, so far as I know, equally to all his work, notably to the *Ugolino* and the *Pavillon de Flore*. It was impossible for any executant to preserve those wonderful touches which Carpeaux added with his finger and thumb, but which often positively quiver with life and meaning. Nor can anybody form a true opinion of his talent till they have seen the collection of *modèles en plâtre* at Valenciennes. An hour among these effectually banishes the bad impression which you may have received even from the authorised reproductions of his work. You come away reassured because you have seen Carpeaux from the right standpoint—as he meant to be—and you have a clear vision of what he might have been.

To return to the *La Danse*—modern as it is in conception and accomplishment, it breathes the intoxication of a Catullan ode. The Ancients raised this purely physical exaltation to the dignity of a cult. Modern life has no room for it unless we take Watt Whitman to be its prophet. In art we must go to Rubens for its like. This is one of his *Bacchanalia*

turned to stone. And here we encounter its distinctive treatment of the nude. In the *Flore*, beneath the exuberance of the flesh, the eye never loses the underlying forms; in the *La Danse* Carpeaux has abandoned this fundamental principle of true sculpture. His ambition 'has o'erleapt itself and fallen on the other side' into the fatal fault of the decadent schools of the seventeenth century. It is not insignificant, I think, as an indication of his sympathies that among his drawings we find studies not only from Jean Goujon, but also from Pierre Puget. The interest for us, however, of this lapse, as it were, on the part of Carpeaux into the heresies of a bygone age lies chiefly in the fact that he certainly returned later to a purer faith.

When M. Garnier, his friend and warm admirer, first proposed the work to him as a part of that



FIRST IDEA OF THE GROUP 'LA DANSE.' FROM A PEN AND INK DRAWING.

magnificent scheme of decoration which fairly crushes his own architecture, Carpeaux traced in a moment upon a sheet of paper a project, clearly the parent of his ultimate design. It was an idea full of his peculiar *élan*. The god of the Dance hovering in mid air leads, like some inspired *maestro*, his rout of revellers, who each swelling on her instrument the tide of music to which they move, spread outwards from his feet in the form of a fan.

The third case in which Carpeaux dealt with the nude on a monumental scale, was that of the group which he designed for the fountain of the Luxembourg, in the Avenue de l'Observatoire. In character it is intermediate between the *Flore*, which forms a part of the building to which it is attached, and the *La Danse*, which he has treated virtually as a free group though in an architectural connexion. The fountain is, of course, visible from all sides, and therefore from the plastic point of view 'in the round;' but it rigorously obeys a structural motive. The four quarters of the globe, somewhat freely resolved into personifications of Europe, Asia, Africa, and

America, support upon their heads the revolving sphere. Rather, I should say, they themselves perform the revolution and carry the zodiac-encircled sphere with them. *Faire valser le monumental* has well been described in the sculptor's motive, and it does not belie the modern poet's conception.

Nor I think has the astronomer anything to complain of. It approaches, as nearly as any plastic idea can, to the expression of that wonderful phenomenon on which the very existence of life upon our globe depends. Aesthetically speaking, Carpeaux has wrought a fine effect out of the barred open work of the sphere, its richly carved elliptic band surmounting the solid group, below whose narrow pedestal opens out again into a sumptuous basin sparkling with water and decorative bronzes.

This group, however, possesses a more directly intellectual interest than his other nude subjects in the racial characterisation of the heads.* It was a matter which had long attracted his attention, and he made the most elaborate preliminary studies, one of which appeared at the *Salon* of 1869, under the title *A Negress*, with the motto *Pour quoi naitre esclave?* and was at once bought by Napoleon for his château at St. Cloud. This bust reveals a fierce energy of feeling, which almost amounts to passion. The head puts to you its desperate interrogatory with a gleam of awakened reason, which lights up terribly the concentrated hate and brutality of ages. At Valenciennes is to be seen another study, that for the head of the *Asia*, whom Carpeaux conceived as a Chinese, sunk in apathy and degenerate, yet with ineffaceable marks of a once nobler estate stamped upon the now soulless features—no untrue type of Europe's elder sister.

There remains one class of Carpeaux's work which it is impossible to pass over in complete silence. I mean his busts of men. Although it fell to his lot to portray contemporaries as conspicuous in the world of politics as Louis Napoléon and M. Grévy; in that of art as Gérôme, Garnier, and Gounod; in that of literature as Dumas *fils*; his gallery of celebrities is obviously not of the supreme order. Men will not turn to it hereafter with the feverish curiosity with which they will ransack, so to speak, the artistic records left us by painters and sculptors inferior to him, of more fascinating personalities, and of intrinsically greater genius.

But this only makes Carpeaux's art stand out in clearer relief. The hold which his busts take upon your mind are due, not to their associations but to their power. If it be true that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, it is equally true that no man is

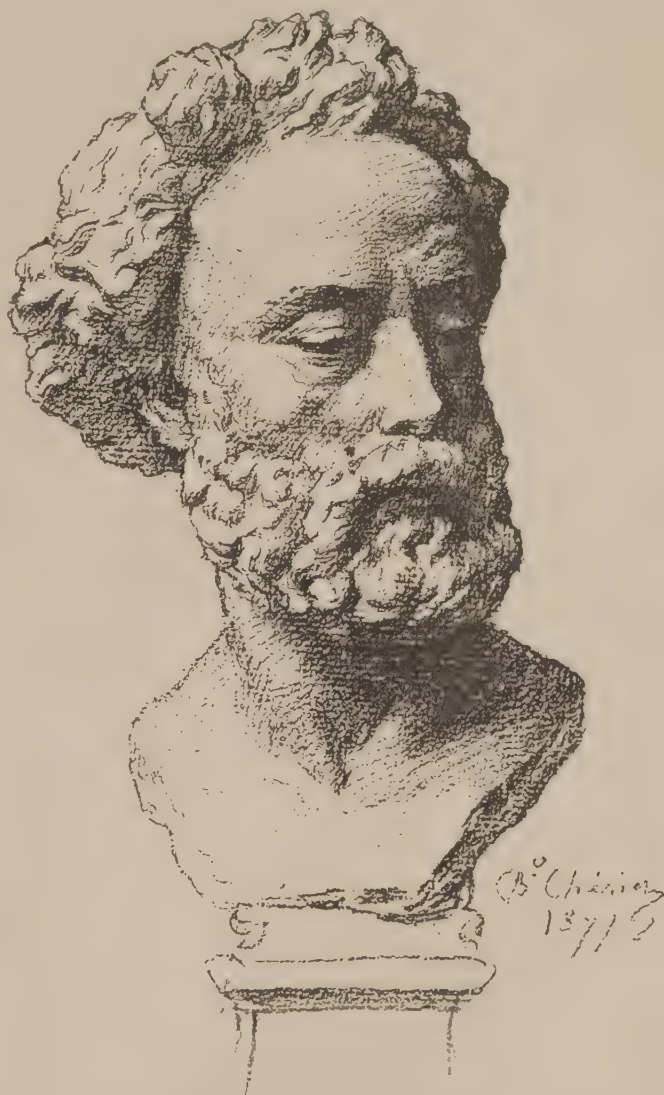
* Carpeaux had a pet scheme on which his heart was bent, but which was never carried out, of colouring each of the four nations with a *patina* characteristic of racial tint.

merely a *valet de chambre* in the eyes of a hero. Carpeaux has the poet's faculty of reading beneath the surface the character of his sitters. Penetrated with this secret he seeks to translate it into the terms of his art by every resource of composition, chiaroscuro, modelling, and handling at his disposal. You feel before these busts what you ought to feel before every portrait, that besides all you ever noted in the man (beyond the mere merit therefore of a striking likeness), there is something which you never saw for yourself, which seems to explain the vague impression which he made upon you by his words, his acts, his manners, or, it may be, even his music. In this sense they are real creations, works in which the artist has laid his finger upon the springs of individuality just as surely as in play or novel. And we are right in comparing this construction of character to the work of the dramatist rather than to that of the biographer, because it is creative and not critical, arrived at by intuition and not from a series of inferences, synthetic and not analytical.

One little point* will serve to indicate the quality of these busts. In his heads, hair resembles neither the dead masses of a classic chisel nor the punctured spottiness of Bernini's drilling-tool. He sees human hair as the Florentines saw it, only with more realistic power of rendering what he sees in its entirety, line, mass, and texture, always keeping before him the plastic nature of his material, yet striving to express the vibration of light and shade in its silky surfaces. More than that he seizes in each case the relation which the hair bears to the expression of the whole head, and surrenders himself to the character of the individual in his treatment of it.

One or two remarks are necessary to complete this brief notice of Carpeaux's artistic career. Writing to M. Gounod, in the spring of 1874, when his fatal ~~malady~~ had already converted existence into a 'hell upon earth,' he exclaims, 'What am I, and what have I done, my God, by the side of those masters whom we both adore? Absolutely nothing.' That was Carpeaux's verdict upon his own life; not once, but repeatedly expressed. 'To be smitten with the love of art,' as he wrote to a lady pupil, 'is the chief point; the rest comes of the love which hallows all holy passion . . . you acquire a sort of second sight—that of inspiration.' These were his thoughts in one of those brief intervals of calm which broke the monotony of racking torture. We can see how deeply-rooted was the passion of his life from the ever-increasing intensity with which he clung to it long after he had

lost all hope of redeeming his strange vow, 'to do as much good should he survive as he had in the past done evil.' That passion might yet have burnt away the impure dross which had mingled with the ore of his genius. And there are indications, which I have alluded to already, that his art was already growing more refined. In one direction particularly we might



BUST OF THE PAINTER BRUNO CHÉNIER. FROM A DRAWING
BY HIMSELF.

have looked for a development—I mean in the treatment of religious themes. As it stands, Carpeaux's work has next to nothing to show under this category, —some studies for the *Holy Family*, in which he breathes his own peculiar grace and freedom into the old symbolic forms; a profoundly conceived *Mater Dolorosa*; and a sketch in wax for a crucifix, modelled at the beginning of his last illness. The last, however, though only a sketch, is an excellent example of his latest style, choice in its feeling for form and yet searching in its expression of the inner life. It explains very clearly what he meant when he said in

* I have not even referred to the fundamental secret of his success in these busts—I mean his extreme attention to the delicate proportions and measurements of the head. It is to thorough science that we owe in the first place the striking character of his portraits.

a letter of this time, 'After the study of Michelangelo's anatomy, we should study the distribution



ST. BERNARD. FROM A PEN AND INK DRAWING.

of light in the works of Rembrandt,' for its chiaroscuro arises directly from the discrimination of bone and muscle and tendon, and their respective values in colouring, so to speak, with delicate light and shade,

the surface of the enveloping tissue. This crucifix, too, is pervaded by a personal sentiment which seems to struggle for expression. It is the work of a man who claimed for his art what, Prince Stirbey told him, the great astronomer, Arago, claimed for his science. 'I, too, have lived,' he cried, 'in the bosom of God; in my art, what have I done but seek His truth?' To omit all mention of this ever-present ideality in the sculptor's thoughts, even when we should least suspect its existence from his works, would be a cardinal error on the critic's part. Carpeaux, it must be remembered, was not a man of words. Deeply touched as he had been by Prince Stirbey's brotherly devotion, he had never conversed with him on the things which lay nearest to his heart till he uttered this confession just before his death. It recalls Victor Hugo's brief preface to his will, '*Je crois en Dieu.*' But Carpeaux has stamped the sculpture of his country with something far different from this lofty faith, of which men scarce guessed the existence. As his friends bent over his death-bed they caught the words, '*La vie, la vie!*' uttered again and again. They were his last; they had been also from the first the motto of his Art.

S. UDNY.

LETTERS FROM THE ENGLISH LAKES.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HULL.

Coniston, November, 1858.

THE month of October has been nearly a blank as far as any steady artistic achievement is concerned, so steadily did the weather set itself against all outdoor operations, whether of painting or exploring. It was not till Monday, October 23rd, that an opportunity presented itself of devoting a whole day to a ramble amongst the mountains. I had long had my attention directed to the Langdale

Pikes, whose prominent forms were continually peering over the shoulders of their neighbours. They were very tantalising seen in this way, for, being to a great extent ignorant of their rock-formation, I was puzzled to know on what foundation all those varieties of effect so continually passing over them rested. So without being troubled with hesitancy of choice my mind was made up at once to proceed to Little Langdale by the nearest and easiest route through Tilberthwaite.

It was an Indian-summer day, and such weather invariably invests the meanest scenery with its calm and soft beauty; but in this region its influence in etherealising the vast masses of solid material that rise on every side is nothing short of enchantment—



FAIRFIELD.

permeating the autumnal woods, throwing gossamer veils over the deep recesses of the mountain glens, and imparting an ineffable depth and tenderness to the vast azure dome above, unspotted with cloud,

whose reflex falls with polished lustre on the doubly still breasts of lake and tarn.

From the very outset of my journey I was strongly beset with inducements to retard the business of the day. There lay pastoral Yewdale, with its crags bathed in the morning sunshine, peering out of the gold-tinted foliage like gems in new settings. Then followed secluded and happy-looking Tilberthwaite, shut in by its beautiful steep, grey cliffs, now all aerial with a few smoke-wreaths from its one farmhouse

and half-dozen cottages. An outlet showing some distant mountains proved that the little valley is not so entirely shut in as a first view would lead one to suppose. Taking the turn to the left after passing the farm, I soon reached a point which commanded the whole view of the mountains I had seen from the valley, including Helvellyn, Fairfield, Rydal Head, Kirkstone, &c. Fairfield stands pre-eminent in the range for height and bulk, and its form stood out so complete and well defined that I made my first pause, and finished a careful sketch of it, which I can always refer to as authentic, and which I repeat here as a matter of interest to some of you.

This mountain has nothing about it of the picturesque in its conventional sense; no sharply-defined peaks telling against the sky; no bold precipices; it is what ordinary observers would probably term lumpy, but with sufficient sunlight to give relief to its characteristic features few mountains in this district, I think, convey a more impressive idea of massive strength and imposing bulk. A huge fortress would not be an unfit comparison, rendered impregnable by its array of buttress, curtain, and glacis.

My task ended, I continued along the rough, stony road that skirts the eastern shoulder of Wetherlam, which you may observe in the accompanying sketch; and within half a mile of gentle ascent I saw the whole of Little Langdale at my feet, about one-fourth covered with the cool, grey shadow of Wetherlam, and the rest basking in the broad, quiet sunshine. Memory was pleased in retracing a line of

road through this scene, which led my thoughts to a period of three years back when you and I followed its course together. There was the same road winding round the eastern declivity of Lingmell; there stood the fine old yew-trees we stayed awhile to admire; there the very spot where I lingered to sketch the

tarn with its reedy marge; there the sycamore and fir-embowered farm, the white-washed house where we made inquiries about the way; finally, the serpentine road over the moor, vanishing in the dimly visible recess of classic Blea Tarn. This is a little valley truly characteristic of the district; its tree-

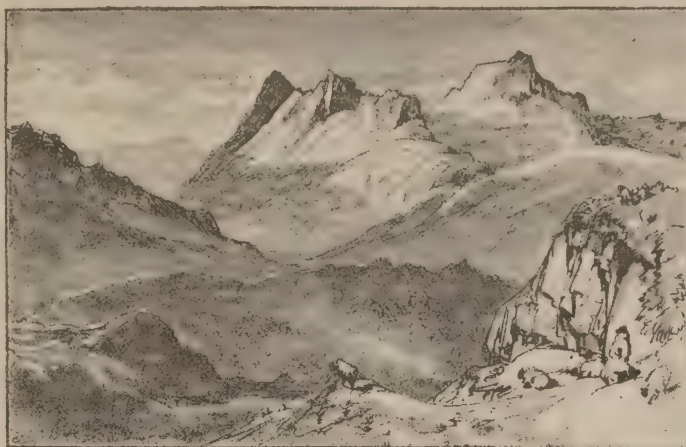
shadowed farmsteads so snugly seated in sheltered nooks, its little space of verdant cultivation, not carried too far up the mountain sides, its silent tarn, its semicircle of mountain, moor, and fell, make it pre-eminently so. October days do not allow much

time for lingering, as one would probably do on a midsummer day over a beautiful scene like this, and for like want of time, and space for record, I must pass on.

Commencing the descent, and turning off the road a little to the right to sketch a cottage, which forms a good foreground to the

head of the valley, I retraced my steps, and again diverged from the road to follow another, leading up the north side of Wetherlam to some mines, from which I anticipated a good view of the Pikes. I was not disappointed, for there they stood with full front, sternly revealing every rock, crag, scar, chink, crevice, rift, chasm, and channel, which the clouds and tempests of cycles had wrought upon their enduring crests.

This, perhaps, was not the best picture aspect, but it was the very thing I wanted, and, indeed, what



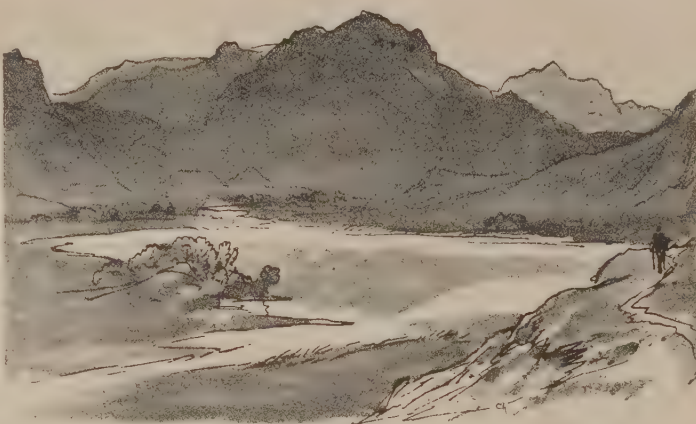
LITTLE LANGDALE.



BLEA TARN AND LANGDALE PIKES.

I expressly came for; accordingly, after a little rest and refreshment from my wallet and a gushing spring near, I devoted the next two hours to as faithful a rendering of facts as I could accomplish in the time. I send you a slight transcript of the mountain portion of my sketch, the rest being occupied with a portion of the valley below, including a farm or two, and a moorland road in the foreground. I again retraced my steps to the main road, and made straight for Fell Foot, formerly a noted hostelry, at the foot of Wrynose Pass, now a substantial farmhouse, and conspicuous by the dark group

of yew-trees in front of it. Had the day not been so far advanced, I should have been tempted to ascend the pass and cross the fells to Leverswater, or I might have extended my walk to Blea Tarn; but the sun had already touched the western hills, casting their long shadows over the vale, and there was nothing for it but to turn my steps homeward by the nearest route; but as I made a subsequent visit to Blea Tarn, I send you a very slight sketch of it. I took the road on the opposite side of the valley, paused to take a farewell sketch, and recrossed the brook below the tarn by a most singular, antique, and picturesque bridge. I varied my route by taking the lower road, got a sudden glimpse of the Fairfield range, bathed in delicate rose-colour with purple shadows, re-entered Tilberthwaite and Yewdale at twilight, and reached Coniston before it was quite dark.



BLEA TARN.



MOUNTAIN GROUP, CONISTON.

Coniston, December 13th, 1858.

Being occupied with a good deal of miscellaneous work before I close my campaign of this year, I can

only, ere finally leaving Coniston, string a few odds and ends together as they occur to me. To those of you who do not know already, it may be interesting to be informed of Tennyson's whereabouts when he visits the Lake district. The house he and his family occupy when here is Tent Lodge, famous from its

connexion with the history of Elizabeth Smith. It is beautifully situated near the head of the lake, and undoubtedly commands the finest mountain view of any house in Coniston, not excepting Brantwood, which is also fine, but which by its distance loses the grandeur of the

opposite mountains. From the very windows of the lodge was spread before the Laureate a true pleasure—the smooth lawn, chequered with dancing lights and shadows from waving trees, the peaceful meadows, the glassy lake, and the huge empurpled mountains guarded by the frowning battlements of Yewdale Crag. But the poet's favourite retreat was in a wood on the hill-top behind Tent Lodge, a spot not likely to be sought by him again for its privacy, for some good people have put up two seats in honour of his memory, and consequently the

Lake showmen have another object of interest added to their list of attractions. The mountain grouping from this point is strikingly fine, and towards evening, the time at which I have generally seen it, the colour of the whole mass is of the deepest purple. I give you a rough sketch of the central portion, looking through Tilberthwaite to the Langdale Pikes. Your imagination must fill up the rest by adding the Old Man and Walna Scar on the left, and on the right continuing Raven Crag up Yewdale till it falls in with the distant range of

Helvellyn and Fairfield. Common report represents the poet as not being very particular in his toilet, that buttons and boot-laces perform their functions very imperfectly. This is confirmed by the fact that his watch, a gift from Rogers, the poet, escaped from its pocket, and was found some days afterwards in Tilberthwaite.

The present occupants of Tent Lodge are descendants of Romney the painter—the widow of his only son, and one of her daughters, who has executed very tastefully and truthfully some copies in water-colour of some of her grandfather's works, as well as some of Reynolds' and Gainsborough's. Lord Thurlow wrote, 'Reynolds and Romney divide the town. I am of the Romney faction.' It is believed by some that there is yet a conspiracy at work to exalt Sir Joshua by lowering Romney, as in the Art Treasures Exhibition, where certainly the latter was

not shown to advantage. The family possesses some paintings finer than any of those exhibited—one especially, a portrait of Mrs. Inchbold, charmingly treated. There are four of the painter's grandchildren

residing in this neighbourhood, for one of whom I have been executing a small drawing of *Whitestock Hall*, where they were all born, situated in a very pleasant little valley between Hawkshead and Ulverstone.

There is another house on this side of the Lake of personally historic interest—Brantwood



TENT LODGE.

Cottage—now deserted except a room or two occupied by a housekeeper. How mockingly, in this silent and, I may say, deserted spot, flare out the words, inscribed on the walls of an outbuilding, 'GOD & THE PEOPLE—VELLE EST AGERE—J. D. L.' Within I find proof-impressions of some of the artist's best engravings, among them the *Madonna* of Raphael, and some rare and choice etchings.

THE HAY-WAIN.

BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. ETCHED BY E. P. BRANDARD.

FEW visitors to the National Gallery, who admire this picture as it hangs beside two other masterpieces by the same hand, know how great an influence it has had upon modern art, especially upon modern French art. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1821, under the modest title of *A Landscape—Noon*. At that time the English public had not recognised the genius of Constable; and this, like most of his pictures, would have remained unsold but for the enterprise of a French dealer, who purchased it and two other pictures from the artist for the sum of 250*l*. The purchaser sent it and another picture of Constable's—a view of the Thames at the opening of Waterloo Bridge—to the Salon of 1824, where they produced a great sensation. What is called the 'Romantic' School of France had just begun. It was a revolt against the traditional conventionalism, the pseudo-classicism, and falseness of the School of the Empire, headed by David. The revolt was headed by Baron Gros, Géricault, and Delacroix among the figure-painters, and by Paul Huet in

landscape. Constable's pictures revealed a fresh and natural way of recording natural effects; and their profound effect on the modern school of French landscape—the school of Rousseau and Troyon—is fully acknowledged by French critics. Delacroix himself was so impressed by them, that he painted his own *Massacre de Scio* entirely over again in four days; and after being exhibited a few weeks, they were rehung in 'the two prime places in the principal room.' 'They acknowledge,' wrote Constable, 'the richness of texture and the surface of things. They are struck with their vivacity and freshness; things unknown to their own pictures.' For these pictures Constable was awarded a gold medal by Charles X.; and the effect of his *White Horse* at the exhibition at Lisle in the following year was equally great. *The Hay-wain* was exhibited by Mr. Henry Vaughan at the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House in the winter of 1885–6; and was then, or shortly afterwards, presented by the owner to the National Gallery.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

LINCOLN'S INN.

BY the middle of the twelfth century the buildings of London outside the walls had been extended beyond the Bar in Holborn, and before its close they had also passed the Bar in Fleet Street. The Knights Templars, when introduced into England in 1128, established their head-quarters at a spot in Holborn very near to the north end of the modern Southampton Buildings. Here they presently had for their neighbour the Bishop of Lincoln, who built an inn or town-house for himself and his successors on a site adjoining the Temple to the west. This was the work* of Bishop Robert de Chesney, consecrated in 1147. We mention it here chiefly to observe that this inn has no connexion with the Lincoln's Inn of which we are about to write.

The Templars did not remain long in their first habitation. In 1184 they quitted it for one much larger, which they had erected, south of Fleet Street, on ground stretching from what was afterwards called White Friars to a boundary without the liberties of the City. This second house was named the New Temple, to distinguish it from the owners' original establishment, which we find subsequently occupied by the Bishops of Lincoln, and known as the Old Temple.

A few years after the migration of the Templars, a street or road was opened just to the west of the Old Temple and the inn above mentioned, leading downwards from Holborn to the front of the New Temple. This is the street now familiarly known throughout the English world as Chancery Lane. In the early days of Henry III., when recently made, it received the name of New Street. Pennant in-

forms his readers that Chancery Lane was *built* in the time of that sovereign, but this is an entirely misleading expression. More than two hundred years later, when Henry Tudor took the throne, the Lane presented at most some scattered houses towards the ends which connected it with Fleet Street and Holborn. The intervening spaces on both sides were occupied by enclosed gardens, surrounding a few piles of building which stood at some distance

back from the roadway. As it was first laid out, and for a long time afterwards, the New Street can have been no more than a green lane between certain of the suburban gardens—'well furnished with trees, spacious, and beautiful'—which Fitzstephen celebrates among the chief attractions of London in his time.

The most ancient—so Lincoln's Inn is reputed—of the four Inns of Court is built partly on the site

of an old house of the Black Friars, partly on ground to the south of this, where the Bishops of Chichester once had a palace, and partly on a piece of land lying still further south, which was early known as Fickett's Field, and later as Little Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The Dominicans or Black Friars came to England in 1221, and speedily appeared in the capital, where, like the Templars, they first established themselves in the suburb of Holborn. Their church and house were 'on the west side of New Street, towards the north end thereof.' Under the protection of Hubert de Burgh, they flourished exceedingly, and gradually acquired an estate on this spot. So important did they become in a short time, that their patron, dying in 1243, 'put on the weeds of Dominic,' and was buried in their church, as was also, two years later, Margaret, sister to the King of Scots, and widow of



THE GATE-HOUSE, CHANCERY LANE.

* In an altered state it afterwards belonged to the Earls of Southampton, and was called Southampton House.

Geoffrey, Earl Marshal. By 1250 their establishment had become extensive enough to accommodate a chapter of the Order, who assembled thither from all parts of Christendom to the number of four hundred brethren. A pleasant writer—Leigh Hunt, we think—has somewhere remarked on the great variety of persons and characters who at one time or another have been notable frequenters of Chancery Lane. How many, either of the Londoners who have been familiar with the sight of wigs and gowns in this famous thoroughfare, or of the strangers who stared at it as an unaccustomed spectacle, have been aware that, when the Lane was New Street, the most observed of those who passed along it were the hooded Preaching Friars in their white tunics, covered with black woollen cloaks?

The land adjoining Chancery Lane below the domain of the Black Friars affords another illustration of mediaeval times. Part of this land, when the Dominicans settled in London, appears to have belonged to one John Herlison,* who was shortly afterwards accused of murder. Being put upon his trial after the manner of those days, he failed, we read, in his ordeal, but the King spared his life and limbs at the prayer of the women of the City, and he became a hospitalar in the Hospital at Jerusalem. His estate went to the Crown by escheat. Henry III. at once conferred a portion of it on his Chancellor, Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester. The gift was confirmed by a grant to that prelate dated November 17, 1229, in which the property is described as a 'place, with the garden and appurtenances, which John Herlison forfeited in New Street, over against the land of the said bishop in the same street.' The remainder of Herlison's estate in New Street was bestowed by Henry, in 1235, on the House of Converts, which the King had founded two years previously for Jews who embraced Christianity. The House of Converts is now the Rolls, nearly all the ground belonging to which lies on the east of Chancery Lane. On which side lay the property granted to Neville by his royal master is not quite clear: it is commonly placed on the west; but it is, at any rate, apparent from the terms of the grant that the Chancellor thenceforth owned land on both sides of the Lane. From him the New Street was renamed Chancellor's Lane, a designation which, about a century later, was modified into Chancery Lane, either by corruption, or because, in the reign of Edward III., the House of Converts was made the depository of legal records. The great wealth of the Bishop-Chancellor enabled him to spend large sums in building. On the western portion of his London

estate he erected for his see an episcopal residence, which Matthew Paris calls a noble palace, and which was known in later times as Chichester House. The memory of this old mansion and its precincts is still kept alive by the familiar 'Chichester Rents' and 'Bishop's Court' in Chancery Lane, while the name of the founder is preserved a little way off in 'Nevill's Court,' a small alley running out of Fetter Lane. The magnificent Ralph died in 1244 at the house



CHAMBERS IN OLD SQUARE.

with which he had endowed his diocese. Its second occupier was a prelate of a very different order. Neville had been a statesman. Richard de la Wyche, who followed him in his bishopric, enjoys the distinction of having been the last English Churchman canonised. The old Chapel of Lincoln's Inn was dedicated in his honour, and Saint Richard of Chichester is still commemorated in our calendar.

This bishop died in 1253. We do not know which of his proximate successors personally resided in Chichester House, but a complaint which was made against one of them shows at once the power they assumed as owners of the property, and the condition of the adjoining street in their time. It appears that in the reign of Edward I. a bar was

* The Herlisons seem to have been a City family. A John Herlison, perhaps the father of the one above named, was Sheriff in 1190.

set up across 'Chancellor's Lane,' so as to prevent horses and vehicles from passing along it. This had, in fact, been done by one John Briton while warden of the city during the suspension of the mayoralty. The obstruction, however, was placed to the account of John, Bishop of Chichester, as he, and afterwards the bishop for the time being, kept it up for many years. The reason assigned was the foul and miry state of the Lane. Doubtless, the roadway had never been 'made up.' The street was not paved till 1542.

The third recorded inhabitant of Chichester House was a layman. This was Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln and Constable of Chester, the minister and friend of Edward I. When or how or upon what terms Lacy became tenant of a mansion which not long before had been devoted to ecclesiastical uses, has never been ascertained. Probably he had been resident there a good many years when the neighbouring Black Friars quitted their first establishment for the district which has ever since borne their name. It was in 1285 that the Dominicans, following the example of the Knights Templars, migrated from Holborn to the border of the Thames. The house which the Friars left behind them, with part of the grounds attached to it, passed almost immediately into the possession of Henry Lacy. For this purchase the Earl gave 550 marks, then apparently a heavy sum even for a great noble to find, as it was made payable by instalments. On the site thus acquired the Earl of Lincoln proceeded to build his *Hospitium*, or Inn, where he resided when in London during the rest of his life. Whether this was a building entirely distinct from the episcopal palace in which he had lived till then, or only an addition to the latter, we are not informed. There is no reason to suppose that he relinquished any part of the land previously in his occupation. On the contrary, an account which has been preserved of the expenses and profits of the Earl's garden in Holborn in the twenty-fourth year of Edward I., seems to show that it must have been very extensive as well as carefully cultivated. We learn from this curious document that fruits, vegetables, and roses, were produced there in sufficient quantities, not only to supply his household, but also to yield a considerable return by their sale. Cuttings of the vines were sold, from which it may be inferred that the Earl's grapes were held in some estimation. It appears there was a pond or vivary in the garden, as the bailiff expended eight shillings in the purchase of small fish, frogs, and eels, to feed the pikes in it. The account further shows that the garden was enclosed by a paling and fosse; and that the bailiff employed a head gardener, who had a yearly fee of fifty-two shillings and twopence, with a livery, and numerous assistants, whose collective wages amounted to five pounds per annum.

Henry Lacy was the only Earl of Lincoln who lived here, but the estate has ever since been called from him Lincoln's Inn. He was the last of his line, and is said to have made over his residence to some society or body of persons for the purposes of legal education. According to a tradition mentioned by Dugdale to have been current in his time 'among the ancients' of the Inn, the Earl, 'about the beginning of King Edward the Second's reign, being a person well affected to the knowledge of the laws, first brought in the professors of that study to settle in this place.' That Lacy took an interest in legal matters appears probable from the fact that he presided over the Commission appointed in 1290 to reform the abuses which had crept into the administration of justice. That he granted away his Inn during his lifetime for the purpose indicated seems to be contradicted by the statement which Dugdale makes elsewhere, that he died there in 1312. There may, it has been suggested, have been two houses at the Earl's disposal: Ralph Neville's palace, and a mansion built by himself. We find, however, that the bishops of Chichester re-entered on the former after Lacy's death; for it is on record that Robert de Stratford, Bishop of that see, having received the Great Seal in 1340, carried it with him to his house in Chancellor Lane. If, therefore, the Earl of Lincoln planted law students in Chichester House, their possession of it must have been of short duration. Dugdale's story, in short, is unsupported by evidence; and the same must be allowed of an opinion expressed by Francis Thynne, a learned antiquary of Elizabeth's reign, that Lincoln's Inn became an Inn of Court soon after the Earl's death.

For nearly one hundred years history is silent about everything relating to Lincoln's Inn. Then, in the second year of Henry VI., begins the Black Book of the Society, being the earliest extant register of the proceedings of any of the Inns of Court. Henceforward, at any rate, we have an organized college of lawyers established in possession of Henry Lacy's old demesne, however their title may have been derived. With regard to that portion of the estate which belonged to the see of Chichester, we find that it was held under leases from the Bishop, which were granted to some member of the community, and renewed from time to time. At length, in 1536, Richard Sampson, who had just received the mitre, conveyed the property absolutely to William Suliard, a student, and his brother, Eustace Suliard, who was usher of the royal chamber. From the tenor of the conveyance, we may conclude that the principal buildings then known as Lincoln's Inn stood on the old church land. For the premises are described as 'our great messuage called Lincolnes Inne with the courts, curtilages, gardens, and orchard, called the Conygarth, anciently called Cotere Garden.'

Finally, Edward Suliard, son and heir of Eustace, the survivor of the two brothers, for a consideration of 520*l.*, conveyed the entire house and garden to the Benchers of the Society by a deed and fine executed and levied in 1580, the 22nd of Elizabeth. The garden 'called the Conygarth' lay on the western side of the property, adjoining Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was so named from the quantity of rabbits found there. By various ordinances of the Bench made in the reigns of Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., penalties were imposed on students destroying these animals with darts or bows and arrows.

Long before the Society acquired the freehold of the Bishop's land, it had begun to flourish greatly, and produced many eminent lawyers, among whom we cannot avoid naming Sir Thomas More. It is not our purpose here to enlarge on the nature and development of the institutions known as the Inns of Court and Chancery. Our earliest authority on this subject is Fortescue, who wrote in the reign of

Henry VI. According to this writer, the Inns of Chancery were elementary schools of law; the Inns of Court colleges for more advanced students. But law was not the sole occupation of those who entered themselves at these Inns. The students of both classes, and particularly those of the higher grade, according to Fortescue, not only studied the laws and divinity, but further learned to dance, sing, and play instrumental music, 'so that these hostels, being nurseries or seminaries of the Court, were therefore called Inns of Court.' Each of the four Inns of Court had one or more Inns of Chancery attached to it. Thus Lincoln's Inn owned as its subordinate places of instruction Furnival's Inn and Thavie's Inn. By the time, however, when Sir Matthew Hale commenced residence in Lincoln's Inn (1629), the custom for law students to be first entered at an Inn of Chancery before being admitted to an Inn of Court had become obsolete, and thenceforth the Inns of Chancery have been entirely abandoned to the attorneys.

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From the time when the records of Lincoln's Inn allow us to trace its growth, we find a constant effort on the part of the Society to supply itself with suitable buildings. In 1466, a council of the members met in the chapel, showing the chamber then used as a hall to have been either too small, or too much out of repair, to admit of a meeting being held in it. This hall was pulled down in 1491, and a new one was soon afterwards begun. A few marks were also bequeathed at the end of the same century towards building a library, and steps were taken for the erection of a gate-house, that indispensable adjunct to every important establishment of the period. New chambers were like-

wise projected. There seems, however, to have been considerable difficulty in raising the funds necessary for these various improvements. A wealthy testator who endowed a college out of regard to the newly-revived classical learning, or a church for the good of his own soul, had seldom any money to spare for the encouragement of law, with which he



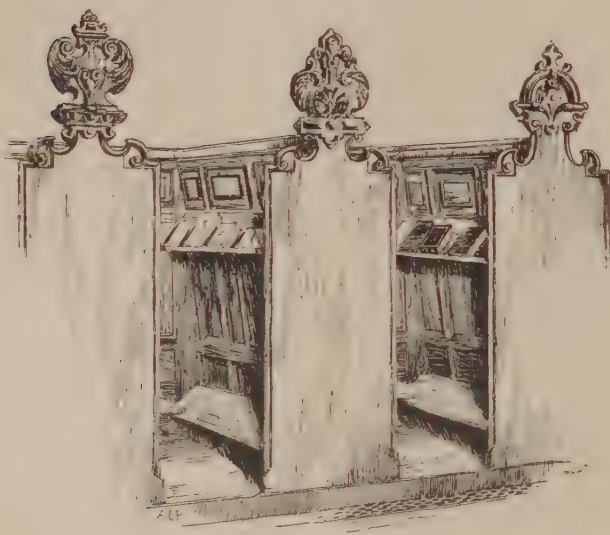
THE CHAPEL AND THE OLD HALL.

was closing his accounts for ever. Hence the only benefactors, generally speaking, of legal seminaries were men who had a professional interest in their prosperity. The expenses of renewing the Inn, for such was really the work in hand, were defrayed partly from loans, partly from the contributions of willing members, and partly by exactions from the unwilling. Still, in one way or another, the money was found, and the work proceeded.

By degrees, Lincoln's Inn acquired the form and arrangement of a college like those which existed at Cambridge and Oxford. When thus complete, it had its Gate-house, its Hall, its Chapel, its Library, and its series of connected Courts. The parts composing this whole were, till after the Restoration, confined within the areas of what are now called Old Square and Old Buildings. The edifices which recently occupied this space were erected at various periods, beginning, as we have seen, in the reign of Henry VII., and ending in the reign of James I. Of

these structures, the Old Hall and the Chapel, with the Gate-house, still exist, but little of the chambers remains, and that little is fast disappearing as we write. It will be seen that the Inn of which we now speak had its principal front towards Chancery Lane. For a long time no wall of brick or stone enclosed the precincts of the Society. Till the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, the boundary which separated the Inn from Chancery Lane on the one side, and from Lincoln's Inn Fields on the other, was merely an embankment of clay.

The earliest buildings were in part constructed with bricks and tiles made from the earth of 'the Conygarth.' Among these we notice first the Gate-house, which was commenced in 1505, and finished in 1518. The expense of its erection was



PEWS IN THE CHAPEL.

borne in great part by Sir Thomas Lovell, one of the Benchers of the Society, and Treasurer of the Household to King Henry VII. The square towers flanking the entrance are of considerable size and height; the walls are chequered, after the Tudor fashion, with lines of darker bricks; over the pointed archway, towards the street, are the royal arms, with those of Lacy on the dexter, and those of Sir Thomas Lovell on the sinister side. The structure has suffered greatly, not merely from time, weather, and smoke, but from the proceedings of those practical persons whom the antiquary disdains as improvers, and who even now threaten the removal of the entire edifice. The old arched casements are gone, and have been replaced by modern rectangular windows. The roof of the entrance was at first vaulted, but the groined ceiling has disappeared. In its original state the Gate-house was an excellent piece of late Gothic work, and it is still interesting as almost the sole specimen of its kind about London. St. John's Gate in

Clerkenwell, and Henry the Eighth's Gateway at St. James's Palace, are the only other examples, Cardinal Morton's Gate-house at Lambeth being of rather earlier date. There is an old legend that Oliver Cromwell once had chambers in or near the Gate-house in Chancery Lane, but his name does not occur in the records of the Inn. His son Richard was admitted a student in the twenty-third year of Charles I.

The Gateway conducts into a court, along the opposite, or western, side of which stands the Old Hall. The north side of the court is taken up by the Chapel; the south side consists of chambers. This range of chambers is continued in another and smaller court lying to the south-west of the Old Hall. There are other blocks of chambers, occupying the sites of older ones, on the ground immediately beyond the Chapel; but the several buildings above enumerated comprise all that is left of the Inn as it existed previously to the erection of New Square. In the reign of James I., there were four courts, named respectively the East Court, the South Court, the North Court, and the Middle Court. No chambers now standing can be referred to an earlier date than that reign: and of those then erected, all to the north of the Gatehouse have been rebuilt and rearranged. Even the few suites which remain of the period indicated have been altered, as one would anticipate, in their doorways, windows, and other external features. The only designations now in use in this part of the Inn are Old Square and Old Buildings; of which the latter, or at least the structures so called, may be expected soon to pass away. Among the changes which the last few years have witnessed, must be noticed the removal of some modern erections, which our eyes miss more than they do many things better worth preserving. In 1819, a Court was built for the Vice-Chancellor of England on the western side of the Old Hall towards the garden, and an arcade was added along the front of this new Court and the Hall. Again, in 1841, a temporary building of unsightly appearance was run up in the area between the Old Hall and the Gatehouse, for the Courts of the two additional Vice-Chancellors appointed in that year. All these have now been demolished, the Courts having been rendered unnecessary by the completion of the Royal Palace of Justice.

The Chapel was built in the reign of James I., and consecrated on the feast of the Ascension in 1623. The architect was Inigo Jones, who is stated to have designed it 'after the Gothic manner, in imitation of that of St. Stephen's at Westminster.' The expression quoted of course refers to the elevation of the Chapel on arches. Whether there was any arrangement resembling this in the Chapel which the present edifice replaced, we know not, but it ap-

pears to be certain that the crypt or cloister under the latter was early used as a place for lawyers 'to walk in, and talk, and confer their learnings.' Thus Butler speaks of those who

'Wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn.'

And Pepys records a visit 'To Lincoln's Inn, to see the new garden which they are making, which will be very pretty, and so to walk under the Chapel by agreement.' The Chapel itself, which till lately was a good deal hidden by the surrounding buildings, is now fairly exposed to view. The structure has at the same time been added to and altered under the same direction which has presided over the restoration of St. Alban's Abbey Church. The interior had previously undergone great alterations from the plans of James Wyatt, who caused or permitted the old roof of timber to be removed, and one of stucco by Bernasconi substituted. In the windows are many

(To be continued.)

emblazoned coats-of-arms. Until 1791 the cloister was the general burial-place of the Society. Among the remarkable persons buried there was that sturdy Puritan, William Prynne, and John Thurloe, Secretary of State to Oliver Cromwell. We may mention here that the Thurloe State Papers were discovered, in the reign of William III., behind a false ceiling in a set of chambers in the Inn which had been occupied by the Secretary.

The first stone of the Chapel was laid, and the sermon at its consecration was preached, by the ingenious Dr. Donne, who had been Preacher to the Society, but was at that time Dean of St. Paul's. Among his distinguished successors in the office of Preacher may be enumerated Usher, Tillotson, Warburton, Hurd, and Heber; while most Londoners of middle age will remember the time when Frederick Maurice, while holding the more ancient though less dignified post of Chaplain, drew crowds on Sunday afternoons to the quaint Chapel of the equity lawyers.

LAWRENCE SERLE.

ART CHRONICLE.

M. VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN, the Russian painter, again brings his art before us in London; this is the third time he has done so, and on each occasion the impression produced is deeper than the last. It is a pity that there has been some amount of clap-trap and noise about the way in which the very remarkable pictures of this artist exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery are brought forward, because M. Verestchagin is quite strong enough to need no such adventitious aid to notoriety. The catalogue, in which the artist perhaps poses a little, tells us that he has planned a series of large pictures illustrating the conquest of India from the reception of the English Ambassador by the Great Mogul at Agra to the *Entry of the Prince of Wales into Delhi*, 1875. The last only is complete: a huge canvas, clever, but without charm or nobility—a pageant seen from the point of view of a newspaper reporter. Some twenty studies of interiors and landscape are further result of the painter's labours in India, also clever, closely studied in detail, curiously inanimate, and yet illusively real, like a reflection in a mirror. A profusion of sketches and studies in the Holy Land, and a few subject-pictures introducing the personages of the Gospel narrative, in close verisimilitude of modern Jewish garb and character, forms another section of the exhibition. The landscape studies are topographically and historically interesting, the figures are painfully true to low, modern Jewish types. The huge picture of the *Crucifixion*, in which the painter's models have served for the Great Martyr on the cross and the rabble below, illustrates an early stage in what M. Verestchagin calls individual killing, a phase in that murder of man by man which, as a subject, has curiously attracted him and called forth his power of representation. 'Observing life through all my travels,' he says, 'I have been particularly struck by the fact that even in our time people kill one another everywhere, under all possible pretexts, and by every possible means. Wholesale murder is still called war, while killing individuals is called execution.' Verestchagin paints a *Crucifixion* as execution with torture under the Roman law; he paints, on a smaller scale, execution by *Hanging in Russia* as example of a later more humane method; he paints *Blowing from Guns in British India*, most humane because most expeditious form of execution. The two large canvases are horrible; they are accurate and actual as a photograph of the reality, unfeeling as an official telegram.

Wholesale murder, war, the painter depicts with the authority of an eye-witness, in a series of remarkable pictures of the Russo-Turkish winter campaign in the Balkans. Here we have, indeed, a record of heroism, of singular obedience and patience. The Russian soldiers and their foes died in many ways besides the fire and sword of the enemy: in the filth and misery of the hospital and the rough ambulance cart, in the forced march under wounds and weariness, of sore disease, of freezing cold, under the snowdrift, or on the waste, buried alive or left to perish. No stronger sermon on the horrors of war could be preached than appeals through this terrible, realistic art of Verestchagin. We shiver as we contemplate his unflinching veracity of his pictured records. 'Facts,' says the artist, 'laid upon the canvas without embellishment, must speak eloquently for themselves.' The sentence is a clue to this phenomenal and repulsive art. Whether the fact be a human tragedy or a scene of natural beauty it is treated with a cold-blooded literalness, with a singular power of illusion that seems almost like a trick, with the firm draughtsmanship of a thoroughly trained student, the knowledge of a scientist, and the audacity of an explorer, and, moreover, with a technical skill that can manage the large illusions of a diorama or the finesse of a cabinet picture, but is without individual charm. The painter is no colourist, but he is not a bad colourist; he may not be cold, but he is not genial. For the rest he is terribly in earnest; he does not perceive as the poet or the prophet, nor in the highest sense as the artist, yet what he sees he can paint. But if the beautiful finds entrance into his canvases, it seems there by accident of his subject, and even the pathos is the pathos of fact, found, not sought.

THE managers of the Exhibition to be held at Glasgow next year propose to bring together a collection of the British sculpture produced within the Queen's reign. The result can hardly be of so cheering a nature as the 'Jubilee' show of pictures at Manchester which has suggested the scheme. It is appalling to think what national disgrace an ill-advised committee of selection might bring upon us in an extensive collection of 'Victorian' sculpture.

THE Exhibition of the Photographic Society opened at the Gallery of the Royal Water-colour Society in Pall Mall in

October is this season of exceptional interest. The latest specimens of instantaneous photography, the varied range of colour in monotint printing, the last perfected processes, and the newest mechanical improvements, are here set forth. As regards process, the platinotype, to judge by the number of exhibits, is now equally in favour with the older method in which salt of silver is the medium. Two enormous figures, about eight feet high, of the street-poster type, are among the enlargements to which the process of printing with silver on gelatine instead of albumenised paper, is generally applied. Among the specimens of 'artistic photography,' Mr. Mendelssohn's portrait head of Mr. Perigal seems accounted the finest. Mr. Byrne and Mr. Miller coming next as regards portraiture. The genre and figure pictures of Mr. Sutcliffe and Mr. Robinson and Mr. Gale are charming. Mr. Donkin still stands at the head for Alpine views. Among marvels of instantaneous effect are those of gulls on the wing by Mr. Wyles and Mr. Mallin; photographs of lightning by Mr. E. S. Sheppard and Mr. J. Guardia; the yachts, taken in motion by Mr. Hyslop (from a steamer running alongside) and by Mr. West; also the cunning little London street views by Mr. Cobb and Mr. England. Some fine examples of photogravure are sent by MM. Bousod Valadon et Cie., but show no especial advance within the twelvemonth. Among the specimens of ingeniously compact apparatus is a tiny camera which can be placed in the waistcoat; the lens projecting through a button-hole. Such an instrument cannot fail to become part of the stock-in-trade of the amateur detective and sensational novelist!

SOME eighty sketches and studies in water-colour, about the Riviera, Lake Leman, and Algeria, by Mr. George Talbot, have been on view at the Fine Art Society's, and well deserved a visit. Whatever else the painter may have learnt from his teacher, Mr. Ruskin, he has at any rate acquired a tender accuracy and the negative virtue of an absence of claptrap. In merit and attractiveness the drawings are unequal. The best—we may name *Morning Mist, Montreux, A Garden Gate, Ventimiglia*, a large picture of *Ventimiglia, Through the Olives, Mentone*—recall the manner of Mr. Albert Goodwin; others, such as the capital *Fountain on the Quay, Algiers, The Blue Wall in the Graveyard, Algiers*, are clean and broad sketches, in excellent tone; other some are a little heavy and betray effort, like the work of one who is feeling his way through inexperience or some hampering conditions.

A NEW Art Union is started by the Royal Institute of Water Colour Painters, the objects of the institution, as set forth in the prospectus, being 'the advancement of Water Colour Art in this country,' and the placing of the Institute 'on such a solid basis as to make it the permanent home of Water Colour Art in England.' The latter sentence, being interpreted, means the purchase of the Piccadilly Galleries by the Institute. The establishment of an Academy for this branch of painting, to give it the status and support afforded to oil-painting by the Royal Academy, and which it fails to obtain at Burlington House, has long been a cherished scheme; and it is not unfair to conclude that the present move by the Royal Water Colour Institute is intended to lead in this direction. An appeal was made to the members and other artists, and the result has been the presentation of pictures, drawings, etchings, and sculpture, for prizes in the Art Union, to the value of over 15,000*l.* The prizes were placed on view at the Piccadilly Galleries last month, and the display, including contributions from leading men in the several branches of art, is brilliant enough to augur well for the success of this Art Union scheme. The terms of subscription secure a presentation plate—a photogravure of Linton's *Declaration of War*, copy, proof copy, and artist's signed proof, according to the amount subscribed, from one to three guineas, with corresponding chances in the ballot for prizes. The lists are opened at Messrs. Cassell's, and the first ballot will take place next June.

CERTAIN correspondents of the 'Athenæum,' one of whom is Professor Herkomer, have been falling foul of photogravure and the protection granted it by the Printsellers' Association

stamp. A well-known firm of engravers of photogravure plates respond to the charges in turn,—first, that the process is not merely mechanical and chemical, for a good plate needs skilful handwork to produce artistic result; that far from injuring the sale of engravings, the publication of engraved plates has increased side by side with the production of photogravures. Further, if the closeness and artistic effect of this reproductive process spur engravers to throw individual life into their work, it plays no harmful part. Moreover, a photogravure plate cannot be repeated without much labour, and if it be capable of giving a vast number of prints, so also will a steel-etched or mezzotint. It is natural for engravers to be jealous of the success of a mechanical process which seems to come into collision with the branches of engraving that should be interpretive and individual; but neither painters nor the public will be convinced that a *facsimile* reproduction of touch and tone such as good photogravure attains is to be contemned, although fine etching and noble line give a higher artistic result. After all, the estimation in which a photogravure is held depends on its approximation to beautiful exactness of imitation within the limits of monochrome, while the handling in etching and mezzo, and noble engraving, possesses intrinsic worth, apart from reproductive fidelity, and the interpretive mode which implies the perception of an artist ought to be safe of comparison with a process that is mainly dependent on the skilled manipulation of mechanical means.

MR. FRANCIS BATE embodied in a series of papers for the columns of that neat monthly packet of art news and comment, 'The Artist,' his views on 'The Naturalistic School of Painting,' and the *brochure* of reprinted essays has gone into a second edition. The writer puts a good many obvious truths and long-established principles in rather the style of a discoverer; he also makes some assertions which are indeed peculiar to himself and may wait for verification. Mr. Bate talks a great deal about Nature, and his creed for the painter is: Reproduce Nature, *i.e.*, imitate the appearance of things; don't obtrude your conceited technique and brush-work; betray no following of a school, neither aim at individual style; painting should be cosmopolitan, and the individuality of the artist must sink before the universality of Nature; let us have no conventional compromises, or ideal eliminations, only Nature, Nature, &c. This is, we think, a fair epitome of the writer's formula. But he gives many good hints about the right observation of the appearance of things,—the effect of light and shadow on colour and form, the merging of outline in tone, the focussing of vision, and so forth; and so long as he does not get beyond his depth, or that of the simple audience who would seem to read his instructions and be impressed by his little autocratic manner, Mr. Bate is all very well. That he appears to be incapable of understanding the value of contour or the meaning of line, and to be much in a fog as to the vital principles of decorative art, arises perhaps from an infirmity of mental vision. We recently reviewed a volume of art-talk by Mr. Vandyke, which put the case on the other side, and taught that the revelation of the individual artist was the gist of art, and the cry for 'Nature' a windy tradition. It is to be hoped that the young student, bewildered by such mixed teachings in the popular criticism of the day, may find consolation in the remembrance that 'art is long,' and therefore beyond the grasp of one teacher, and that the highest truths lie often between the horns of a paradox.

THE last volume of Messrs. Macmillan's 'English Illustrated Magazine' has been waiting a word of welcome on our library table. The periodical has a specialty in papers of descriptive narrative, whether abroad or at home, charmingly illustrated by David Murray, Biscoombe Gardner, J. Fulleylove, Patty Townshend, Hedley Fitton, F. Noel Paton, and others. Mr. Hugh Thompson is on the regular staff of draughtsmen for these pages, and a goodly company of well-accomplished writers lend their pens to make the letterpress as variously attractive as the pictorial portion.



SCOTTISH PAINTERS.

X.—*Sir Noel Paton ; Erskine Nicol ; Thomas Faed ; Sir William Fettes Douglas ; George Reid ; John Pettie ; William Quiller Orchardson ; Robert Walker Macbeth ; John Reid.*

THIS final chapter on Scottish Art will be devoted to the figure-painters yet living. They are pretty sharply divided into two classes by the dates of their births. Those born before 1830 belong to the narrative school, the school in which some antiquarian note, some dramatic story, or some domestic affection, stands for more than art. Those born later are, almost without exception, colourists, men whose real theme is colour, who frankly treat their subjects merely as pegs to hang colour upon. Among the former a large place in the public eye has long been filled by the three men whose names stand first in the above list. Sir Noel Paton, the Queen's Limner for Scotland, has won a curious reputation among those to whom art as art is incomprehensible. Though a good draughtsman, with much perception of beauty and a prolific fancy, as we can tell from such things as his drawings for Professor Aytoun's 'Lays,' and even from the two fairy pictures in the Edinburgh Gallery, his sympathy with the expressive power of line and colour is, to say the least, deficient. Sir Joseph Noel Paton was born at Dunfermline in 1821. In 1843 he became a student in the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards attracted attention as an etcher of subjects from Shakespeare and Shelley. In 1845 he gained a prize at the Westminster Hall competition for his *Spirit of Religion*, and two years later won the premium of 300*l.* for two oil pictures, *Christ Bearing His Cross* and the *Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania*. In 1849 he painted the *Quarrel of Oberon and Titania*, which, with his *Reconciliation*, was bought for the Scottish Gallery. In 1855 Sir Noel Paton was honourably mentioned at Paris, and the same year exhibited the *Pursuit of Pleasure* at home. Several of his works have been engraved for the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland and for the London Art Union. He has also published two volumes of poems, and in 1876 was honoured with the degree of LL.D. by the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. Thomas Faed was born at Burley Mill, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in 1826. He first studied art in Edinburgh, where he was very successful in the prize competitions. In 1852 he migrated to London, and three years later attracted much attention at the Academy with his *Mitherless Bairn*, now in the Melbourne Gallery. In 1861 he was elected an Associate, and in 1864 an R.A., while he also holds the Honorary Membership of the Vienna Academy.

His brother John is six years his senior. Born at Burley Mill in 1820, he went to Edinburgh in 1841, after having already trained himself to a certain point in art. In 1847 he became an Associate, and in 1851 a full Member, of the Scottish Academy.

Mr. Erskine Nicol is a native of Leith, where he was born in 1825. Apprenticed to a house-decorator, he contrived, during his spare time, to learn much at the Trustees' Academy, which he entered at the age of thirteen. While still an apprentice he gained the appointment of drawing-master in the High School, Leith. He afterwards spent three years in Ireland, where he gathered subjects for many of his best-known pictures. In 1855 he became an Associate, and in 1859 a Member, of the Scottish Academy; in 1867 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

The three painters just named combine much proficiency as draughtsmen, and no little faculty for humour and pathetic expression, with inability to give aesthetic unity and coherence to a picture. Their work is always spotty in colour, and scattered in design; in short, without pictorial motive. It has no *enveloppe*, none of that inner peace which atmosphere gives in nature, which value and harmony should imitate in art.

Different, indeed, is the work of such a man as the present head of the Scottish Academy. In his case art is too scholarly, too independent of daily sympathies. In his later pictures we are often oppressed by the care that has been used to keep each pictorial quality in due subordination to the main purpose, which seems often the embodiment of some antiquarian fancy, or even the reproduction of some quaint object from the painter's own collections.

Sir William Fettes Douglas is the son of Mr. J. Douglas, banker, of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1822. His mother was a grandniece of Sir William Fettes, Bart., the well-known founder of Fettes College. Sir William was educated at Edinburgh University, and received a desultory training in art in the same city. He exhibited for the first time in 1843, and soon began to give evidence of the antiquarian bent of his art. In 1851 he was elected an Associate, and in 1854 a Member, of the Royal Scottish Academy. In 1877 he was appointed Chief Curator of the Scottish National Gallery, but resigned that post on his election to fill the place left vacant by the death of Sir Daniel Macnee.

Three pictures by Sir William Douglas hang in the Edinburgh Gallery. The earliest is *The Messenger of Evil Tidings*. In spite of some fair colour it is not a characteristic example. The motive is at once melodramatic and trivial when worked out, and the picture is ill-composed. Far better are *The Spell*, given by Mr. Gibson Craig, and a small portrait of the late Dr. Laing, among his books and 'antics,' given by the painter himself. In the portrait the aesthetic question is complicated by the bringing in of so many properties;—a table on which a silver testimonial stands among parchments and old vellum-bound tomes, and a wall with etchings peering round the frames of oil pictures, make too nondescript a background for unity. In *The Spell* accessories could be selected as well as the scene, with the result that balance could be won. And it is. The picture has a false effect through the contradiction between the apparent daylight which fills the chamber, and the moonlit coast which appears through the window. But it is well composed; the colour is in tune, though the notes are not rich in quality; and the chiaroscuro is broad and simple. Technically, Sir William's great fault is a coldness of colour, arising mainly from a peculiar use of black. This reappears in his water colours, to which it gives a sootiness of tint, which is slight but distressing. One of the best of the Scottish President's pictures, especially in colour, hangs at South Kensington, but so high on the wall that it cannot be examined comfortably. It was painted in 1855. The subject is a chemist's laboratory with two men examining some concoction in a large retort. *The Bibliomaniac*, which used to hang in the National Gallery, was not so good. It has been permanently lent to the city of Glasgow.

In this same Glasgow Gallery there hangs a full-length portrait of a Provost in his robes, which may be named as one of the cleverest works of the Aberdonian, Mr. George Reid, who has been faithful to his native city almost since the day of his birth. Much of his education as an artist was obtained in Holland, where he worked in the studio of Gerard Alexander Mollinger, a painter who won an early popularity in Scotland. In 1870 Mr. Reid was elected an Associate, and in 1877 a Member, of the Royal Scottish Academy. His diploma picture is the *Dornoch*, of which he has made a washed drawing for reproduction in these pages. (See PORTFOLIO for October.) It is a landscape entirely in the modern Dutch taste; grey in colour, elaborate in gradation, and solemn in sentiment. With a little more warmth and inner light, it would be one of the best things in the collection. But here I have hit upon Mr. Reid's weak point. His pictures are apt to be dry and cold. In the portrait of a Provost already mentioned, a crimson robe is relieved against a background of almost brick-dust

red. Such a contrast would be excellent if both colours had exactly the right shade and the right quality, but Mr. Reid's crimson is a little too blue, and his background a little too yellow and opaque. The result is that he just misses a rich chord; otherwise this picture is first-rate. The pose is good; the drawing and modelling vigorous, and the brushing broad and coherent. Of all living Scotchmen, Mr. Reid, perhaps, most completely deserves to be called a master in the Continental sense. There is no faltering, no groping in what he does. So far as his pictures fall short of the highest standard, they do so because his gifts are not of the highest. With a deeper colour sympathy and a more fertile invention, he would have taken a commanding place among modern artists.

In the same class as Mr. Reid, I may, perhaps, name Mr. Robert Herdman, although the likeness between them is not very great. Mr. Herdman is represented at Edinburgh by a figure study, in which there is some good broad painting, and by *After the Battle*, a scene in a Highland cottage after some fatal scrimmage. Another name that here suggests itself is that of Mr. W. E. Lockhart, who has lately been commissioned by the Queen to paint the Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Lockhart's water-colour drawings are better than his oil pictures. In them he contrives to get a finer harmony than seems to be within his reach in the nobler medium. For some years he has been an Associate of the Royal Water-colour Society, and many of the drawings he has sent to their shows have been notable for the clever use of sombre tones—blacks and reds. Of all his pictures, the best-known is that of the *Cid and the Five Moorish Kings*, the sketch for which hangs in the Edinburgh Gallery. Brilliant, though ill harmonised in colour, it fails dramatically through the amazing weakness of Mr. Lockhart's conception of the Cid.

All these painters, with the exception of Mr. George Reid, belong to the class with whom a pictorial motive, a problem in colour, line, or illumination, is rare. Their art is not only subordinate to the story it has to tell; it is too often killed, practically, by the literary significance laid upon it. Subjects are chosen that would make a first-rate page of prose, but which stubbornly rebel against the conditions of art. With the group of painters now to be noticed the reverse is the case. Superficially, not much distinction is to be traced, perhaps, between the two groups. But the trained eye sees at once that, whereas in the one, themes are chosen for their association or their power to touch the everyday feelings, in the other they are selected for the pictorial opportunity they give. Among the painters now to be noticed we find

many instances of subjects that are pictorially fine, while they are unsatisfactory from the literary point of view. On the other hand, we seldom or never find one which tells itself completely as a story, while throwing insurmountable stumbling-blocks in the way of art. An instance of the former is Mr. Orchardson's *Voltaire*. For a painter with his gifts nothing could well be finer than the opportunity it gave. Many guests, in costumes at once rich and picturesque, could be set about a table in a splendid room. Their attention could be concentrated upon a single point. A telling arrangement of the masses was almost compelled by the necessity of making room for the furious little personality of the insulted Arouet on one side or the other of the canvas. Even such minor accidents as the presence of servants ministered to a pictorial necessity, and helped at once to furnish the scene, and to give it depth. Pictorially, then, *Voltaire* turned out a triumph. But from the literary, or even the dramatic standpoint, it left much to be desired.

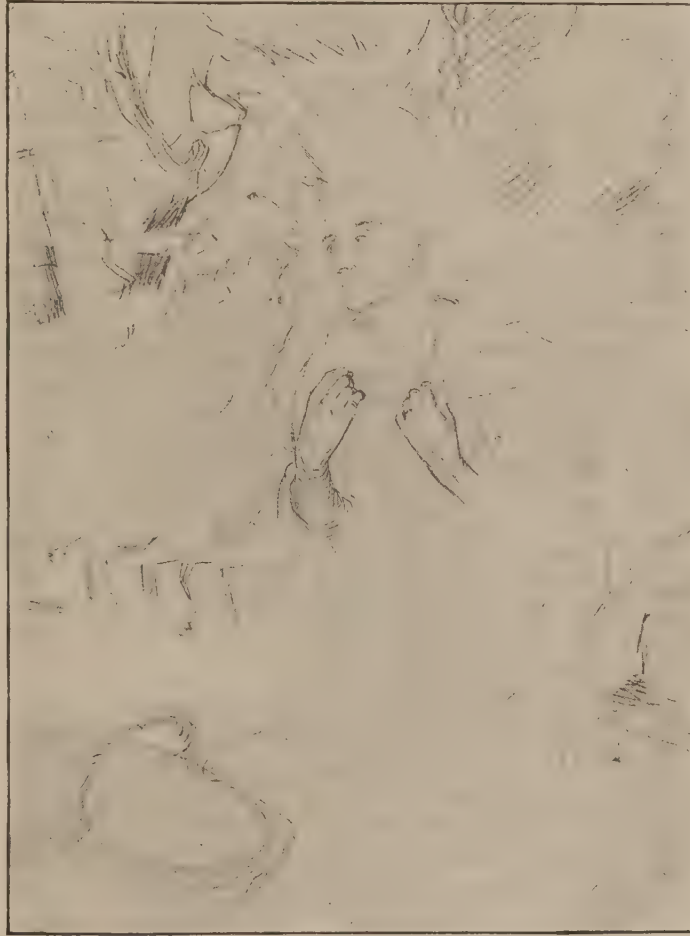
No one, unacquainted with the history of Voltaire's youth, could even guess what it was all about, while the energy of its action makes it impossible to enjoy the picture fully without knowing. It is, in fact, almost impossible to find a subject in books which shall entirely help the artist. In nearly all pictures which illustrate, the data stand in the way of perfection. Imagine what the Dutch masters would have been had they taken their themes from writers. Now and then, instead of building on a foundation of their own, they were content to illustrate, to accept data, and in nearly every instance the pictures so made stand on a lower level than the rest of their work. To

this religious art seems at first sight to offer exceptions. But does it really do so? Is it not incontestable that the greatest religious pictures are just those in which the invention of the artist has worked most freely? Is not Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto* greater art than his *Transfiguration*?

The finest subject a painter can have is a portrait, and this, again, seems to throw doubt upon what I have said. For in a portrait the data are more stubborn than anywhere else. But the explanation

is obvious enough.

The greatest difficulty before the painter is that of concentration — of giving his work a sufficient centre of interest, and keeping everything else in due subordination to it. All that is done for him when he has to paint a portrait, and especially a half-length. The head gives him the motive he wants exactly in the right place. It invites, moreover, any amount of elaboration he cares to give, and it affords him a full opportunity for that peering beneath the surface and selection of essentials in which art so greatly consists. I have said a half-length, because



FROM A STUDY BY THE LATE GEORGE MANSON.

in a full-length the head is scarcely in the right place on the canvas, while in a bust picture it takes up too much of the field. The most completely flawless pictures in existence, to my mind, are such things as Rembrandt's *Doreur* and his own portrait in the National Gallery (No. 672), as Holbein's *Sir Thomas Morrett* at Dresden, as Titian's *Laura de' Dianti*, or Raphael's *Julius II*. The *Innocent X*, of Velasquez, in the Doria-Pamphili Palace, suffers by its size, and the magnificent sketch or replica at Apsley House by its want of it. In all these, vigour and reticence, comprehension and suppression, are combined into that triumph of art—perfect unity with perfect force.

To return from this digression. It seems to me that the distinctive mark of this group of Scottish painters is the presence in every one of their works of a pictorial motive behind and above the subject. Sometimes the motive is so slight that it is difficult to get those who are not in full sympathy with the artistic bent of mind to believe in its existence. To those who are, it is easy to see that in all the pictures to which I am here alluding there is some colour chord, or some contrast of mass or line, to which a great deal in the way of subject or dramatic sentiment would have been cheerfully sacrificed. In saying this, I know very well that I am only repeating what should be a familiar idea to every one who concerns himself with pictures. But, unfortunately, in England art and sentimentality have too often the wrong precedence both in books and what are supposed to be works of art.

The first of this group to emerge from the obscurity of his early years was Mr. John Pettie. Born in Edinburgh in 1839, he began his regular art education at the age of sixteen. His school was the Trustees' Academy, then directed by Robert Scott Lauder and Mr. John Ballantyne, where he was a fellow-pupil with Mr. Orchardson. His first picture—*The Prison Pet*—was exhibited in Edinburgh in 1859. In 1861 he sent a picture to the Academy, and twelve months later followed it to London. Academy honours were not slow in coming, for in 1866, on the exhibition of his *Arrest for Witchcraft*, now at Melbourne, he was elected an A.R.A. Nine years later he became a full Member. With a slight change in the dates, what I have said of Pettie might stand for Orchardson. Born four years sooner, his development was somewhat slower than that of his brother artist, and it was not until 1869 and 1877 respectively that he reached the first and second rung on the short academic ladder. To return to Mr. Pettie. From the first he has been more entirely given over to colour than, perhaps, any other modern artist. In his early years he sought about, indeed, with solicitude, for telling subjects, and painted such things as the *Drumhead Courtmartial*, the *Disgrace of Wolsey*, *Terms to the Besieged*, *Juliet and Friar Lawrence*, *Jacobites* (his diploma picture), *The Sword and Dagger Fight*, and *The Death Warrant*. As time went on, however, he became ever more and more content to rest upon strictly pictorial elements for success, and has painted things in which there was just sufficient subject to afford a title. Among his best works of this class may be placed the small picture—'*Dost Know this Water-fly?*'—here engraved; the *Sir Peter and Lady Teazle*, which has been hanging beside it all this summer at Manchester; *The Chieftain's Candlesticks*, and *The Vigil*, in the

Chantry Fund Collection. In the first and last of these the painter's intention has been to get a silvery coolness of colour; in all the rest a rich warmth has been his aim. It is difficult to say in which he has been most successful.

If quality in colour is enough to make a painter remembered, and we know very well it is, then Pettie's fame is safe. In this respect some of his pictures seem to me to have passages in them which have scarcely been beaten. Look, for instance, at the figure of Sir Peter Teazle, in his plum-coloured coat, and at the satin-wood furniture about him. The delicacy which leads every tint to its highest power, to its fullest vibration, could not be more richly displayed. For the same gift put to more virile use—to the use which Rubens would make of it, turn to the great picture at Hamburg—the *Death Warrant*. Here some half-a-dozen grave statesmen sit about a council-board at the head of which a young king, Edward VI., is enthroned. Before him, on the table, lie a warrant and a pen, but, with the pity of youth—of a youth, perhaps, with whom death and judgment is ever present—he hesitates to sign. Dramatically, the picture has its faults. Like many others by the same hand, it is a little bare and unfurnished. Some signs of other business at the council might have been an improvement, and would at least have taken away the formal, *tableau-vivant* look which at present hangs about the composition. But the painting is magnificent. The head of the ruddy, middle-aged senator on the left—he was painted from the artist's father—has the vigour, warmth, and solidity of a Rubens. And all over the canvas the same glow, the same ease, the same breadth of brushing, are to be enjoyed. Scottish painting has sometimes been called serious, literal, and cold. When we remember that this picture of Mr. Pettie's is not by any means a single apparition, but only the strongest instance of one of the main characteristics of Scottish art for a century past, such a notion seems droll enough.

I have said that Mr. Pettie's pictures are apt to be unfurnished. In his concentration upon pictorial qualities he is apt to forget that action implies accessories, and to force upon us the sense of unreality we feel before what is known on the stage, I fancy, as a carpenter's scene. For this very reason I do not agree with the fault-finding of which his Chantry picture has been the object. In this *Vigil* his besetting sin becomes a source of strength. Fine in colour, like the rest of his work, it gains in dramatic force from its cool bareness. The young soldier, who kneels in the cold Norman nave, has watched alone through the chills of night, and the empty spaces, the long row of solid piers through which the dawn steals, the distant glimmer



of a now useless lamp, and the scanty show of warlike properties which bestrew the front of the picture, all help to enforce the idea of his solitary, almost penitential vigil. The same high, silvery tones are employed in the small picture etched by Mr. Rhead—'Dost Know this Water-fly?' Hamlet's question to Horatio, never received a more pungent commentary than Pettie has given it. In his picture the long-bodied, feathery-winged, small-headed, sheeny insect, is curiously hinted at by the empty-pated courtier, and the colour-tones it suggests adapted with unerring instinct to the uses of the picture. The things I have named show Mr. Pettie at his best. At his worst he is never less than a colourist, but he becomes too loose of hand and too easily contented in every matter that has not to do with colour. In *The Jester's Merrythought*, for instance, the motive was not only aggressively trivial, but the whole linear constitution of the scene was poor and insignificant.

The present great reputation of Mr. Orchardson has been the growth of the last ten years. Before that he was a delightful artist, but his work charmed rather by its refinement, by its subtlety of colour, and quietly significant design, than by anything that could be called force. His pictures were almost grey in effect, 'like the back of old tapestry,' as M. Chesneau phrased it. The masterpiece of that period was, perhaps, the *Queen of the Swords*, which had so great a success at Paris in 1878. Two years later there appeared at the Academy a picture which at once raised its author's fame to a higher level. This was the *Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon*—the conqueror of Europe taking his silent farewell of the continent which had once been his own. In this picture Mr. Orchardson not only carried the dramatic faculty, of which he had already given

proof in such pictures as *The Challenge*, to a much higher expression, he evinced a creative power as yet unsurpassed, for his figure of Napoleon is a creation. The solidity of the pose, the simplicity of the lines, the breadth of the masses of light and shade, the quiet, warm colour, strengthened here by a note of rich black, there by a touch of red where the cordon of the Legion peeps out from beneath the coat, all help to build up the personality of the first of the Bonapartes. No better

instance of what art can do, of what treatment means, could easily be found than this figure. It may sound absurd to many people to talk as if the handling of a great-coat could add to the dignity of a great soldier, or the quality of its tint enhance his look of life; but that is the ineffable secret of art. It is by mastery in points like these that Mr. Orchardson's figure rises to such a pitch of vitality.

In the pictures which, since 1880, have year by year made Mr. Orchardson's contributions so keenly looked for at the Academy, he has at once contrived to touch wider sympathies than he reached

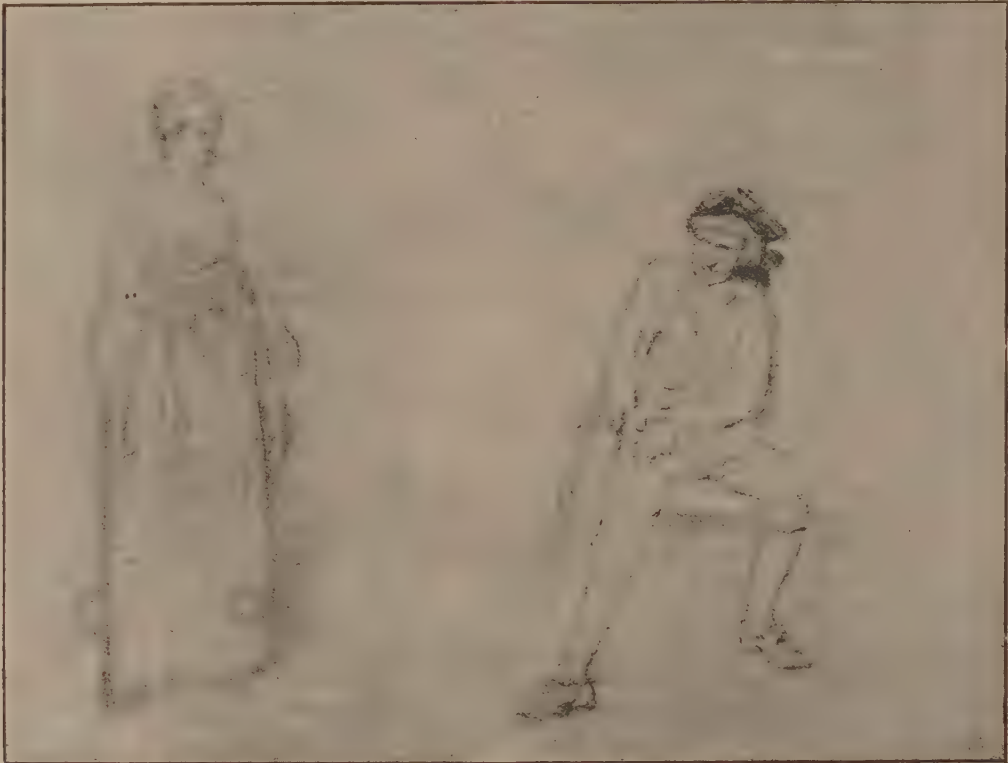


THE FIGURE OF NAPOLEON. FROM THE PICTURE BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

before, and to vastly reinforce and enrich his art. Technically, the finest of all these was the *Voltaire*; but the *Mariage de Convenance*, too, and its sequel, *After*, were full of splendid colour, and of a peculiar *finesse* of draughtsmanship and handling. The *First Cloud* differs mainly in technique from the two marriage pictures which went before it. The interest is much the same in all three, except that in the two first the fault is laid on the woman, and in the last on the man. The heroine of the *Mariage de Convenance* is a Madame Bovary, the hero of the *First Cloud*, a less reposeful Grandcourt. In character this man's head is, perhaps, the finest Mr. Orchardson has painted. The contend-

ing emotions, the selfish anger which is just disappearing to leave room for a look not of shame exactly, but of apprehension lest he has gone too far for his own comfort, and the slight dishevellement, suggestive of a ball supper, all help to throw light into a narrow heart. Technically, the picture is an exercise in high tones. The dress-clothes of the man and the dark recess into the inner room, form the main passages of low tone against a breadth of creamy whites, silvery greys, yellows like Australian gold, and various notes of rose, pale blue-green, and the mysterious tints of an oak parquet.

front of art. Among them I may name the half-lengths of his wife and her father, Mr. Moxon, which have been this year at Manchester, of Mrs. Ralli, exhibited at the Academy in 1885, and of Mrs. Joseph, exhibited last summer. In most ways the last of these was the best. It was richer in colour, simpler in handling, and as a whole more forcible than its predecessors. It may be objected that all this is panegyric. To that I say that it seems to me that Mr. Orchardson is exactly one of those painters against whom criticism is out of place. His individuality is so subtle, and it has



STUDY BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

In every picture by Mr. Orchardson there is some delicious passage of still life. In the *Voltaire* and the two first *ménages*, it was fruit and silver on a table; here it is a Louis XVI. screen and the orthodox *guéridon*, heaped with flowers and knick-knacks, which stands beside it. As compositions no one of the marriage pictures can be compared to either the *Napoleon* or the *Voltaire*; but in character, and in another point over which failure is easy, the union of style with actuality, they are great.

But it is quite possible that a century hence Mr. Orchardson's portraits will be valued even more highly than his subject pictures. They are not very numerous, and now and then they fail to please. The best, however, are in the very fore-

at its service so rich a technique, that all he does has an organic fulness that must be accepted as a whole, with the flaws to which everything man creates is subject. If I were asked to point out those flaws as they appear to me, I could hit upon nothing more important than an occasional hot note—if I may use such a phrase—in his colour, or the little harmless mannerism which leads him to place the eyes of his figures too far from their mouths, and to fill the interval with too much nose. When such flaws exist in work which is entirely the creation of thought, they may rightly be insisted on. They are then easily cured, and their absence will certainly add to that balance which is the highest perfection reached by art that is judgment. But with those whose art is in their bones

it is no use to talk in such a way. We must accept the images their fancy creates, and must be content to look upon the little errors our eyes can spy out as a comforting proof that they, too, are mortal.

With Orchardson and Pettie must be classed two artists of not vastly unequal gifts, but of singularly different powers of attraction for the public. These are Mr. R. W. Macbeth and Mr. Tom Graham. Mr. Macbeth's is the more vigorous genius of the two. The pictures with which he first made his mark, the *Lincolnshire Gang* and the *Potatoe Harvest*, were things that would have asserted themselves in any exhibition. Since

they were at the Academy his painting has ever become slighter, higher in tone, and less full and resonant in colour. Two sketches for the pictures I have named are in the collection of Mr. Humphrey Roberts. The idea they give of their author's power is, perhaps, better than is to be gathered from his finished pictures. Of late years Mr. Macbeth's time has been mostly given to reproductive etching, in which he has rapidly taken a place among English masters of the point corresponding to that filled by M. Waltner abroad.

Mr. Macbeth is still in the prime of life; he was born in Glasgow in 1848. His father, Mr. Norman Macbeth, is a Scottish portrait-painter who has followed his art with much success, and has brought up three sons to the same career. Mr. Robert Macbeth is an Associate of the Royal Academy. Mr. Tom Graham passed his early life in Edinburgh, but has painted for some years in London. As a colourist he has now and then touched the high-water mark of his school. His management of all sorts of greys is particularly refined and sensitive. Unfortunately he seldom succeeds in giving his pictures any *raison d'être* beyond colour. In their arrangement they show no real gift for combination

either of line or mass, and, in their lighting, little sense of depth and value. One of the best things by Mr. Graham I ever saw was a single figure of a girl in some kind of many-coloured dress. It hangs, or used to hang, in Mr. Robert Macbeth's studio.

Among painters of a younger generation there are many over whom I should like to dwell. But space is short, and the men themselves so young that whatever might now be said of their art would soon be obsolete. Among older men, too, there are many who would demand a page in a more exhaustive history, such as Mr. Hugh Cameron, a

master, in his way, of tone and atmosphere; the brothers Burr; Mr. Gourlay Steell, the *animalier*; Mr. Otto Leyde; Mr. James Archer; and several others. To have attempted to notice every individual phase of Scottish art in papers like these would have turned them into a catalogue, to which already, I fear, they bear too much resemblance.

Before I write 'finis,' however, I must find space for a few words on the last phase in painting in which any Scot has distinguished himself.

This is the Eng-

lish development of French Impressionism. Here the word means not so much concentration upon an effect, upon a momentary or exclusive impression, as satisfaction with actuality. It is, in fact, almost synonymous with frankness, and those who take it for their watchword confine art practically to arrangement. In colour their aim is to produce illusion by truth of value. One of the ablest of those who take this view of art is Mr. John Reid. In his pictures subject goes for very little, even when he paints things so sensational as his *Shipwreck* of two seasons ago. Frankness of colour, truth of value, and a coherent arabesque, distinguish them all. Of late years he has shown a tendency to lose the oneness, the vigour of local tint, which used to distinguish his work, and to allow his pictures to become too black,



STUDY BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

or too blue, or too brown. In the matter of brushing and technic generally, he is, perhaps, the most direct and forcible of our younger artists. Had space permitted, I should have wished to say something of Mr. John White, and a few more of those upon whom the immediate future of landscape-painting—I dare not say in Scotland, but among Scotchmen—depends. In the vigour and variety of their gifts there is abundant hope for the future.

Looking back over the path we have travelled, I think all who have persevered to the end of these papers will allow that experience has refuted those who would minimise the artistic powers of the Scotch. The attempt has, of course, been based on race characteristics, and those who sympathise with it may answer of this man, 'He is a Celt,' or of that, 'His name shows him to be Latin.' In that fashion it would be easy enough to reduce the people on whom the disability is placed to a handful too small for any sort of generalisation. As a fact, every strain of blood which makes up the Scottish people has produced its share of artists, and between the fiery or swarthy Celt, the big-boned Lowlander, and even those who, like Mr. Orchardson, have more than a slight cross of the south European, it is impossible to make a distinction based on their art. For a century past Scotland has produced more good artists than any other country in the world of equal size, and has produced them under great disadvantages. For, unlike Holland and Belgium, it is only within recent years that she has shaken herself free of poverty, and only in a centre here and there that she has the density of population which is a condition of art. Another great difficulty with which she has to contend is the loss of nearly all those of her sons who rise into the front rank. Conscious of their powers, they naturally go to a wider field, and deprive their country of

that previous generation on which most schools depend for their knowledge. But in spite of all this, Scotland has one of the few original schools in the world. More indifferent than it should be to the powers of line, it uses colour with greater freedom and a more daring vigour than any other, and yet in its productions there is no sign of that mere paint-slinging, that dexterity founded on nothing but personal predilection, into which colour for its own sake is apt to sink. I do not mean, of course, that this individuality has always been shown. In the beginnings painting north of the Tweed was as timid as it was in England before the days of Hogarth. But as soon as it found its feet, as soon as in Raeburn Scotland could boast a born painter, a feature began to declare itself on which not a little of the individuality of her art even yet depends. This feature is rigorous selection, a determination to succeed by carrying some single artistic virtue to the highest conceivable pitch, rather than by a lower degree of excellence in many. To this, of course, there have been great exceptions. Wilkie, himself, was a conspicuous exception. But, nevertheless, it holds true of the main development. Raeburn was above all things a draughtsman and modeller, and so were the portraitists who formed themselves upon him. The later school is practically one of colour; by its members colour is honoured with a more exclusive devotion than it has found elsewhere since the days of Titian. If we borrow a phrase from Ingres, and look upon fine colour as almost immoral, we shall look as little as we can at Scottish pictures. If, on the other hand, we have courage to say that as colour is the special organ of the painter, so upon what he does with it must he depend for his right to the name, then we cannot refuse to allow that the art of our brothers in the North has a sure title to honour.

— WALTER ARMSTRONG.

LINCOLN'S INN (*Continued*).

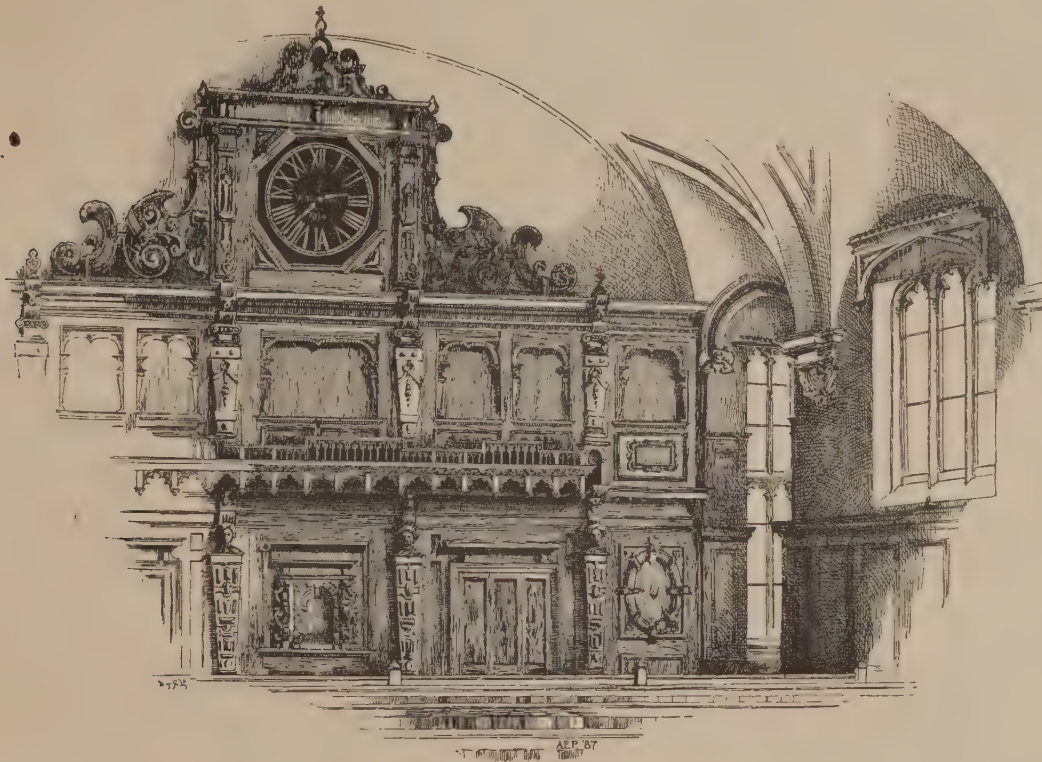
THE Old Hall, which has been so often mentioned, is reckoned the most ancient structure now existing in the Inn. The original building was finished in 1506, but it has experienced repeated alterations. A louvre, surmounted by a vane, was placed on the roof in 1552. The louvre was then no mere architectural decoration; but a contrivance for carrying off the smoke from the fire, which, as was customary, burned in the centre of the Hall. In 1818, when it had become purely ornamental, the louvre was renewed, but, we are told, not improved in design. A few years previously, the whole exterior of the edifice underwent repair, and was covered with stucco, in accordance with a practice which the brothers Adam had lately brought into

fashion. We have already mentioned the arcade constructed in 1819. The interior has also known many vicissitudes. Originally intended for a refectory, the chamber came to be used in course of time for the sittings of the Lord Chancellor out of term, as well as for the commons of the Society during term. On the completion of the New Hall, the ancient one ceased to be required for the domestic purposes of the Inn; and accordingly, when two Lord Justices were created in 1851 to assist the Chancellor in his judicial duties, the Old Hall was divided by a partition in the middle, so as to form two Courts; and again, twenty-four years afterwards, the partition was removed, and the Hall was fitted up afresh for one of the divisions of

the Court of Appeal established by the Judicature Acts.

The Hall, as we now see it, is about seventy-one feet in length and thirty-two feet in breadth; the height being about equal to the breadth. At the upper end, over the dais, is the well-known picture of *Paul before Felix*, painted by Hogarth in 1750: a composition resembling the productions of Mr. Tinworth much more than it does one of Raphael's Cartoons. The carved screen at the other end of the room was placed there in 1565, and shows the decorations of that period. On this screen were formerly emblazoned the arms of King Charles II. and others; while the

In this ancient Hall the Readers of the Society gave their lectures. These Readers were eminent men, and enjoyed high honour during their term of office, but the distinction was attended with considerable expense. They were expected to entertain the members at a cost which the allowances made to them for the purpose by no means sufficed to defray. Besides two Reader's feasts, the learned community kept every year four great 'revels,' permitted, nay, enjoined, by orders of house dating from the reign of Henry VI. In addition to these, there were 'splendid shows, notable pastimes, and costly feastings,' at Christmas. Instead of the Lord of



SCREEN IN THE OLD HALL.

walls and windows of the chamber bore the escutcheons of many illustrious men whom the Society claims as her sons. All these ornaments have been transferred to the New Hall. The statue of Lord Erskine, which till lately faced the seat of the Lord Chancellor, or other presiding judge, has also been removed, and now stands in the New Library. Even in its best days, the Old Hall did not bear comparison with the Halls of the other Inns of Court, and it was not always as spacious as at present. Ten feet were added to its length in 1819; but, as a set-off, we are told that 'for the open oak roof was then substituted the coved ceiling of plaster, quite out of character with the original building, and other alterations were made not in accordance with the period of erection.'*

* Spilsbury.

Misrule who reigned at the Temple, the entertainments at Lincoln's Inn were presided over by the King of the Cockneys. There was at one time an officer called 'Jack Straw,' but 'he and all his adherents were utterly banished under penalty of 5*l.*' by an order made in the time of Henry VIII. On these festive occasions all were compelled to join in the merrymaking. Thus, on one occasion in the seventh of James I., because the whole Bar had offended by not dancing on Candlemas Day, one of the regular revels, when the Judges were present, the under barristers, for example sake, were by decimation put out of commons, and threatened with being fined or disbarred if the offence were repeated. At other times, the Bench were not less careful to insist on attention to study. Thus in 1553 an order was made that at every mess at dinner, except on moot-nights, the puisne should put a short case, which

the rest should argue 'throughoutly,' and not depart under penalty of twelve pence. Similar orders were issued in each of the next two reigns. The Society also claimed to exercise strict discipline over its members with regard to their dress, and length of beard, and the bearing of weapons. Members were fined who wore their hats in chapel or hall, who went abroad into London or Westminster without a gown, or who wore long hair, great ruffs, or cloaks, boots and spurs within the precincts. Several stringent orders were directed against the custom of wearing the beard, but these it was found impossible to enforce. In vain was the penalty increased, until any fellow of the Society guilty of wearing a beard of more than a fortnight's growth became liable, on a third offence, to be expelled the house. The youthful Shallows of the day triumphed, and compulsory shaving had to be abolished.

Masques were as popular in Lincoln's Inn as in the other Inns of Court. In 1613, the Society expended more than a thousand pounds upon a masque, which its members and those of the Inner Temple jointly performed before the King on the occasion of his daughter's marriage with the Elector Palatine. Prynne, it will be remembered, was a member of Lincoln's Inn, which therefore fitly originated the famous masque presented by the gentlemen of all the four Inns before Charles I. by way of reparation for the insult alleged to have been offered to the Queen in '*Histrionastix*.' Besides the dresses of the individual members on this occasion, some of which are said to have cost one thousand pounds apiece, the expense to the House was two thousand four hundred pounds, which was raised by a graduated tax on the benchers, barristers, and students. Charles II. was twice entertained in the Old Hall with much splendour. On New-year's Day, 1662, the merry monarch, accompanied by the Duke of York, and attended by his life-guards, came to witness the Christmas revels, which were brilliantly celebrated that year at the charge of a Mr. Iort. According to the old custom, a 'Prince' was elected. Evelyn describes the pageant:—

'I went to London, invited to the solemn foolerie of the Prince de la Grange at Lincoln's Inn, where came the King, Duke, &c. It began with a grand masque, and a formal pleading before the mock princes, grandees, nobles, and knights of the sunn. He had his lord chancellor, chamberlain, treasurer, and other royall officers, gloriously clad, and attended. It ended in a magnificent banquet.'

Nine years later the same royal personages again dined in the Old Hall. The occasion of this second visit was the Reader's Feast. The company included the Dukes of Monmouth and Richmond, Prince Rupert, and a large number of lesser nobles. Dinner over, the King called for the book of admittances, and amidst joyful acclamations entered his

name as a member of the Society. After following his example, the peers invited to meet him, borrowing gowns from the students, waited on his Majesty in them, 'with which,' says the account, 'his Majesty was much delighted.' The King acknowledged the hospitality shown him by knighting two of the benchers, and a barrister, and a student, 'that soe each degree and order of the Society might have a signal testimony of his Majesty's high favour.'

The subsequent annals of the Old Hall contain no record of a day like that Reader's Feast. Important affairs have been transacted in it, but they have generally been such as made little noise at the time or afterwards. Many a leading case in equity has been determined within those walls. There, for instance, was pronounced the decision in *Ackroyd v. Smithson*, which 'was the foundation of Lord Eldon's fortune at the bar, and may be said to have made him Lord Chancellor.' A guinea brief 'to consent' gave young John Scott the opportunity of arguing a case, which had been considered hopeless, in such a way as to convince the most impatient of Judges, Lord Thurlow, and to establish his own reputation as the first Chancery lawyer of the day. Not many years later, the seat which Thurlow had occupied was taken by Lord Eldon, and from it proceeded a large proportion of the long series of judgments on which rests the fame of that consummate Chancellor. But to the vulgar, equity was a dry and repulsive system of chicanery; and few but the actual suitors cared to approach the Court where it was administered. 'I once,' says Lord Campbell, 'saw the Court of Chancery crowded and overflowing, like Drury Lane when Mrs. Siddons appeared as Lady Macbeth; but it was to hear Sheridan address Lord Eldon. This was shortly before the death of Thurlow. He said: "I am told that Jack Scott has been acting plays in Lincoln's Inn Hall."' On a somewhat different occasion a graver personage than Sheridan was able to fill the chamber with a large and admiring audience. In 1799, Sir James Mackintosh delivered there his lectures on the law of nature and nations, of which the introductory discourse has been published, and is one of its author's best-known productions. The use of the Hall was granted to him through the influence of Lord Chancellor Loughborough, the benchers having at first refused it. Their reluctance was due to prejudice against the writer of the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' rather than to dislike of the subject of his proposed lectures, though this was outside the range of legal study at that time, as is shown by Lord Campbell's story of an eminent King's Counsel—not, it is to be hoped, a bencher of Lincoln's Inn—who, on hearing Mackintosh's eulogium on Grotius praised, naively inquired, 'Who was Grotius?'

We now leave the Old Hall, and face the garden of the Inn. The walk under the trees in the Conygarth was laid out in the first year of Philip and Mary; and early in the following reign began the removal of the mud walls, or embankment of clay, by which the Inn had till then been fenced about. In the fourth of Elizabeth, bricks made in the Conygarth were employed in building a wall along the side of the garden towards Chancery Lane, in front of the ground where Stone Buildings now stand. Four years afterwards, 'a fair and beautiful wall' was

commenced at the backside of the House, and gates were erected in the foreside towards the street. Later on in the same reign, another wall was built at the upper end of the garden towards Holborn. It must have been upon the last that Ben Jonson worked, if there is any truth in the anecdote that, when a boy, he was employed by his stepfather, a master bricklayer, to assist in erecting the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn. Thomas Fuller, who alludes to the story, pictures the lad labouring with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. Altogether, when the process of bricking-in was completed, there was a great deal of wall about the precincts of the Inn, and this was recognised as the distinctive characteristic of the place:—

'Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,
The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall.'

Yet Lincoln's Inn was pleasantly remembered for its garden also. Thus Ben Jonson, in one of his pieces, celebrates the 'walks under the elms' there; and at a later date, Steele, in the 'Tatler,' more than once refers to them as affording a delightful retreat. Some fifty years before Isaac Bickerstaff was introduced to the public, the garden had undergone considerable improvement. It had been enlarged, and at the west side of it the raised terrace had been constructed, on part of which now stand the New Hall and Library. This is the new garden to see which Pepys made the visit recorded in the sentence above quoted from his Diary.

The next addition made to the Inn was New Square, which was built in the years following 1682, partly on ground belonging to the Society, and partly on a piece of land to which Henry Serle, one of the benchers, claimed a title.

'A large open space,' writes Mr. Loftie, 'once existed between the southern side of Lincoln's Inn and the thoroughfare of the Strand. It was early known as Fickett's Field, and by its side, close to the City boundary, there was a blacksmith's, possibly an armourer's shop. Fickett's Field was the jousting ground of the Templars, and the forge was, no doubt, fully employed for shoeing horses and riveting

mail. But the Knights and their days passed away. The City took particular interest in this corner of its dominions. The boundary was somewhat indefinite and unprotected. The Inns of Court were a constant cause of strife as to juris-



NEW SQUARE.



AREA, NEW SQUARE.

diction, and so the forge, lest it should fall into other hands, was rented of the King, and is rented still, though the building, whatever it was, disappeared in the blaze of Wat Tyler's rebellion. Year by year, when the sheriffs went to Westminster to be presented at the Court of Exchequer, six horseshoes, and "sixty-one nails, good number," were presented for the rent of "the forge in the County of Middlesex." Within the past few years the law courts

have themselves migrated from Westminster to the new buildings provided for them, and, for aught we can tell to the contrary, the Court of Exchequer, or what answers to it now, may actually sit on this very site.'

For Fickett's Field, or a part of it, is now occupied by the new Palace of Justice. The land north of Carey Street, which was claimed by Henry Serle, as above mentioned, appears to have been also part of the same field. At least it is so described in an agreement entered into in 1682 between Serle and his brother benchers, by which the question of title was compromised, and provision made for the erection of chambers on the land in dispute. Under this agreement nearly all the suites of chambers now constituting New Square, or as it was originally called, Serle Court, were erected by Serle. Only three sides of this rectangle were built upon, the fourth being left open to the garden. The houses are large, each containing numerous sets of rooms; along the fronts runs a spacious sunken area, with stone staircases descending into it at intervals, so that even the basement stories are let and used as chambers. In the centre of the

Square was formerly a small Corinthian column designed by Inigo Jones; at the four corners of the pedestal were infant Tritons holding shells, which once spouted water, but long before their removal had ceased to be effective. The open space was covered with gravel down to 1845, in which year it was enclosed within railings, and planted with trees and shrubs. At the south-east corner stands Serle's Gate, an arched way leading into Carey Street. Over this are two shields, bearing the lion of the Earl of Lincoln, and the arms of Henry Serle, with the date 1697.

A tremendous fire occurred in this Square in June, 1752, which destroyed the chambers of several eminent lawyers, including those of Charles Yorke, the son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and with them, unfortunately, a large collection of manuscripts by Lord Somers. The inconvenience oc-

casioned by this fire was so great that Lord Hardwicke was obliged to suspend all proceedings in his court.

The Stone Buildings are a handsome range of houses, standing on the old estate of the Black Friars, and deriving their name from the material of which they are constructed. They were built from the designs of Sir Robert Taylor, who had been architect to the Bank of England, and had conceived the plan of rebuilding the whole of Lincoln's Inn according to the model which in the north-east portion of it he was permitted to adopt. The project suggested by him was eventually abandoned; its partial execution has left the Inn in possession of a mass of Greek architecture, which, though excellent in itself, does not harmonise with the surrounding buildings, and yet cannot be removed without vast expense. The working drawings for Stone Buildings are said to have been made by a young man named John Leach, then a clerk in Taylor's office, who afterwards became a student of Lincoln's Inn, and died in the high office of Master of the Rolls. This block of houses was completed about 1779, in which year William Pitt, then



SERLE'S GATE.

about to be called to the bar, and intending to practise, purchased a set of chambers in one of them for 1100*l*. Pitt was Treasurer of the Inn in 1794. Before the completion of the present Library, the collection of books and manuscripts belonging to the Society was kept in rooms on the ground-floor of No. 2 Stone Buildings. It was transferred thither in 1787 from Old Square, where it had long been stored. The old Library, which was built in the reign of Henry VII., has so completely disappeared that even its site is now unknown.

The Old Hall having become insufficient for the accommodation of an increased and increasing number of members, it was resolved by the Bench that a new hall should be erected, with other buildings attached, and a portion of the elevated western side of the gardens, abutting on Lincoln's Inn Fields, was chosen for the site. The first stone

was laid on April 20, 1843, by Vice-Chancellor Sir James Knight Bruce, then Treasurer of the Society. On the stone was placed a brass plate, bearing the following inscription:—

Stet lapis, arboribus nudo defixus in horto,
Fundamen pulchræ tempus in omne domûs.
Aula vetus lites et legum ænigmata servet;
Ipsa nova exorior nobilitanda coquo.

These lines, from the pen of Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England, were freely translated

opening ceremony on October 30, 1845, was attended by the Queen; an honour valued the more because no royal visit had been paid to Lincoln's Inn since King Charles II. came to the Reader's Feast in 1671. The precedent set on that occasion was partly followed by the Queen, her Consort, and several noblemen of her suite entering their names in the admission-book of the Society. And we may be sure that the banquet at which the Stuart was served by barristers and students on their knees, did not exceed in splendour the entertainment of which



NEW HALL AND LIBRARY, FROM NEW SQUARE.

by Sir George Rose, 'who had an epigram in every curl of his wig':—

The trees of yore
Are seen no more,
Unshaded now the garden lies;
May the red bricks
Which here we fix
Be lasting as our equities.

The olden dome
With musty tome
Of law and litigation suits;
In *this* we look
For a better Cook
Than he who wrote the 'Institutes.'

The new buildings consist of a Hall, standing north and south, and a Library, placed east and west; the two being connected by a vestibule of lesser elevation. Externally, the edifice is in two stories, the principal rooms being raised considerably above the ground-floor (which is occupied by offices), and reached by flights of steps from the outside. The whole took two years and a half to build. The

Queen Victoria partook in the presence of the assembled members. 'One of the greatest gratifications enjoyed by the latter was the hearty burst of genuine laughter in which Her Majesty could not help indulging on the first sight of the long ranks of be-gowned and be-wigged old barristers giving unrestrained expression to their exuberant loyalty, as if they were so many boys.*' A few days afterwards Prince Albert was called both to the bar and bench of the Inn.

In a recent number of this periodical we have given some particulars respecting the New Hall, with a sketch of its interior. We need only add here that on the northern wall of the Chamber, above the Benchers' table, is a fresco-painting by Watts, executed in 1859. Its subject is *The School of Legislation*, an imaginary assembly of the great early law-givers of various nations from Moses to Edward I., the English Justinian. The New Hall has never been used for judicial proceedings, but from Hilary Term

* Foss.

1853 to the present time, educational lectures on equity have been delivered in it, which are open to students of all the Inns of Court.

From the upper end of the Hall folding-doors of oak open into the vestibule before mentioned, on the eastern side of which is the Council Chamber, and on the western side, the Drawing Room; while in front, on the northern side, are similar folding doors leading into the Library. Since the latter was erected in 1845, it has been enlarged and lengthened in order to provide needful space for the daily accumulating mass of its contents. This extension, which was completed in 1873, has been carried out in substantial accordance with the original design of the building. The Library is now 131 feet in length from east to west, without including the oriels at the two ends; the breadth is 40 feet; and the height 44 feet. It has an open oak roof: the bookcases are ranged against piers, projecting at right angles to the walls on either side, so as to form separate recesses about ten feet square; while access is afforded to the upper shelves by light iron galleries; and above the book-cases is another gallery, extending along each

wall through the whole length of the room. The contents of the Library constitute the most complete collection of law-books in the country. It is also the oldest, having originated with a bequest, before referred to, made by one John Nethersole, a member of the Society, in 1497. Several entries in the records of the Inn relate to the library, and notably one occurring in 1608, when contributions were levied from bench and bar towards the buying of books, and the first appointment was made to the post of Master of the Library, an office now held in annual rotation by each bencher. The library has been greatly enriched at various periods by valuable donations of books, and it is continually augmented by the purchase of suitable new publications. It includes also a large quantity of manuscripts, of which the most extensive collection was made by Sir Matthew Hale, who, by his will, bequeathed it to the Society, of which he had been one of the most illustrious members. The catalogue is extremely well arranged and carefully kept; and, altogether, the library is one of the best-managed institutions of its kind in the United Kingdom.

LAWRENCE SERLE.

DURHAM.

YOUR pleasure in Durham begins while you are still in the railway train. After Darlington, as you journey northward, the long level stretch of meadowland comes to an end, and you ride between hills and over dales. Fewer sheep graze by the way, and here and there a column of black smoke marks the site of the colliery you cannot see. Bridges span the low-lying fields, and there are countless cuttings through the hills. From one of these, deeper than any to which you have yet come, the train flies out, seemingly into space, and before you the Cathedral towers and Castle walls rise high above a mass of grey smoke hovering cloudlike over the clustered houses on the hillside: for Durham is a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid.

You see the towers and walls again, but now just above you, when a short walk from the station brings you to a bridge over the Wear. If you then climb up and down narrow streets, passing through the Market-place, which, judging from old prints I have seen, was picturesque enough before the coming of the modern Vandal, you will come out upon Elvet Bridge. As you stand there you will hesitate whether to go at once to the Cathedral. You know—for of course you have consulted your guide-book—that it has the most wonderful Norman nave in England; that the Chapel of the Nine Altars is a beautiful example of Early English; that the Galilee Chapel is the loveliest of all the holy places men built during the transition stage between the two styles of archi-

tecture for which Durham is famed; and, moreover, that there are still other great and wonderful and beautiful things in the near Castle. You know all this and yet you hesitate, because already you see the path by the water's edge at the base of the terraced hillside; and if, as on the day when I first saw Durham, the water is blue as the sky above, and autumn has tinged with brown the trees on the opposite bank and filled with brilliant flowers the gardens on the terraces, you feel that the earth as God made it is no less fair to look upon than the work of men's hands.

For this is the charm of Durham. It would be beautiful even were there no Cathedral to crown its beauty. In its own way it is as fine as any Italian hill-town. It is the English Siena without the pictures. Ay, but there's the rub! It is to see pictures—and not countries and people, as in old times—that men travel now-a-days. There is nothing in Durham for those whose only interest in Siena is in the Library and the Palace. But whoever while there cared more for wandering through hilly streets, looking now up to the lofty Cathedral, now down over broad reaches of open country, than for all the Sodomas and Pinturicchios, will love as I did the beauty of Durham.

If you come to it like a tourist, however, you will have none of these first impressions, sweet as any that follow with long familiarity. You will take the 'bus at the station, to be jolted up and down the

hills and over the bridges, with never a moment to linger. And then you will go to the 'Three Tuns,' and drink the landlady's cherry brandy, or you will ask to be shown the shortest road to the Cathedral. With not more than two or three hours to spare—for you probably plan 'doing' York the same day—there is time only for the lions. But I think my way of seeing Durham is better. From Elvet Bridge I went down the steep steps on the left, and walked deliberately from the Cathedral along by the side of the 'river of rapid waves,' as the old Saxon poet called the Wear. And presently the path, now carpeted with leaves, narrowed and led through a little wood on the hillside, a touch of yellow and red here and there in the overarching branches, and the lowest trees leaning far over the water. I could have fancied myself at home, walking by the Wissahickon, had I not turned to see, from a little clearing in the wood, the town, that through the smoke glittered with the white light one never sees far south of the Border, and the grey Cathedral, high on its hill-top, strong and fair as when the monks raised



ELVET BRIDGE.

it to the glory of God and the honour of St. Cuthbert. The same path ran between fields to a little village, where there were many collieries and a bridge over the Wear, which I crossed, and almost at once was walking back on a winding path through a sweet wood; for hereabouts are the remains of the great forests which 'both hindered the Starres from viewing the Earth and the Earth from the prospect of Heaven.' Beyond, a footpath climbed up a steep hill, from the top of which I looked, no longer up, but down to town and Cathedral. With my walk I was gaining a sense of familiarity with the place that would never have been mine had I merely followed a verger through choir and chapels. I was learning much about the hill on which the Cathedral stands, and which is the very foundation not only of the building itself, but of the history of Durham; and I was learning, too, that smoke always hangs above the houses in a great cloud, so that the town is soft and grey even when skies are blue, save for the

shining and glittering of the slate roofs; and that the Cathedral composes better from a distance than many another English church. Its nave is comparatively short, its central tower has all the height and dignity which are not appreciated perhaps until they are missed, as in the tower of York Minster, while the long line of the roof is broken at the east end by the turrets of the Chapel of the Nine Altars.

Almost at the foot of the hill to which my walk brought me is the Church of St. Oswald, where in the graveyard are many old grey gravestones with quaint Latin inscriptions, that make you wonder why an honest Englishman who was known as George all his life should go down to posterity as Giorgio. It is through this graveyard you reach the wooded banks on the river-side opposite the Cathedral, preserved by the city as a Park. It is one of the pleasant things about Durham that so much of its old character has survived. The woods, though wild animals no longer live in their recesses, remind you that in the days when the dun cow showed the monks the way to Dunholme, where God had revealed they were henceforth to

worship Him, fortification rather than fertility was the gift men looked for from Nature. I doubt if the people of Durham now care much for the loveliness of their Park, so few did I meet in my walks there. But it was the Park of their fathers before them. Sentimental conservatism has its good points, and in this case the stranger may well be thankful for it; for the Wear flows round Durham on all but the north side, and through the woods you can follow the great horseshoe curve with which it makes a natural moat below the promontory where stand Castle and Cathedral. It is a pretty woodland walk. Across the narrow river you look to the steep hill-side, on which trees reach their branches up to meet the ivy-grown houses on the top, or else terraces are gay, with here a cabbage-patch and there a bed of crimson and golden dahlias. About half way between Elvet and Framwellgate Bridges, the two you cross on your way from the station, a third connects the wooded banks, and just here a little old yellow mill

nestles low among the trees, while opposite, the Cathedral lifts its western towers far above the heights of foliage.

It is now but a step to the Cathedral. But I remember that first afternoon I turned my back upon it a second time and left the woods to walk up the sloping meadows that look to the east. I wanted to get to know the town from every distant point of view. From the high meadows I still faced the western towers, but I could see as well the great central tower, the south transept, and the turrets of the east end. They loomed up in a great grey mass

rocky promontory above the Wear thereon to dwell and build castle and cathedral, because it was a natural stronghold against Saxons and Scots, Normans and Danes, in turn against the conqueror and the conquered. Names might change, but the story itself varied but little in those early days.

Cuthbert is the great name at Durham. It was to find a safe resting-place for his body after death that the monks chose it for their home; it was to set up a monument worthy of his memory that they raised the great Cathedral, at which men have not yet ceased to wonder; it was to pray at his shrine



DURHAM.

against a now grey sky. Further off was the Castle that 'standith stately on the northeast side of the Minster and Were rennith under it;' and beyond, the hills rolled away, rising and falling, until they faded into the cloud bank on the horizon. In the dales grey pillars of smoke were sent upward from the collieries, and just to my right the sun, half breaking through the clouds, fell in a shower of sunshine.

Old chroniclers loved to liken Durham to Jerusalem. You understand why when you have gone round the cathedral town, as the Psalmist bids you do at Zion. For Durham, too, is a city beautiful for situation, encompassed about with many hills. And as with all the old hill towns, in its situation is its story to be read, clearly as in its records. You know without looking into books that men chose this

pious pilgrims from afar came, bringing wealth and power to Durham. The loving devotion of the first followers of the Saint is a pleasant oasis in the wilderness of war that covered the ninth and tenth centuries. 'Know and remember,' he had said as he was dying, 'that if necessity shall ever compel you out of two misfortunes to chose one, I had much rather that you would dig up my bones from their grave, and taking them with you sojourn where God shall provide than that you should on any account consent to the iniquity of schismatics and put your neck under their yokes.' And so, when the storm the Danes had raised in Northumbria threatened to break over their island, they dreaded it more than fiercest tempest that had set the waves to dashing against the rocks and the wind to roaring about

the cloisters, and taking with them the body of the Saint, as Moses did the bones of Joseph, they fled from Lindisfarne. With loins girded and sandals on their feet they took their journey over heath and through forests where men clad in armour had perished. But no harm came to them. They rested in many places by the way before they reached their Promised Land; now, for a hundred years and more, in Chester-le-Street, now for a few months in Ripon. It was as they went from the latter place God revealed to them His will with regard to their holy burden, and bade them carry it to Dunholme. None knew where Dunholme might be. But 'see their good fortune: as they were going a woman that lacked her cow did call aloud to her companion to know if she did not see her, who answered with a loud voice that her cow was in Dunholme,—a happy and heavenly echo to the distressed monks, who by that means were at the end of their journey, where they should find a resting-place for the body of their honoured saint.' Truly there were giants

in those days. Boast as we may of our self-made men, who is there we can compare to Cuthbert, in whose honour all these things were done, but who in his youth, like the child Giotto in Tuscany, had tended sheep within the shadow of Melrose Abbey?

From history you can learn many facts about Durham. But these old legends give you the feeling of the place, and make you think it right that to-day where one man knows the names of Carilef and Flambard, the first builders of the Cathedral, a thousand have heard that of Cuthbert, though the latter never saw even the hill on which it stands. So sweet was the memory of the saint to the monks that in those later Norman years they fancied him the spiritual architect, who, on certain occasions,

by miracle, assisted or directed them in erecting a temple to the Almighty. In their thoughts he was always present, as he must be in yours, if you would read aright the actual facts.

It was the Norman Carilef who pulled down the old Saxon church and laid the foundation-stone of the present building. His work and Flambard's has not been destroyed, though many additions—some beautiful, others as ugly—have since been made. When you first come close to it you will not be sorry if you have already studied it from afar. There

is no near view of the west front, which rises from the very edge of the hill, here rocky and descending with a sheer plunge to the river banks. And the exterior of the Cathedral is not so fair to look upon now you can see its details. There are none of the sculptured, pinnacled buttresses, the wealth of tracery, the statued niches, the elaborate arcading that are the glory of Gothic churches; nor would you wish to see them here had the Norman work been left in its original simplicity and



DURHAM FROM RIVER.

sternness. But pointed windows of no special merit, the turrets and pinnacles of the east transept, the late decorations over the north doorway break in upon the old harmony. Many architectural discords, like the wild music of the Hungarian Gypsies, force you into admiration by their very strength and strangeness. But here the discordant notes are only strong enough to make you conscious of them. However, it is a pity to dwell upon defects where there is so much beauty. The old reddish-grey walls are rugged with age. Crumbling gravestones, the grass growing tall about them, rest beneath their shadow. It is pleasant, too, to see the sculptured cow on the transept wall; it dates but from the last century, but, together with Dun Cow Lane near by, continues to

remind the people of Durham of the wanderings of the followers of Cuthbert in bygone centuries, and of the homely miracle that led them to found the English Zion.

Another reminder of the monkish days is the great knocker on the north door, the grinning, mocking devil's head, so hideous that you wonder how the poor hunted fugitive or criminal found courage to touch the double-headed snake writhing in its jaws, and claim the Church's protection. To make the devil the intercessor for charity was one of the rough old Norman jokes, just as were those grotesque figures among the foliage on column and capital to either side of the door.

I think it was Jean Paul who said only men of great faith dared to laugh at religion. What Chris-



BOW LANE.

tians to-day would venture to decorate their churches with jolly devils, and centaurs, and men beating children, and impossible beasts and birds like these on the sculptured stones of Durham? But, on the other hand, what Christians to-day could set up to the Lord a holy place like this, built by men who jested and laughed even while they prayed? Go through that wonderful north doorway into the nave, if you would know what religion was in the ages of faith. I came to it after my long walk just as the choristers were beginning the evening anthem, and I like best to remember it as it was then. I left daylight without; within I found dusk. At the other end of the long, narrow nave the lights in the choir shone like stars. I could not see the singers, and the voices, soft and sweet, seemed to reach me from some near spirit-world. There is no service as beautiful as that held in the late afternoon in the English cathedrals. It needs but the sweet savour of incense to make it perfect to the senses as it should be to the

souls of all who take part in it. The solemnity of the Norman interior, with its great, heavy piers, its decorated arches, and its small, deeply-recessed windows, dimly seen through the gloom, but adds to the impressiveness. Durham is without the height and space of Amiens Cathedral or York Minster; it is cold and colourless compared to St. Mark's in Venice, or to the lower Church of St. Francis in Assisi, or even to St. Peter's. But it is impressive and grand and solemn as are none of these. It always seems to me that Norman architecture has in it the same terrible simplicity and mystery that awe us in certain passages of the Scriptures, and that the graceful ornament, here about a doorway and there on a capital, like the occasional word of great sweetness in these passages, charms by its very unexpectedness. But the great marvel is that men, we look upon as barbarians, wrought this wonder which we with all our culture cannot rival. I do not believe it was, as has been asserted, because, of old, art had but one channel in which to flow, or because the future life was ever in their minds that there were then such great church architects in the land; but rather that in those young years of England men did great things because they lived their lives with a vigour and energy long since spent. Their feelings, beliefs, and thoughts, whatever our opinion of their intrinsic merit, were real to them, and when they spoke, as they did in these stories, it was to give expression to their faith and love, and not for the mere sake of speaking, and this is why they spoke well. Man's voice in England now is more cultivated; he has learned to speak with a correctness unknown to those untaught barbarians, but to what purpose? Correctness is to him more than thoughts, or beliefs, or feelings, if, indeed, he have any to express, and his heart is less in the labour than in the praise of the critic."

Thackeray says that a person who wishes to understand France and the East should come in a yacht to Calais or Smyrna, land for two hours, and never afterwards go back again. And I am not sure that to understand the impressiveness of Durham Cathedral it would be better never to return after the hour at the foot of the nave listening to the psalms and responses and anthem of evening service. Later impressions will never be so strong even if the next visit, like mine, be in the early morning when the choristers are practising, and their voices seem sweeter and more spirit-like because there is no organ to drown them. And yet, unless you are one of the travellers who would be satisfied with Thackeray's allowance of two hours, it is not easy to rest content until that which was found so lovely as a whole has been examined in detail. And in Durham there is much to repay this examination. To walk slowly down the long, low aisles, and to

look across between the great piers of the nave arcade, is a delight, or series of delights. It is not only what is seen, but the continual suggestion of mystery beyond that charms. Beauty you find yourself always has more power to please than when it is pointed out by the verger; but in the Galilee Chapel, of which he has the key, not even the typical guide could destroy your pleasure. There is nothing like it in all England, and I think it is quite impossible in words to give any adequate idea of the richness and grace of its arcades, with all their elaborately zig-zagged arches and slender clustered piers. It is a chapel which, like that of St. Francis with Giotto's angels on the walls, must have strengthened the fervour of the faithful. The Venerable Bede, the 'truly blessed man,' is buried here; and a favourite story of the verger is to tell how the good monk, whose duty it was to make an inscription for his tomb, laboured in the composition until in sheer fatigue he fell asleep, when at once the angel of the Lord came and fulfilled his task for him. You can still see the 'tumble of Bede the noble monk,' as Leland calls him, but not the rich shrine of gold and silver that once covered the relics.

A legend of more interest to be remembered in this chapel has for hero St. Cuthbert. As it was to be the Lady Chapel, the monks began to build it at the east end just beyond the saint's shrine. But as in death his hatred for women, who would have come to worship there, was no less than in life, he overthrew walls and columns as quickly as the monks raised them. In these signs, recognising the will of Heaven, they submitted themselves to it, and carried the Lady Chapel to the west end, where in no other cathedral has it been known to stand, and where they still felt the effect of the saint's prejudices. For so little space was there between the west portal and the edge of the hill, that only the heaviest buttresses could keep the second building from sharing the fate of the first.

It was a confirmation of Cuthbert's miraculous interference when, about half a century later, the Chapel of the Nine Altars was built at the east end without hindrance from him. Even saintly prejudices seem to grow less with time. Once, out of respect for those of St. Cuthbert, women were not allowed to step beyond the cross in the floor at the foot of the nave. Now they can in all safety stand on the bare stone platform that projects into the Chapel of the Nine Altars, and beneath which his body lies. Only grooves made by pilgrims' knees show where was his sumptuous shrine, the goal of many a pilgrimage in the time when 'great was the gifts and goodly devotion of kings and queens and other estates . . . towards God and holy St. Cuthbert in that Church.' All ornament has long since disappeared. Even the tombs of the Nevilles between

the great piers in the nave have suffered less, though the little kneeling figures on their sides have been ruthlessly beheaded, and the great figures that lay stretched above in the peacefulness of death are now but shapeless stones. In the most battered Greek torso the lines and curves of beauty cannot be destroyed. But in these broken Christian sculptures there is no beauty but that of pathos. Though you cannot say whether the sleeping figures were ever lovely, that which is left of them moves you as the remains of the fairest marble Aphrodite could not. You pity them as if they had been living men and women when you see how rudely, and not gladly by the angel's trumpet as they had hoped, their slumbers were awakened in those troubled times when the Cathedral was turned into a prison-house for unruly soldiers. The chantry in which the tombs stood



A BRIDGE HOUSE, DURHAM.

with its frescoes and stained-glass windows, has disappeared as completely as the one near Jesus' altar, which, 'for the fairness of the wall, the stateliness of the pictures, and the livelyhood of the painting, was thought to be one of the goodliest monuments in that church.'

The one tomb that still stands in all its pride is that of Bishop Hatfield in the choir. Roman emperors and Roman popes knew scarcely better than he how to raise a monument that would make him live for long years in the minds of men; for, whenever the living Bishop, attended by his seven chaplains, sits in the high episcopal throne, with its rich hangings and many pinnacles and crockets, you cannot but be conscious of the dead bishop who, in priestly robes, and guarded by angels, lies below on the tomb, to which the throne is after all but a canopy. It is he who is responsible for the fact that in Durham, while he himself looks up to them, his successors are the only bishops in England who look down upon the altar.

The choir, decorated with this fine tomb and the

fourteenth-century altar screen and the carved stalls, would be altogether beautiful were it not for the ugly, meaningless Gothic archway put there by a modern Vandal, not forty years ago, in place of the carved oak organ-screen, dating from Bishop Cosin's time. You can see the old wood-work in the near Castle, where, in a senseless mass, fragments of it panel a little hall, to which, probably, no one ever goes but the occasional tourist and the listless maid who acts as guide. Were the Norman work less solid, it is not unlikely that piers and arches would have followed it, sharing the fate of the Chapter House, destroyed about a century ago, that deans and canons might have a warm room for their meetings. It is sad to think of the power men of supposed culture have to destroy in a few days that which has grown with the growth of centuries!

The early history of the town cannot be separated from that of the Cathedral, for Durham was a palatine see ruled by a prince-bishop. The greatness of the town declined with the power of the Church. A new impetus was given to the life of the place by the many collieries round about. But the older streets of Durham are grass-grown, and deserted, and silent with the eloquent silence of the streets of Assisi and Cortona, and many another Italian hill-town. How do the cities sit solitary that were full of people! The same men who were great in the Cathedral were great in the Castle. Bishop Pudsey, when he was not busy with the Galilee Chapel, was building a gallery and a doorway that are still the glory of the Castle. Bishop Hatfield, not only careful of his dignity after death, but mindful of what became his state in this world, finished, if he did not begin, the great hall known by his name, where he presided at

princely banquets. Bishop Cosin, whose screen has fallen before the barbarian, put up the carved stairway, as yet spared to us. It is as worthy of a palace as the Doge's stairway in Venice, but now it leads merely to chambers occupied by students of the university. You could, to your profit, spend many hours in the Castle if the maid did not hurry you through so fast. There are long tapestried galleries, spacious state apartments, a little crypt-like Norman chapel, old carved furniture, wide chimney-places, and deep window-seats, and carvings—the spoils from the Cathedral—everywhere. But, perhaps, best of all the Castle sights is the outlook from the upper windows, down the wooded precipice to the river below, across to the opposite high banks, and the great railway bridge joining height to height, and above to the open sky stretching so far away over a rolling country.

Here, as everywhere else in Durham, you are conscious of the charm of the hill-town, which the Cathedral, though adding to it a hundredfold, does not create. You can never forget it in your wanderings through the streets. You are for ever coming out, now to a little battlemented place overlooking the river, now to one of the three bridges, with Cathedral and Castle towering above you; and again to where town ends and country begins, and the street becomes a wood or lane, which, between its hedgerows, leads to the high places from which you see that wonderful picture of clustered house-roofs and tall towers. In the end, as in the beginning, you have with you the knowledge that Durham is a city founded upon a rock and built upon a hill that cannot be hid.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

LADY PLAYING ON THE VIRGINALS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY GERARD DOU.

VERY little is known of the life of Gerard Dou, and that little not a few writers have contrived to obscure. Strictly speaking, his name, according to Dutch customs, was Gerrit Douwensz, or Gerrit, the son of Dou. He was born at Leyden on the 7th of April, 1613. His father, Dou (or Douwe) Tanszoon, placed him, when nine years old, with the engraver Bartholomæus Dolendo to learn drawing, and afterwards as apprentice with Pieters Kouwenhouen, the glass-painter. In 1628, being then fifteen, Gerard entered Rembrandt's studio at Leyden, where he remained for three years, and became proficient in the style of painting then practised by his master. At eighteen Dou set up for himself in his native city. He began with portraits, portrait groups, and quasi-*genre* pictures in which portraits were introduced.

But his laborious methods soon put his sitters to flight, and he found himself compelled to exercise his powers upon subjects of his own invention and upon hired models. Many stories are told of the extravagant patience he expended on his art—of how he would sit still for ten minutes after entering his studio to let the dust settle, would work for weeks at a broomstick, and so on. Considering their finish, however, his pictures must have been painted by no means slowly, for those now in existence would give an average of certainly not less than five for each year of his activity. With the exception of two periods of six and four years respectively, Dou lived at Leyden all his life, and died there in 1672.

The *Dropsical Woman* in the Louvre is usually called his masterpiece. It is, no doubt, his most



elaborate picture, but even for the period to which it belongs, it must yield in charm to such a work as *The Seamstress* at the Hague, or even to the *Lady playing on the Virginals* at Dulwich. The Dulwich panel is, of course, far inferior in importance to the picture with which Marshal Clausel enriched his country. But there is a unity in its organization

and a charm in its single figure which are scarcely surpassed in any other work by Dou. A second panel at Dulwich ascribed to Dou is much too free in style for him. Its colour, moreover, suggests a different hand, though not, as I think, the hand of Nicolaas Maes, to whom Dr. Richter more than seems half inclined to ascribe it.

W. A.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Society of Painter-Etchers opened its Sixth Annual Exhibition in November at 160 New Bond Street, above Messrs. Dowdeswell's new galleries. The room, though spacious, is dark, and therefore unsuitable for the exhibition of work for the most part requiring close examination. The hangers have, however, done the best they could by judicious arrangement, and have shown on tables and on side shutters in the window recesses delicate or intricate plates such as Mr. Toovey's studies, Belgian and English, Miss Nicholls' little dry-point of Cromer, and Mr. Sherborn's book-plates. Many notable members, honorary or otherwise, are conspicuous by absence; many plates are already familiar at the several publishing centres. The collection is, therefore, neither fully representative nor wholly fresh, but it is sufficiently interesting. Mr. Axel Haig's last enormous plate, of a bridge with busy figures, and opposite bank of buildings, *The Return from the Fair*, published by Mr. Dunthorne, we are unable to welcome, in spite of its undoubted force and breadth. The motive is ill-selected, the handling degenerates into coarseness, and the relative tones are confused. It is a pity that the adventure of conquering the difficulties of large scale should seem so attractive to this clever architectural etcher. A similar ambition seems to be gaining on Mr. Charles Murray, not with corresponding advantage. This artist's rich and beautiful plate of the 'Prentice Pillar at Roslyn Chapel' tells as a satisfactory example of his qualities. Mr. Barclay's hand is heavier with the needle than the brush; but his plates, *Hush! Tethered*, and *Playmates*, have the same anxious searching after delicate detail and delight in atmospheric charm as his pictures. The variety of style and expression within the range of the art of etching is sufficiently striking as we pass from the work noted above to the incisive and effective deliberation of studies by Edward and Fred Slocombe to the vivacious sketches by Alexis Forel, whose *coup de vent dans la Lande* is masterly in the suggestion by line of tumultuous movement in sky and storm-tossed trees, to the suggestive little plates of J. Pennell and W. Sickert to the somewhat prosaic power of Mr. David Laws' landscape, to the reticent picturesqueness of Herbert Marshall's studies in London and Holland (*St. Giles', Cripplegate*, is specially happy), to the silvery *finesse* of Miss E. A. Armstrong's *Carpenter's Shop* and *A Village Bakehouse*, and the intricate touches of *Dorothy* and *Baby Coquette* by Mortimer Menpes. Contrast of the strongest lies again between the work of the last group of etchers and the broad designs of Mr. Strang in his illustrations to the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' considered in the spirit of Bewick, and in his remarkable set of portrait heads, which, for clinching intention, vigorous line, and command of the white space, seem to us amongst the most manly work of the day. Of mezzotint there is paucity in the exhibition. We miss the velvety landscape work of Mr. Joseph Knight. A little mezzotint sketch of *The President*, by Mr. Gerald Robinson, is a clever thing, and must close this note, which leaves unmentioned still many good plates by approved and by untried workers.

A DIVISION in the camp that has occurred in the management of the Grosvenor Gallery threatens the success of an institution that has done modern art good service. The exhibitions held twice a-year in the picture-galleries have

been the chief but not the only elements in a scheme which has included a club, a library, and so on. To make good the losses incurred on part of some of the undertakings, the Director, Sir Coutts Lindsay, has from time to time allowed the Galleries to be used for semi-artistic, semi-social enterprises, which have not commended themselves as consistent with the original aims of the institution to Sir Coutts' sub-directors in the Art Galleries. Difference of opinion having reached crisis point, the gentlemen above referred to in November resigned their posts, supported in the matter by the opinions of Mr. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., and Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., who published in the daily press their intention not to exhibit their works at the Grosvenor Gallery, or support its interests, while the counsels objected to should prevail in the management. Needless to say that the action of these distinguished artists, which might also probably not stand alone, would deprive the Grosvenor Gallery of half its prestige and attraction. It is much to be hoped that a sound compromise may be arrived at. The retrospective exhibitions at this Gallery—we may recall one of drawings by old masters, a unique collection of water-colours, several gatherings of Reynolds and Gainsborough, sole exhibitions of the works of living men, Watts, Tadema, Millais—these things are to be scored for abiding gratitude to Sir Coutts Lindsay's undertaking, while other of the exhibitions have given to the public the sight of pictures by Burne-Jones, by W. B. Richmond, and many lesser but notable men, that would else have remained for the enjoyment only of the few. It will, we therefore reiterate, be a real loss to art if the Grosvenor Gallery cease to be carried on upon the old lines, and we trust that such a catastrophe may yet be avoided. A letter sent by the Director to the papers would indicate that Sir Coutts purposes to abide by the programme with which he started.

THE indefatigable facility of that clever draughtsman and etcher, Mr. Ernest George, is again testified by no less than three hundred water-colour drawings, save one, shown at the Fine Art Society's rooms. These studies and sketches of architectural subjects and picturesque buildings range in locality over Northern France, Italy, Holland, the Riviera, London, and the west of England; and yet, strange to say, there is monotony in the artist's variety. The reason seems to be that character in form and grouping is what strikes Mr. George; he has little feeling for texture, and less for local colour or atmospheric effect; thus his agreeable, cheery palette holds a recipe that does duty impartially for Yorkshire fishing village, Venetian palace, or French cathedral. Hence his drawings in colour lose by being massed together, and the impression produced by an assemblage of them does the charm of the artist's work injustice. But his eye for the picturesque is so keen, his grouping so effective, there is such look of reality and historic life about his portraiture of buildings, and his pencil is so ready and playful in touch, that we may well accept without carping an art so enjoyable. Twelve of the Venetian subjects have been etched by Mr. George, and are published in a folio by the Fine Art Society. They are, we think, unequal, one or two showing a lack of the distinct intention, which is a feature in the artist's etched works.

MR. BRETT, R.A., the well-known sea painter, has followed the custom, long in vogue among Continental etchers, of throw-

ing open his studio to the public on Saturday afternoons on presentation of visiting card. This artist is not, however, the first to initiate the practice in England, as Mr. Watts and Mr. Burne-Jones have both permitted access to their outer studios on certain days to persons in any way accredited. Abroad, however, one is accustomed, more often than not, to find the painter among his pictures—a happy juxtaposition not familiar in the English studios named above—except to personal acquaintances.

A MANCHESTER publishing firm, Messrs. Palmer & Howe, bring out a reminiscence of the successful art-galleries of the Jubilee Exhibition in a volume of illustrations of many of the most memorable pictures, with context by Mr. Walter Armstrong.

THERE is now hung on a screen in the large Italian room at the National Gallery the beautiful little picture attributed to Giovanni Bellini, which is one of the most recent acquisitions. It represents the nude form of the Saviour standing raised on a slight pedestal, while a little draped angel, kneeling in an attitude of profound adoration, catches in a chalice the stream of life-blood 'for the healing of the nations,' which the Redeemer presses from His wounded side. A quiet landscape of mountain sides, with trees and buildings, forms the background, with nearer at hand the rock-hewn sepulchre. The symbolical treatment is Umbrian rather than Venetian in sentiment. The picture is in beautiful condition of close and tenderly comparted pigment, a little dry in the final touches.

THE Egyptian authorities have at last decided to remove the valuable treasures of the Boulak Museum, Cairo, to a safer and dryer locality.

AMONG some hundred and fifty more or less interesting pictures, English and Continental, gathered at Messrs. Tooth's winter exhibition, is a large and curious representation of *A Court Matinée*, presumably at Vienna, by S. S. Barbudo, in which the splendours of gorgeous toilettes and uniforms amid tapestries and *bric-à-brac* and polished floors and the chiaroscuro of taper-lit saloons, are set forth with a singular scintillating, yet opaque, technique. A couple of pictures, *A Poser*, and *On the Banks of the Arno*, groups of the Florentine populace enjoying themselves *alfresco* in the golden summer afternoon, reproduces, with almost startling accuracy, the effect seen only in Southern climes, where foreground figures and objects are distinct within blue shadow that is full of reflected light from the upper sky and palpitating air, and yet cool by sudden contrast to the illuminated landscape beyond the shade. As both pictures represent exactly the same effect, one is a little afraid lest Signor Sorbi should be tempted to harp too often on this cleverly caught piece of atmospheric truth with a habit of success too incident to Italian artists. Some masterly feats in gay Venetian colour by De Blaas are points in the Gallery.

AT Messrs. Maclean's Gallery have been on view two showy canvases of half-length female figures, by Sir J. E. Millais, called after 'Il Penseroso' and 'L'Allegro,' but anything rather than Miltonic in spirit, being far too dressy and self-conscious. A picture of well-marked local character and vigour is *Brigands entering an Inn in Routan, Southern Russia*, by Julius Zuber.

Landscapes with poetic rendering of level lands and cloudy skies, by L. Neubert, attract here and at the neighbouring galleries.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL have been showing a pleasant room full of outdoor studies by Mr. C. Gregory of the Royal Water-colour Society. A little laboured sometimes, and more often wanting in concentration, are the drawings of this artist. But he has the secret of English turf and greenness, and is not afraid to paint it with a gladsome freshness that is rest to eyes weary of bricks and mortar. His figures are country-bred too, and testify to the genuine outdoor sketcher.

A CENTRE for the exhibition and acquisition of genuine Japanese and China objects of art is opened in King Street, St. James, under the name of the Japanese Fine Art Association. The market has been so flooded with Oriental rubbish, genuine and imitation, that a *dépot* for really good things—bronze, porcelain, inlays, lacques, and *curios* generally—is welcome in London.

A SCHOOL for learning the industries and arts in connexion with the production of books is to be established in Paris, which has long been a centre of the arts of bookbinding, typography, and all the splendid detail of luxurious editions. The school will be localised in the Boulevard d'Italie.

A DAINY little volume indeed, in its green silk binding, with photogravures after Sargent, Abbey, Morelli, and Padgett, is the 'Spanish and Italian Folk Songs,' translated by Alma Stretell (Macmillan & Co.). There are forty-eight Cantes Flamencos, or songs of the Spanish gipsies, not the common lilt of the rough tramp, but the more cultivated production of the trained gipsy musician. First, thirty-one Soleares, or rhymes of three or four lines, atoms, as it were, of intense sentiment, love, hate, or grief. Follow nine Seguidillas Jitanos, which are genuine Flamencos, songs of four lines, always treated musically, by an opening fioratura on the cry 'Ay,' others with an instrumental intermezzo of a few bars which leads to the song proper. A similar mode accompanies the Petenera, of which the translator gives examples, as also of other gipsy couplets—Deblas, Serranos, &c. The guitar obligato has been skilfully imitated in a pianoforte accompaniment in the example of each measure. There is much character in all these songs of a passionate race, with their scintillations of uncanny fierceness. Mr. Sargent's suggestive sketches; the frontispiece of shadowy, swaying dancers; the girl, with hands thrust through her dark locks, staring at the cards by which she has told her own ill fortune; the mourner, in chaplet and mantle, with glimmer of taper and shimmer of golden background; fitly, however slightly, illustrate these songs. The Italian portion of the volume is familiar to English readers of the *dolce lingua* through the collections of Tigri and others. The translator gives twenty-eight samples of those graceful Rispetti, or love-songs, into which even yet the Tuscan peasant improvises such delicate sentiments and such simple but poetic touches drawn from external nature. The translations are very happy in rhythm and in rendering of these, and also of the pretty three-lined Stornelli, or Fiori, as they are called, from the first line bringing in the name of a flower. One sample is given of the Vocero, or Corsican lament, the despairing cry of which is fitly faced by the image of the wayside crucifix that Mr. Sargent has drawn for the closing page.



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